Sept. 27, 1969

# THE NEW YORKER

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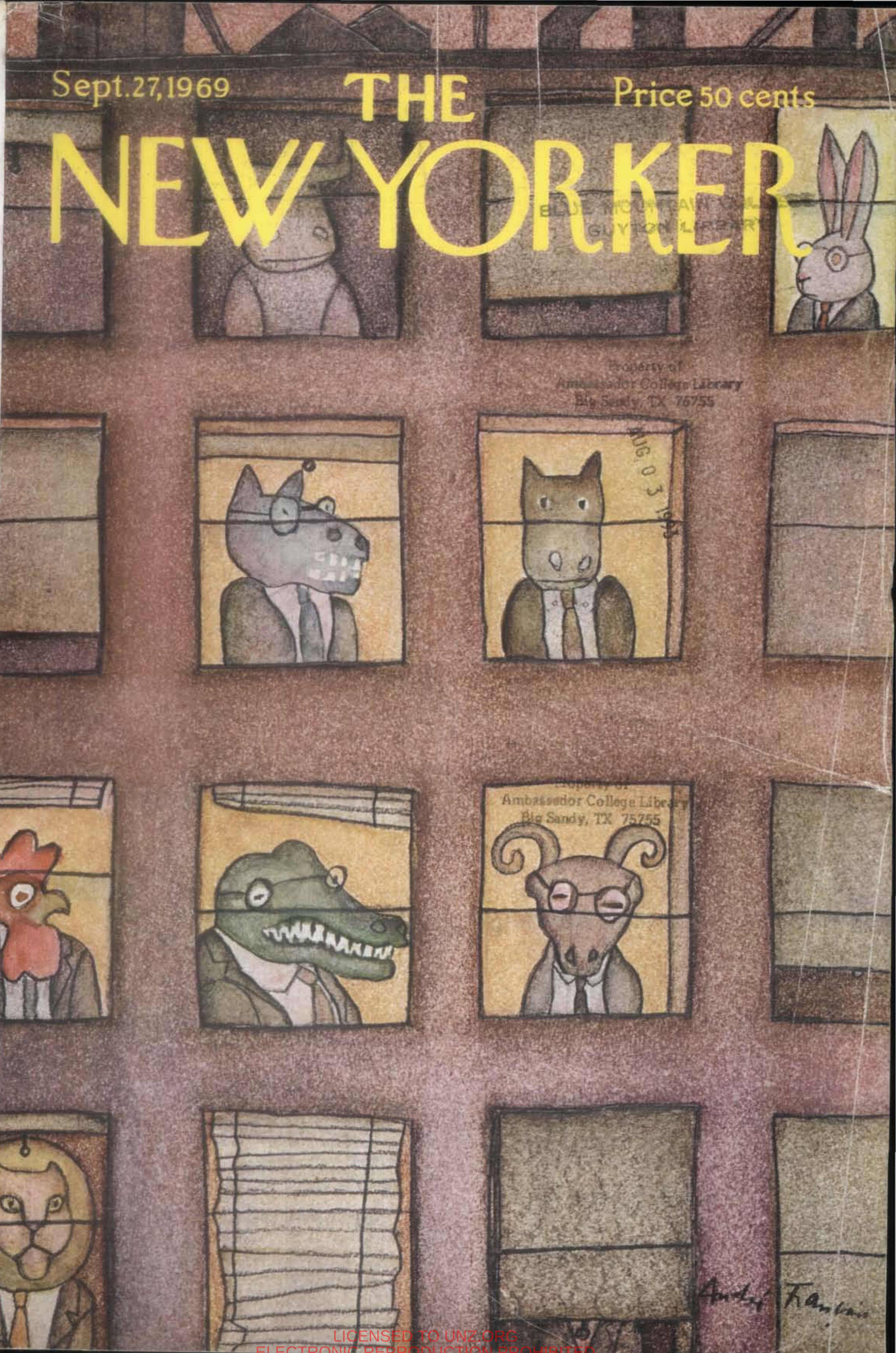

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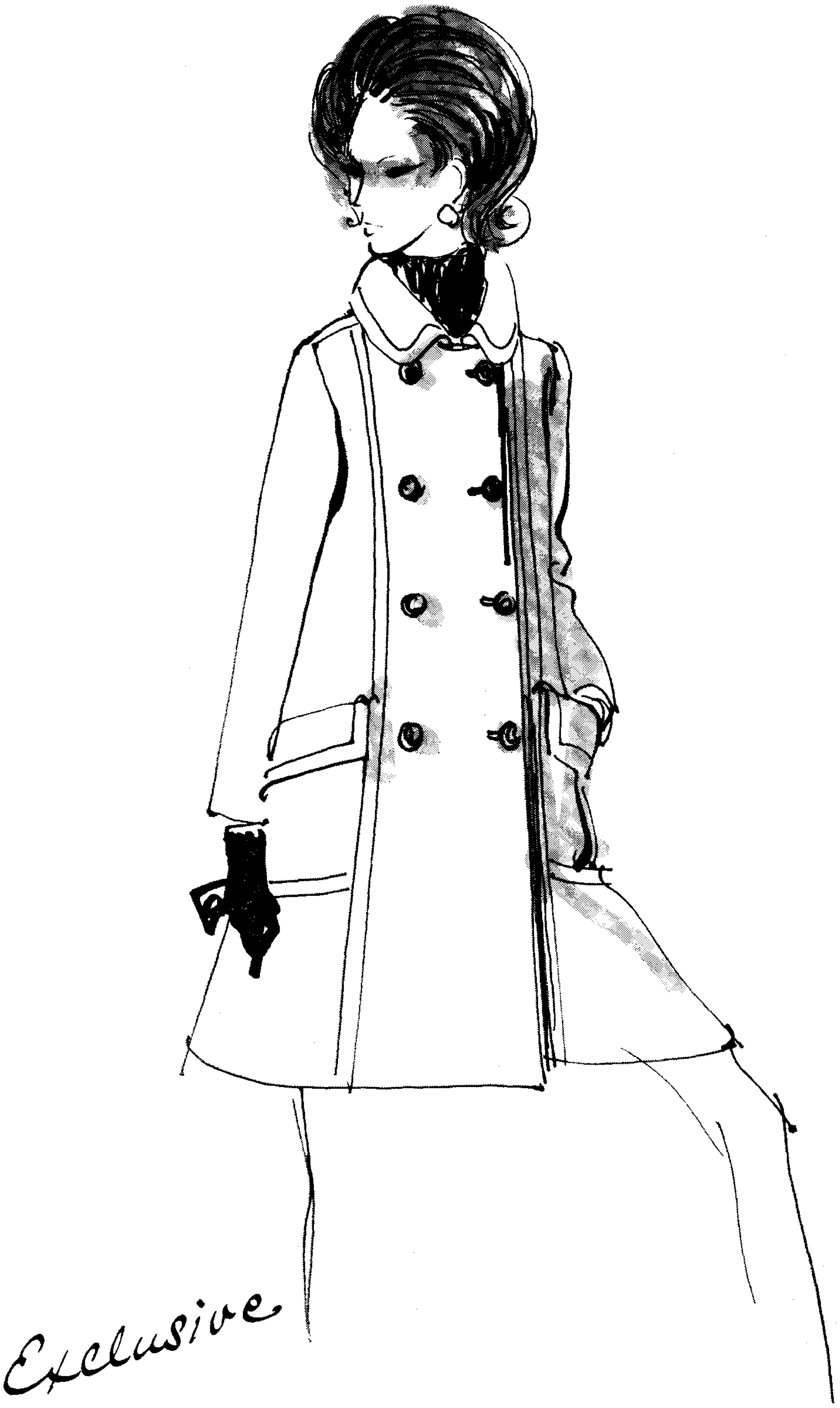

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Adaptation and Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and Dick Van Patten are the respective stars. *Highly recommended.* (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**American Conservatory Theatre**—A company from San Francisco in the opening performances of a four-week repertory of three plays that will run through Saturday, Oct. 25. Edward Albee's TINY ALICE: Monday, Sept. 29, at 7; Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 2 and 8:30; and Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Georges Feydeau's A FLEA IN HER EAR: Friday, Oct. 3, at 7, and Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270.)

**A Black Quartet**—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Ceremonies in Dark Old Men**—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Concept**—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

**Geese**—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Hadrian VII**—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Barry Morse plays the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Hello and Goodbye**—Colleen Dewhurst and Martin Sheen appear as a brother and sister, who meet after fifteen years and spend most of the evening acting out their miserable lives—past and present—and their resentment of each other. The play, by Athol Fugard, is depressing and somewhat clumsy, but it is not dull. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer**—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 27.)

**Little Murders**—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**No Place to Be Somebody**—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**The Ofay Watcher**—A comic satire, by Frank Cucci, about a young white chemist, who perfects a powder that turns dark skin light, and who gets his comeuppance (to say the least) from the sharp-witted black bum that he takes on as guinea pig. The performances—by Terry Kiser as the chemist, Billie Allen as his girl, and Cleavon Little as the cagey bum—are just fine. Jerry Adler directed. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Play It Again, Sam**—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Reckoning**—This one-act melodrama by Douglas Turner Ward boils down to a savage, verbal sparring match between the bigoted governor of a Southern state and a blackmailing Negro pimp. The play almost drowns in words, but Lester Rawlins gives a splendid performance as the governor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**To Be Young, Gifted and Black**—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry

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**COVER:** *André François*

**DRAWINGS:** *Warren Miller, Alan Dunn, Henry Martin, Robert Day, Barney Tobey, James Stevenson, Charles Barsotti, Mischa Richter, Dana Fradon, Claude Smith, Donald Reilly, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Sam Gross, Stan Hunt, J. B. Handelsman, Lee Lorenz*

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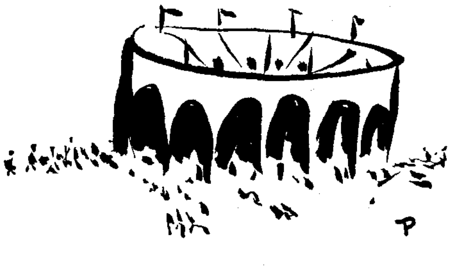
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, and Murray Hamilton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** An account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by Yaphet Kotto. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**The Hoofers**—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its proponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**New Music Hall of Israel**—A revue with a cast of fifty, including Geula Gill and the Karmon Dancers. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 2, at 7:30. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**Oh! Calcutta!**—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Promenade**—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Salvation**—A new version of a rock musical by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 24. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

**1776**—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpish dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; Sundays at 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He mounted to the parapet again and gazed out over Dublin bay, his fair oakpale hair stirring slightly. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Claudio Brook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Brook at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### BALLET

**City Center Joffrey Ballet**—Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Three-Cornered Hat" (company première), and "Façade."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8:30: "Olympics," "The Lesson," and "The Three-Cornered Hat."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Sea Shadow," "The Lesson," and "Façade."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Lesson," "Sea Shadow," and "Façade."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 8: "Moves," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "Fanfarita," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Konservatoriet," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 3, at 8:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Lesson," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

### MISCELLANY

**British Tournament and Tattoo**—Final performances by this company of three hundred, including the Red Devils Parachutists, the Royal Signal Motorcycles, the R.A.F. Police Dogs, and the Parachute Gymnasts, plus the massed bands, drums, pipes, and dancers of the Royal Scots Greys, the Parachute Regiment, and the Gordon Highlanders. Up the Buffs! (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 28.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Bitter End,** 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. Its present occupants are singer-guitarist John Sebastian, formerly of the Lovin' Spoonful, and a rock group known as the Fifth Avenue Band. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

**La Bohème,** 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Elvin Jones' drums resound through this indifferent spot from eight-thirty to four. Wilbur Little is on bass and Joe Farrell is on reeds. Between sets, the Booker Ervin quintet performs. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Casey's,** 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

**Half Note,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Beginning at about nine-thirty, Zoot Sims' competent quartet is on the stand. Some other people will take over on Tuesday, Sept. 30. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Zutty Singleton, Joe Muranyi, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

**Red Garter,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

**Red Onion,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

**Slugs',** 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by Jackie McLean's quintet. On Tuesday, Sept. 30, things will be handed over to the Yusef Lateef quartet. Closed Mondays.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Billy Taylor trio alternates with the solo piano of Fran Thompson for drinking and din-

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ing. On Tuesday, Sept. 30, the Bill Evans trio arrives. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Through Sunday, Sept. 28, the Ramsey Lewis trio takes turns with comedian Irwin C. Watson. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, the Hugh Masekela quintet will play. Closed Mondays.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. The Pharoah Sanders quintet and singer Leon Thomas take the stand at nine-thirty, approximately. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

### DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

**Aux Puces,** 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Revolution"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

**Directoire,** 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

**Electric Circus,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Joy through Sunday, Sept. 28. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 26-28, Elizabeth will also be around. Beginning Tuesday, Sept. 30, it will be the Jam Factory's turn. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

**L'Interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

**Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. Every so often, some people known as Holgate, Perkins, and Shaw put on a polished show. On Monday, Sept. 29, singers Ken Hamilton and Terri Malone and the Oliver Jones quartet will begin an engagement. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

**Wednesday's,** 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are phony, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

**Wheels,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Nite Train. Closed Sundays.

**Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

### OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

**EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The Foreign Legion moved out long ago, but the battlements along which the Legionnaires kept watch are still there, bathed in moonlight and the music of Skitch Henderson's orchestra, which operates from eight-thirty until three. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Calm views of everything are taken in the restaurant, even when Ernie Warren's light cavalry is on the bandstand, which it usually is until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building (759-2444): A busy-bee sort of affair. The important point is Urbie Green's trombone, with which goes an urgent set of sidemen. Six until two is the general rule, but no music Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—rock and roll. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty, Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Our best supply of inner space, viewed from the terrace of this country house, where a practically continuous stream of musicologists ply their trade (most enthusiastically, it is true) from seven-thirty on every evening.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Upstairs at the Downstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall," the miniature revue that bears the serpent's-tooth mark of Ronny Graham, goes about its funny business at nine-thirty and midnight. On Mondays the revue is transferred **DOWNSTAIRS.** Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Downstairs at the Upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The floor is taken by Joan Rivers, who has a little list of things to be changed, and who believes that where there's a will there's a way. The readings of her will occur at ten and twelve Tuesdays through Thursdays, a bit more often on Fridays and Saturdays. On Mondays the **UPSTAIRS** revue is presented **DOWNSTAIRS.** Everything clear now? Closed Sundays.

**El Avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians in their own United Nations, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians are the oudist George Mgrdichian and the guitarist Angelo Saridis, from the late "Zorba;" and one solemn damsel or another offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre*. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

### BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Saturday, Sept. 27, is closing night in the Royal Box for Mel Tormé, fluent indeed in his dealings with the songs of the day. Out with him goes Marty Brill, a conversationalist whose fluency can be oppressive. On Wednesday, Oct. 1, the enterprise reopens, this time as a forum for Phyllis Diller, who can cry havoc a bit faster, a bit more furiously, than anyone else in the business. Like the Tormé-Brill tandem, she will declaim during both dinner and supper. The persuasive Lee Evans orchestra will get the house to come to order during her interludes.

**Château Madrid,** Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Latins at leisure, and pursuing their favorite pastimes, such as falling in and out of love, always to the accompaniment of many instruments, many voices. It happens every night of the week. . . . ¶ Domingo Alvarado, who bemoans the fate of all Lusitanian lovers with flamencan fervor, is in the theatre-in-the-round Flamenco Room, where he shares the podium night after night with the guitar of Antonio Arenas.

**Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Pat Cooper and his *alla-romana* jokes will go away on Wednesday, Oct. 1, and Gladys Knight and the Pips, as good a vehicle as Motown has ever put on the road, will start singing one night later. No dark nights ever. . . . ¶ The ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegaries of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit by the Pacesetters, who take no nights off.

**Downbeat,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Wild Bill Davison's 16-gauge shotgun is camouflaged to resemble a cornet, but there is no camouflaging of its incisive sound, which sets his Jazz Giants to doughty deeds. The Junior Mance threesome is, by comparison, subdued, though not at all silent. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The practically nonpareil Eartha Kitt, fond of defying the elements—not including (according to her lyrics) gold and silver—withdraws on Tuesday, Sept. 30; Sacha Distel arrives from Paris the following evening to commence his very first night-life stint as chanteur in this territory. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will stay on. Evening stars in the Persian Room appear during dinner and supper, except on opening nights, when ten is the usual time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Ahmad Jamal's trio makes music for listening, and Marty Napoleon's trio makes music for dancing. Dinner (and music) at eight-thirty; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up, up, and (not too far) away. The living is easy, and so is the dance music. Margaret Whiting, who sings during dinner and supper, works under higher pressure. She departs on Saturday, Sept. 27. Monday, Sept. 29, brings Jack E. Leonard, who, try as he will, in Friars Club fashion, to be a curmudgeon, generally turns out to be a lovable old bear. Closed Sundays.

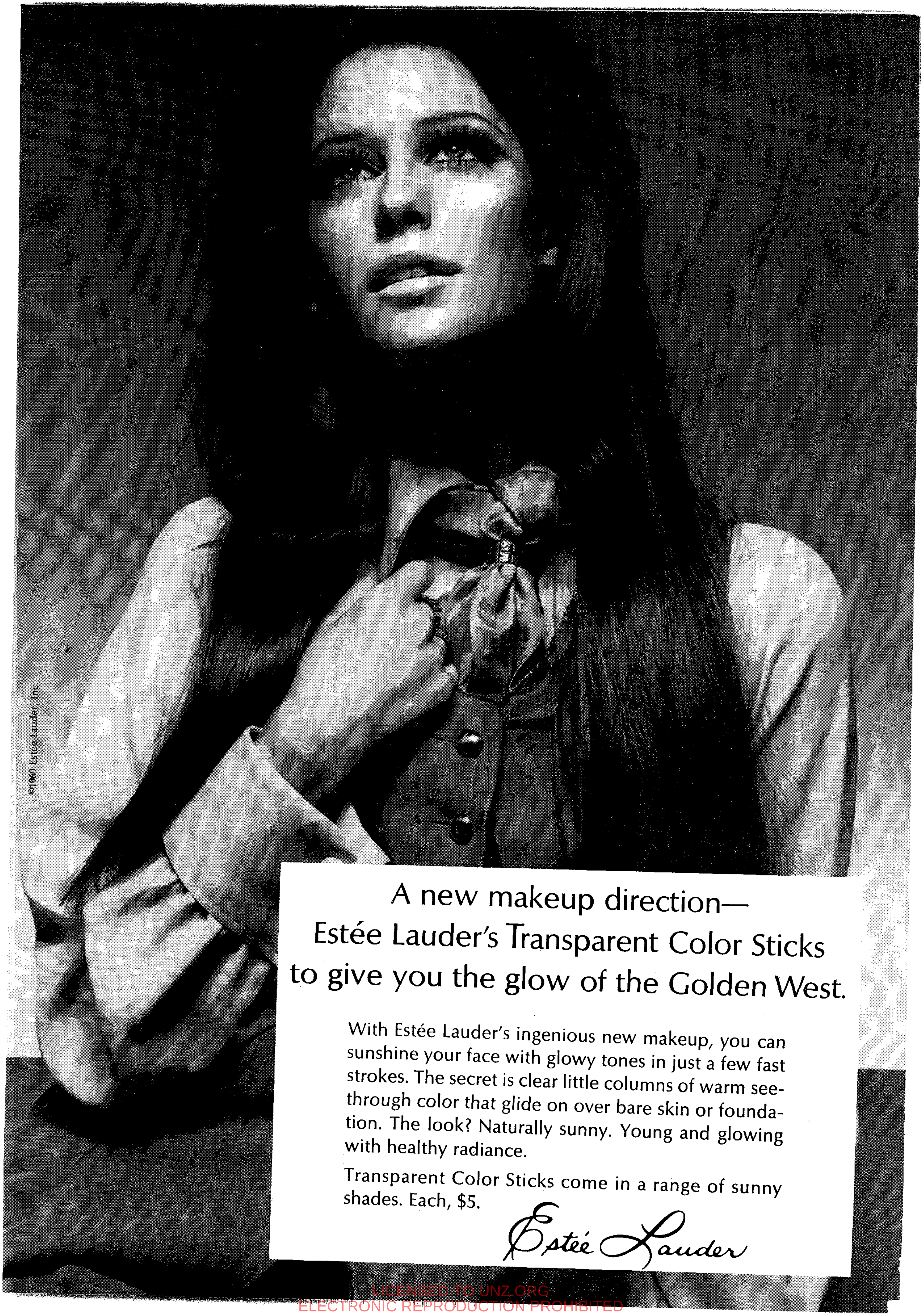
**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—It's not what Monique Van Vooren, pride of the Maisonette, does when she takes the floor during dinner and supper, it's how she does it—singing and cajoling with the greatest of insouciance. The Latin band run by Quintero and a Manhattan band run by a new hand, Hal Turner, get the use of the hall when she'll not be on deck. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Shoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tony Bennett makes the Empire Room into his own little back yard when, at dinnertime and suppertime, he addresses everyone who lives in the block with offhand, easygoing, but heartfelt arias. Dance music by the ton, before and after. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The nineteenth hole of Louis Goldie Hawkins' country club, which, even though the city encroaches now upon it, stays the same all-for-one, one-for-all fraternity and sorority. Wayne Sanders and Mr. H, solo or in cahoots, are at the gleeful pianos, and hang the time of night! Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1600): Bobby Short, the candidate for night mayor most likely to succeed, breaks out his voice, his piano, and his guardsmen (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) at half past nine. It's nice work, and you can get it until two in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The campus of a junior college devoted to the lively arts. Chuck Wayne's triad is the dean. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican domestic architecture, aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit kind of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays she climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever singer happens to be in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes places every night but Monday. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): In the bar of what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle sits Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Monday through Saturday in the manner of whoop-de-do New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, is doing his Viennese piano, and sometimes serving as lyrical town crier, in this elaborate conservatory. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until midnight, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays; no music Saturdays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians in this calm Mitteleuropa restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Gotham's annual gift to thousands of Bermudian expatriates—the Talbot Brothers, singing and chatting with their constituency from six to ten every Sunday and Monday evening, beginning on Sept. 28. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Bombay Bicycle Bar is Bob Kail's new home, and he has moved his piano in with him, for sessions beginning at five-thirty and ending at twelve-thirty. He is on leave Sundays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**OTMAR ALT**—Abstractions of fantastic subjects by a young German painter; through Oct. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**FRANK AUERBACH**—Portraits and landscapes built up in thick paint by a British artist born in Germany; through Oct. 18. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**DENNIS BYNG**—Plexiglas constructions with colored panels inside; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

**BARRY FLANAGAN**—The first exhibition in New York by a British sculptor who makes "organic" compositions using rope, sand, fabric, and projected light; starting Saturday, Sept. 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**TIBOR FREUND AND ASTRONEL GRUBER**—Paintings that seem to move by the former and clear and colored plastic sculptures that *do* move by the latter; through Oct. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

**LEE HALL**—Expressionist abstractions; starting Tuesday, Sept. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

**MARSDEN HARTLEY** (1877-1943)—A retrospective covering works done from 1910 to 1941 by this pioneer American Expressionist; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**LEE KRASNER**—Thirty small Abstract Expressionist gouaches by a painter known for her large oils; starting Saturday, Sept. 27. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**WIFREDO LAM**—Etchings, lithographs, and drawings by a Cuban Surrealist who has long worked in Paris; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**ANTHONY MARTIN**—Eight related works using reflecting light and wave projections; starting Saturday, Sept. 27. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**GIORGIO MORANDI** (1890-1964)—Etchings; through Oct. 10. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**PICASSO**—Forty-five fantastic and autobiographical engravings from the series done in 1968; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**CHARLES SALERNO**—Craftsmanlike sculptures in marble and limestone; through Oct. 11. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

**MARTIN SCHREIBER**—Shaped canvases in gradations of color; through Oct. 11. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**THERESE SCHWARTZ**—Six paintings of torsos; through Oct. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**NORMA-JEAN SQUIRES**—Painted columns that move (or are moved by the spectator), some with mirrors and lights; through Oct. 10.

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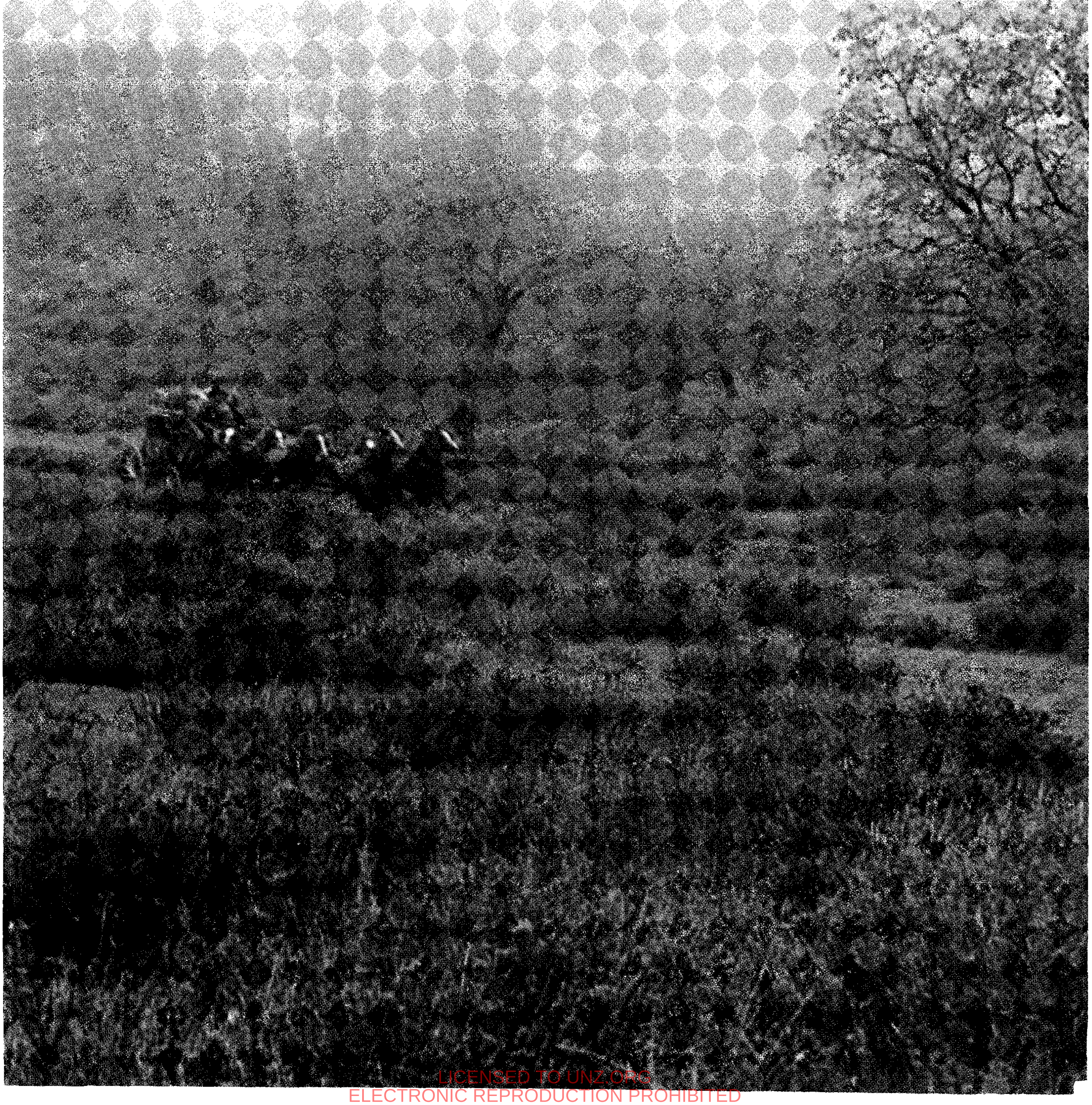

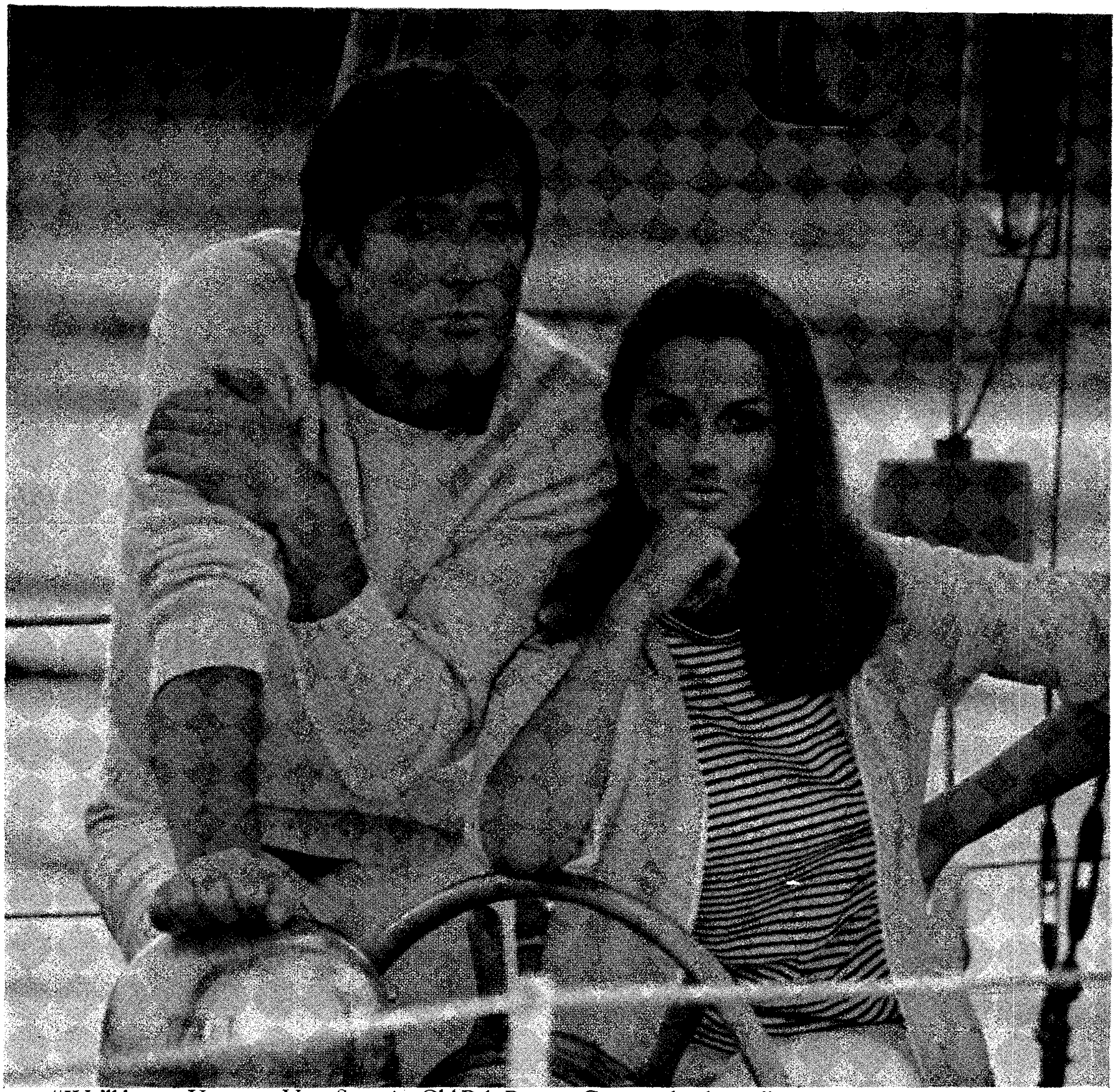

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(East Hampton Gallery, 22 W 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Walasse Ting**—Paintings by this Chinese Abstract Expressionist who often accompanies his work with his own poetry; through Oct. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Esteban Vicente**—Collages by the well-known Abstract Expressionist; through Thursday, Oct. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Early-twentieth-century American paintings by such artists as Prendergast, Hassam, Benton, Kuhn, Hopper, Marsh, Shahn, and Moses and Raphael Soyer; through Oct. 11. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A few of the gallery artists represented in this show of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics are Don David, Ernest Briggs, Martin Hurtig, and Lynne Drexler; through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Twenty-one gallery artists, among them Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bolotowsky, Jimmy Ernst, Wolf Kahn, Opper, and other gallery artists, through Thursday, Sept. 25. . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Gallery artists such as Flavin, Johns, Judd, Stella, and Warhol; through Oct. 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W 57th St.: Works by three younger artists dedicated to "Abstract Illusionism;" through Oct. 9. (Closed Mondays.). **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Newly acquired works by Dubuffet, Tanguy, Picasso, Pollock, Magritte, Matisse, and others; starting Saturday, Sept. 27. (Closed Mondays.) **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Five young figurative painters; through Thursday, Sept. 25. **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. A loan exhibition sponsored by the Institute of International Education; it includes such artists as Nicolas Carone, Louis Finkelstein, Angelo Ippolito, Wolf Kahn, Jack Levine, Lee Bontecou, and Jason Seley. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.). . **LEVER HOUSE**, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.. Paintings, by artists from many countries, that will be reproduced on greeting cards and calendars in behalf of UNICEF; through Oct. 13. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.. Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Americans, including Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, and Eilshemius; through Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 119 E. 57th St.. Seventy-five works by the nineteenth-century group known as "The Nabis," among them Bonnard, Gauguin, Maillol, and Vuillard; through Oct. 11 (Closed Mondays.) . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. A show of paintings and sculptures, organized by the Studio Musuem in Harelm, by artists who have been associated with Harlem; through Oct 8 (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M to 1 A.M.). . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works, many of them executed this summer, by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Roy Moyer, and Waldo Peirce (to name a few), through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: An exhibit on behalf of peace by some thirty artists, several well known; through Oct. 11 (Closed Mondays.). . **WADDELL**, 15 E. 57th St.. Members of the gallery, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicola Schöffer, through Tuesday, Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Twentieth-century American and European paintings and sculptures by Arp, Beckmann, Burchfield, Hopper, Hofmann, Marin, and others, through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

**Sculpture**—Small metal and stone items by, for example, Hadzi, Lachaise, Moore, Nakian, Picasso, and Rodin; through Thursday, Oct. 2 (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic

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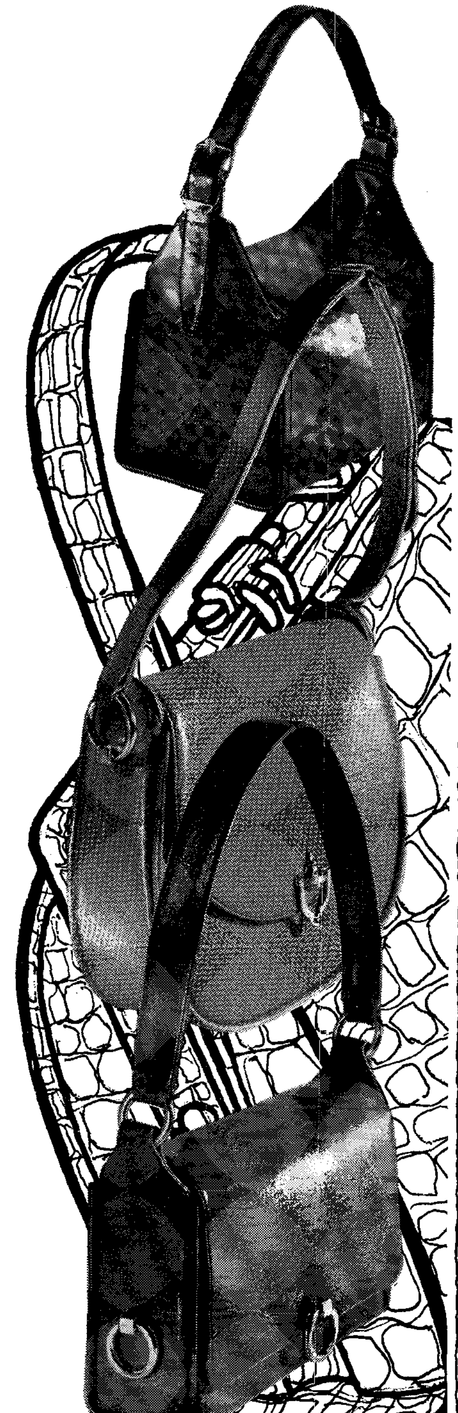

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period to the classical, from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of ten years of work in many mediums by Claes Oldenburg; starting Thursday, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Recent prints by thirty Yugoslav artists; starting Tuesday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by Roy Lichtenstein, known for his "comic strip" paintings; through Nov. 16. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and eleven works by "naïve" painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, from the celebrated Garbisch collection; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ American paintings and sculptures of the first half of the century; through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8:30, there will be a jazz concert featuring the Horace Arnold quintet and singer Jeanne Faulkner. Admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred years of prints from portfolios, beginning with Blake's "The Book of Job;" through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The treasure chest of the Morgan Hall holds an array of minerals and gems, among them the Star of India, the DeLong Star Ruby, and the Midnight Star. The whale is downstairs. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Cultural Center**, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, photographs, books, newspaper clippings, and other items related, in different ways, to the history of the Negro in America; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings by Chang Dai-chien, a contemporary Chinese artist whose works are derived from traditional Chinese modes; through Oct. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—About a hundred paintings and drawings by Vincent Smith, a contemporary black artist who studied with Marsh and Shahn; through Oct. 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 7:45: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, Robert Nagy, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:15: "Capriccio" (in English), with Helen Vanni, Kay Creed, Ellen Faull, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and William Metcalf. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Patricia Kern, Helen Vanni, Robert Hale, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, David Clatworthy, Edward Villella, and James McCray. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, Robert Nagy, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 1:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Janet Winburn, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, and Franco Iglesias. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 7:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Barbara Rondelli, Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Norman Treigle, Arturo Sergi, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Marlena Kleinman, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Beverly Evans, Robert Hale, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 3, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Janet Winburn, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2:15: "Capriccio" (in English), with Helen Vanni, Kay Creed, Ellen Faull, Enrico DiGiuseppe, William Metcalf, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, William Chapman, and Malcolm Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

### ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall, *Seiji Ozawa conducting*—Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 26, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8:30; and Monday, Sept. 29, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano); and Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 3, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 6, at 7:30 (all with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Anastasios Vrenios, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; the Schola Cantorum of New York; and the Boys' Choir from the *Little Church Around the Corner*).

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, and the Temple University Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8:30.)

**Mozart Festival Orchestra**—Baird Hastings conducting. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 5:30.)

**Osipov Balalaika Orchestra**—Victor Dubrovsky conducting this orchestra from Moscow in its first appearances here. With Valentina Levko, mezzo-soprano; Ivan Petrov, bass; and Russian dancers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3 and 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**Eleanor Steber and Blanche Thebom**—Soprano and mezzo-soprano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

**Alicia de Larrocha**—Piano, in the first in a series of three recitals of Spanish music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8:40.)

**Abbey Simon**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**Country Joe and the Fish, Grateful Dead, and Sha-Na-Na**—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 8 and 11:30.

**The Byrds**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 26, at 8:30 and at midnight.

**Stevie Wonder and Hugh Masekela**—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Sept. 26, at 8:30.

**Chuck Berry, John Mayall, and Elvin Bishop Group**—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 8 and 11:30.

## SPORTS

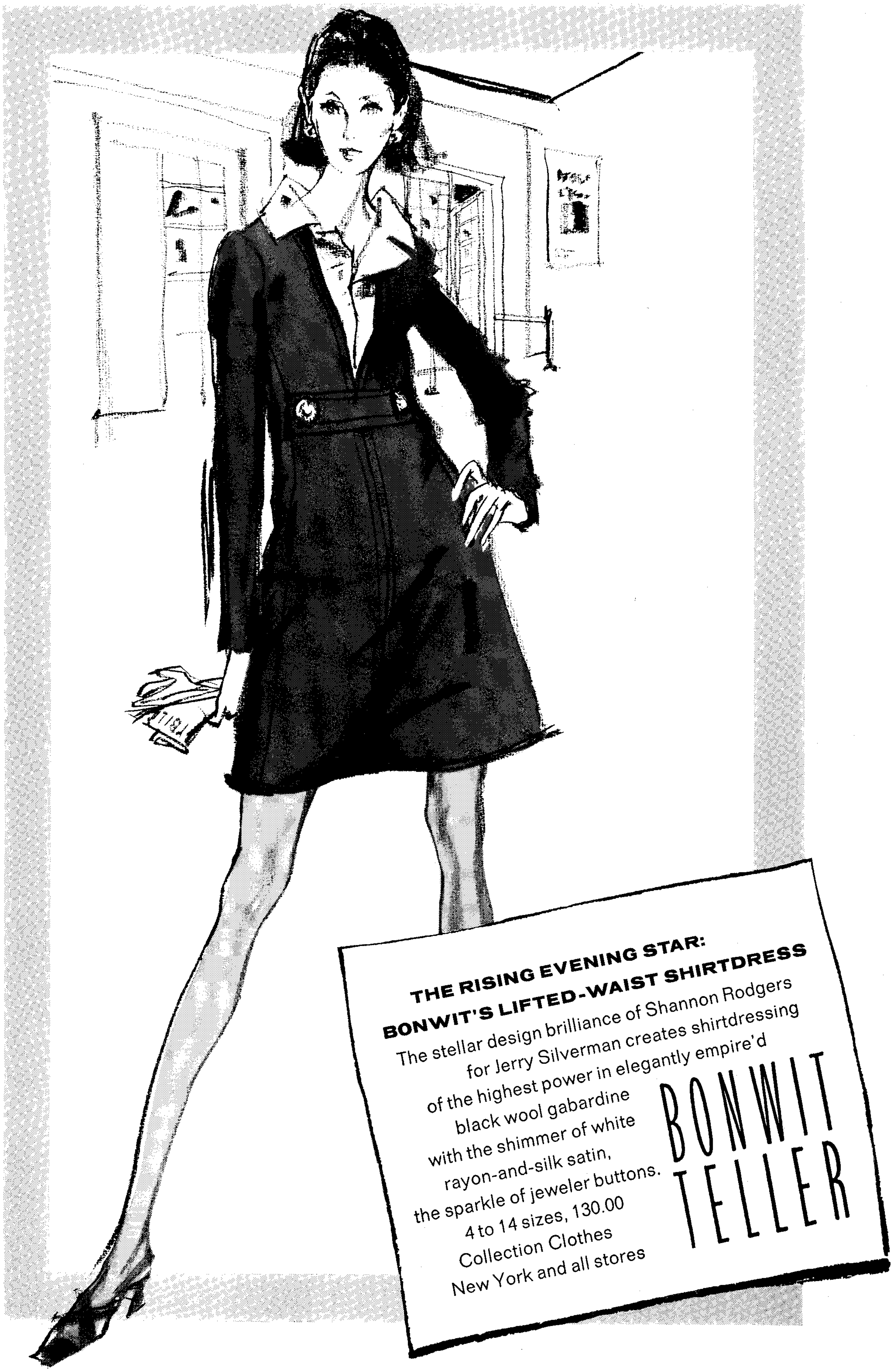
(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Baseball**—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Yankees, Monday, Sept. 29, at 8:05 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Sept. 26, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2, at 8.

**Professional Basketball**—Exhibition game: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

**Boxing**—United States vs. Italy. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.)

**Dog Shows**—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Sept. 28.) . . . ¶ De-



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ANNE KLEIN and company

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

von Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 4.)

**College Football**—SATURDAY, SEPT. 27: Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Princeton, at New Brunswick, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 4: Army vs. Texas A. & M., at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. John's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Cornell, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

**Golf**—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Fenway Golf Club, White Plains. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

**Hockey**—Exhibition game: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 3, at 7:35.)

**Horse Show**—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 27.)

**Hunt Racing**—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 1, and Saturday, Oct. 4.)

**Polo**—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

**Racing**—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 27; the Discovery Handicap, Monday, Sept. 29; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Oct. 1; and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 13. The Matchmaker, Saturday, Oct. 4.

**Sports-Car Racing**—At Thompson Speedway, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 4, at noon, and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 1.

**Trotting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

**Yachting**—A schooner race, sponsored by the South Street Seaport Museum, starting off the Battery and finishing off Bay Ridge, for the Mayor's Cup. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 4. A spectator boat will sail from the Battery at 9:30; for information about tickets, call 349-4310.

## ET ALIA

**United Nations**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**Lectures**—Three talks by Jacques Soustelle: "The Human Experience, Political Theories and Philosophy, Past and Present," Thursday, Sept. 25, at 2. . . . ¶ "The Long March of Israel," Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 6. . . . ¶ "Daily Life of the Aztecs," Thursday, Oct. 2, at 2. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311.)

**New York Film Festival**—The final programs in a series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (362-1911)—Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 6:30: "The Merry Widow" (United States, 1925). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 9:30, and Friday, Sept. 26, at 6:30: "Duet for Cannibals" (Sweden, 1969). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 6:30: "Ma Nuit Chez Maud" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 9:30, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 1: "Destroy, She Said" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 9:30, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3:30: "Goto, Island of Love" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 1: "He Who Gets Slapped" (United States, 1924). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 3:30: "The Epic That Never Was" (Great Britain, 1967). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 6:30, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 9:30: "Le Gai Savoir" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 9:30, and Monday, Sept. 29, at 6:30: "The Deserter and the Nomads" (Czechoslovakia, 1969). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at midnight: "La Ronde" (France, 1951). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 6:30, and Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 9:30: "Pig Pen" (Italy, 1969). . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 29, at 9:30, and Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 6:30: "The Money Order" (Senegal, 1969). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 9:30, and Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 6:30: "One Fine Day" (Italy, 1969). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 6:30 and 9:30: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (Great Britain, 1969).

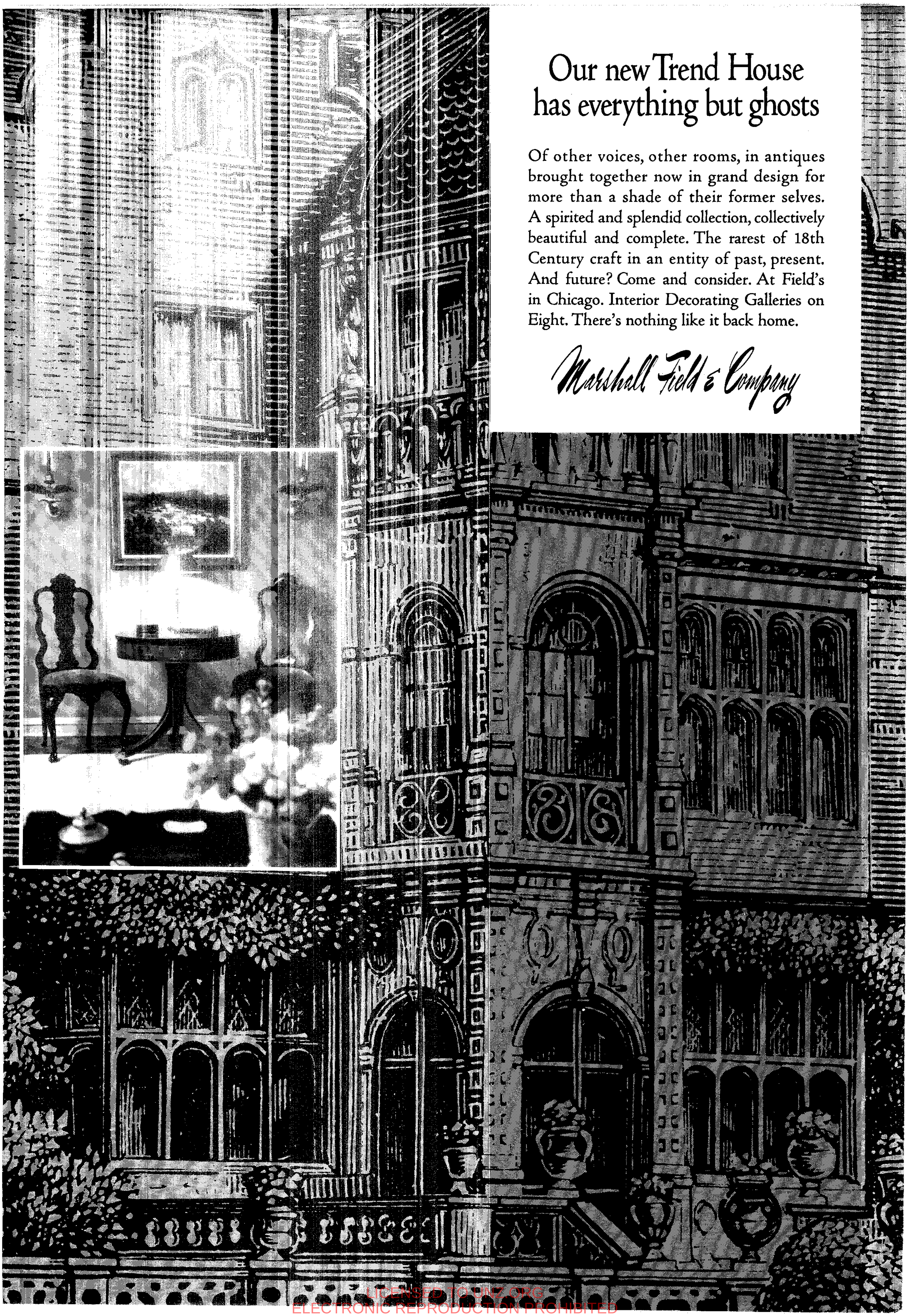
**Israel in Photographs**—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white pictures, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Nov. 10. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**New York Flea Market**—*The Sunday sport in* which adults, children, and dogs may participate. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—*Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 1:45: Barbizon and* old-master paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, at 7: American coins, from the Frederick A. Canfield collection and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 10:15: Works of art, including a stained-glass window and panels, wood and ivory carvings, and marble and bronze sculptures; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 1:45: Decorative furniture and decorations, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 1:45: American paintings and drawings, including works by Benjamin West and Walter Gay; mainly from the discontinued Bernard Black Gallery. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8: A benefit auction of paintings by such artists as Arthur B. Davies, Henry Varnum Poor, and Morris Kantor. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 26.

**Election Registration**—The registration dates for the Nov. 4 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 4, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

**Film Libraries**—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Seven programs in a series of Russian films, many without English titles: Sept. 25 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Extraordinary Adventures of Mr. West in the Land of the Bolsheviks" (1924); Sept. 26 at 2 and 5:30, "Father Sergius" (1918); Sept. 27 at 3 and 5:30, "The Young Lady and the Hooligan" (1918) and "Film-Truth" (1922); Sept. 28 at 2 and 5:30, "Potemkin" (1925); Sept. 29 at 2 and 5:30, "Wings of a Serf" (1926); *Sept. 30 at 2 and 5:30, "The Three Million* Case" (1926); Oct. 2 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Fall of the Romanov Dynasty" (1927). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 11:30: A program of six Griffith Biograph films. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1936), with Freddie Bartholomew. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Seven programs in a series called "The Musicals of Busby Berkeley." Sept. 24: "In Caliente" (1935), with Dolores Del Rio and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ Sept. 25: "Varsity Show" (1937), with Priscilla Lane and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ Sept. 26: "Gold Diggers in Paris" (1938), with Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ Sept. 27: "Dames" (1934), with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. . . . ¶ Sept. 28: "Gold Diggers of 1935" (1935), with Alice Brady and Hugh Herbert. . . . ¶ Oct. 1: "The Garden of the Moon" (1938), with Margaret Lindsay and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ Oct. 2: "Hollywood Hotel" (1937), with Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert. (Showings at 4 and 6.)



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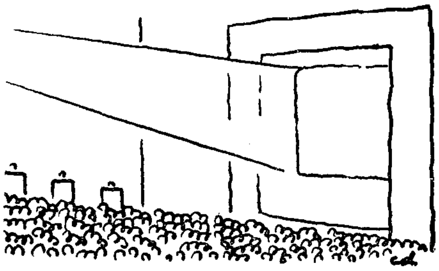
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES



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**Alice's Restaurant**—Arthur Penn's tender, simple film about Arlo Guthrie's best-selling talking-blues ballad record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Arlo Guthrie plays himself. Among many other things, the film becomes a very touching study of kinds of American faces—hippies, an old man, even an affectingly seen cop. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

**Barefoot in the Park** (1967)—Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer in Neil Simon's adaptation of his Broadway comedy. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Sept. 27.)

**Belle de Jour** (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Sept. 30.)

**The Big Store** (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

**Bonnie and Clyde** (1967)—Arthur Penn's story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Sept. 30.)

**Bullitt** (1968)—Peter Yates' police melodrama, starring San Francisco and Steve McQueen. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Sept. 30.)

**Charlie Bubbles** (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous English writer who feels alienated. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 1.)

**La Chinoise** (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

**Closely Watched Trains** (1966)—A Czech tragicomedy, directed by Jiri Menzel, about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26.)

**The Deadly Affair** (1967)—A spy story, directed by Sidney Lumet and starring James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Harriet Anderson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

**Don't Look Back** (1967)—Bob Dylan on a concert tour of England, recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 30. ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

**Easy Rider**—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. Stanzas of encounters with a gradually hardening country, and reprise lines of lyric motorcycle riding by the two heroes, who are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

**The Fifth Horseman Is Fear** (1964)—A Czech film, written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, about a Jewish doctor in Prague during its occupation by an anti-Semitic power. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26.)

**Funeral in Berlin** (1966)—A complicated melodrama about British and Russian Intelligence agents, starring Michael Caine. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

**Funny Girl**—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Gold Rush** (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363, through Sept. 30.)

**Goodbye, Columbus**—Philip Roth on the theme of a bright young Jewish boy who is caught in the middle of a Jewish joke and not laughing about it, although the film itself is funny, because Richard Benjamin, as the hero, seems exceptionally alert to the familiar gambits with guilt-giving. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 30.)

**The Gypsy Moths**—John Frankenheimer's film about three stunt parachute-jumpers. It has all his usual skill about sharing the physical experience of men involved in rather simple, hazardous techniques, plus something new and subtle in the way he directs actors. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; Sept. 24.)

**If . . .**—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700, through Sept. 27.)

**Justine**—Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" filmed in the foreseeable Hollywood way, with a script written all for narrative, and actors from everywhere (Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, Severn Darden). George Cukor directed. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

**The Lady Vanishes** (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 25.)

**The Lion in Winter**—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Loves of Isadora**—Karel Reisz's finely intelligent study of the character of Isadora Duncan, wonderfully acted and danced by Vanessa Redgrave. Some hamfist in the movie industry not only added "The Loves of" to the original title but also lopped off nearly an hour of the film's running length. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 1.)

**The Lower Depths** (1936)—Directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

**A Man and a Woman** (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Sept. 30.)

**Marry Me! Marry Me!**—Claude Berri's minor, gentle-natured film about a French boy being nudged into marriage. It has the wry and alert virtues of the best anecdotal Czech movies. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

**The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail** (1945)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Sept. 29.)

**Midnight Cowboy**—John Schlesinger directs James Leo Herlihy's story for horselaughs, but the movie is worth seeing for a look at Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, who play the cowboy and Ratso Rizzo. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

**Miracle in Milan** (1951)—Directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 29.)

**Monterey Pop**—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians, including Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, Otis Redding, and Ravi Shankar. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 30.)

**Lola Montès**—Max Ophuls made this wonderful film in 1955. It was hacked down to three-fourths of its length by the backers, destroying its structure and gaiety, and he died (in 1957) without ever witnessing a public run of the film he had actually made. This is the first New York release in its true form. The story is set in a circus, but the movie is about more than that. Peter Ustinov plays the ringmaster, Anton Walbrook a deaf Bavarian king, Martine Carol a famous courtesan declined into a trapeze artist. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 25-Oct. 1.)

**A Night at the Opera** (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

**North by Northwest** (1959)—A crowded summation of all Hitchcock stories, with a dash of Pearl White. With Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 24.)

**Oliver!**—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Pickpocket** (1958)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 2.)

**Putney Swope**—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey, about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**Rachel, Rachel** (1968)—A film about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Directed by Paul Newman. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 1.)

**Romeo and Juliet**—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; through Oct. 2.)

**The Seven Samurai** (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Sept. 29.)

**Shane** (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 24.)

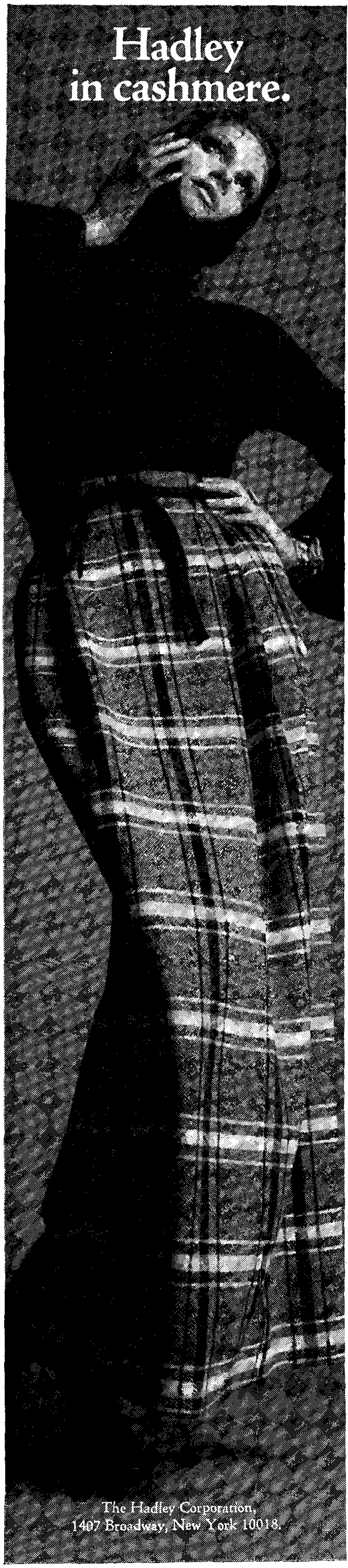
**Take the Money and Run**—Woody Allen as a criminal who never makes the Ten Most Wanted list. Far from taking the money and running, he writes polite holdup notes to bank tellers and argues desperately when they can't read his writing. Written and directed by the star. A stop-and-go film, but a true original. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

**Trial of Joan of Arc** (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic record. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

**The Wild Bunch**—Sam Peckinpah's very good, terse Western, set in 1913, with Robert Ryan, who is quietly one of the natural classic actors in the country. William Holden and Ernest Borgnine play members of the wild bunch—gunslingers of the Old West in a New West where the gleanings are thinner and the personal heroics changed. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 24.)

**Yellow Submarine** (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature, with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through Sept. 30.)

**Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow** (1964)—A three-part comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 29.)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# THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**

**EVERGREEN**, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

**CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 30: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and **THE GOLD RUSH.**
From Oct. 1: To be announced.

**CHARLES**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 30: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968), Alan Arkin.
From Oct. 1: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and **CHARLIE BUBBLES.**

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 30: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **BULLITT.**
From Oct. 1: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA.**

**KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Adding Machine," Phyllis Diller, Milo O'Shea.

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
**ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Number One," Charlton Heston, Jessica Walter.

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," Paul Newman, Robert Redford.

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Rain People," James Caan, Shirley Knight.

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"More," Mimsy Farmer.

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
**JUSTINE.**

**CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
**MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

**PACIFIC EAST**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Sept. 24: "Spirits of the Dead," Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon.
From Sept. 25: "De Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger.

**AVCO EMBASSY EAST**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Sept. 25: "Sweden—Heaven and Hell," a documentary film.
Sept. 26-30: "Fanny Hill" (1965), Leticia Roman.
From Oct. 1: "A Nice Girl Like Me," Barbara Ferris, Harry Andrews.

**CINÉ MALIBU**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Sept. 24: "Camille 2000," Danièle Gaubert.
From Sept. 25: "Spirits of the Dead," Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon.

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
**PUTNEY SWOPE.**

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
**EASY RIDER.**

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
**TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.**

**TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
**MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French).

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
**BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **BULLITT.**

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 30: "All Neat in Black Stockings," Susan George, Victor Henry.
From Oct. 1: "Change of Mind," Raymond St. Jacques, Leslie Nielsen.

**LOEW'S CINÉ**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Two Gentlemen Sharing," Robin Phillips, Judy Geeson.

**86TH ST EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 30: "Number One," Charlton Heston, Jessica Walter.
From Oct. 1: "Some Kind of a Nut," Dick Van Dyke, Angie Dickinson.

## WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 24: **THE WILD BUNCH**; and "Ride the High Country" (1962), Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.
Sept. 25-Oct. 1: **LOLA MONTÈS** (in French); and "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; in Japanese).
From Oct. 2: **PICKPOCKET** and "Le Socrate" (both in French).

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 30: **MONTEREY POP**; and **DON'T LOOK BACK.**
From Oct. 1: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA.**

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Peach Thief" (in Bulgarian).

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 27: "The Killing of Sister George" (1968), Beryl Reid, Susannah York; and "The Sergeant" (1968), Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

**ELGIN**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 29: **THE SEVEN SAMURAI** and **THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL** (both in Japanese).
From Sept. 30: "Way Out West" (1937), Laurel and Hardy; and five Laurel and Hardy shorts.

**R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 30: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **BULLITT.**
From Oct. 1: "Change of Mind," Raymond St. Jacques, Leslie Nielsen.

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**FUNNY GIRL.**

**STATE I**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
**OLIVER!**

**CINERAMA**, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve; and "Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Sept. 24: **THE GYPSY MOTHS.**
From Sept. 25: "The Christmas Tree," William Holden, Virna Lisi.

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
**ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**

**CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Sept. 27: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**
From Sept. 28: "The Bed Sitting Room," Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson.

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Who's That Knocking at My Door?," Zina Bethune.

**LINCOLN ART**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
**THE LION IN WINTER.**

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 2: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**

**CINEMA STUDIO**, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Sept. 30: **BELLE DE JOUR**; and **A MAN AND A WOMAN.**
From Oct. 1: To be announced.

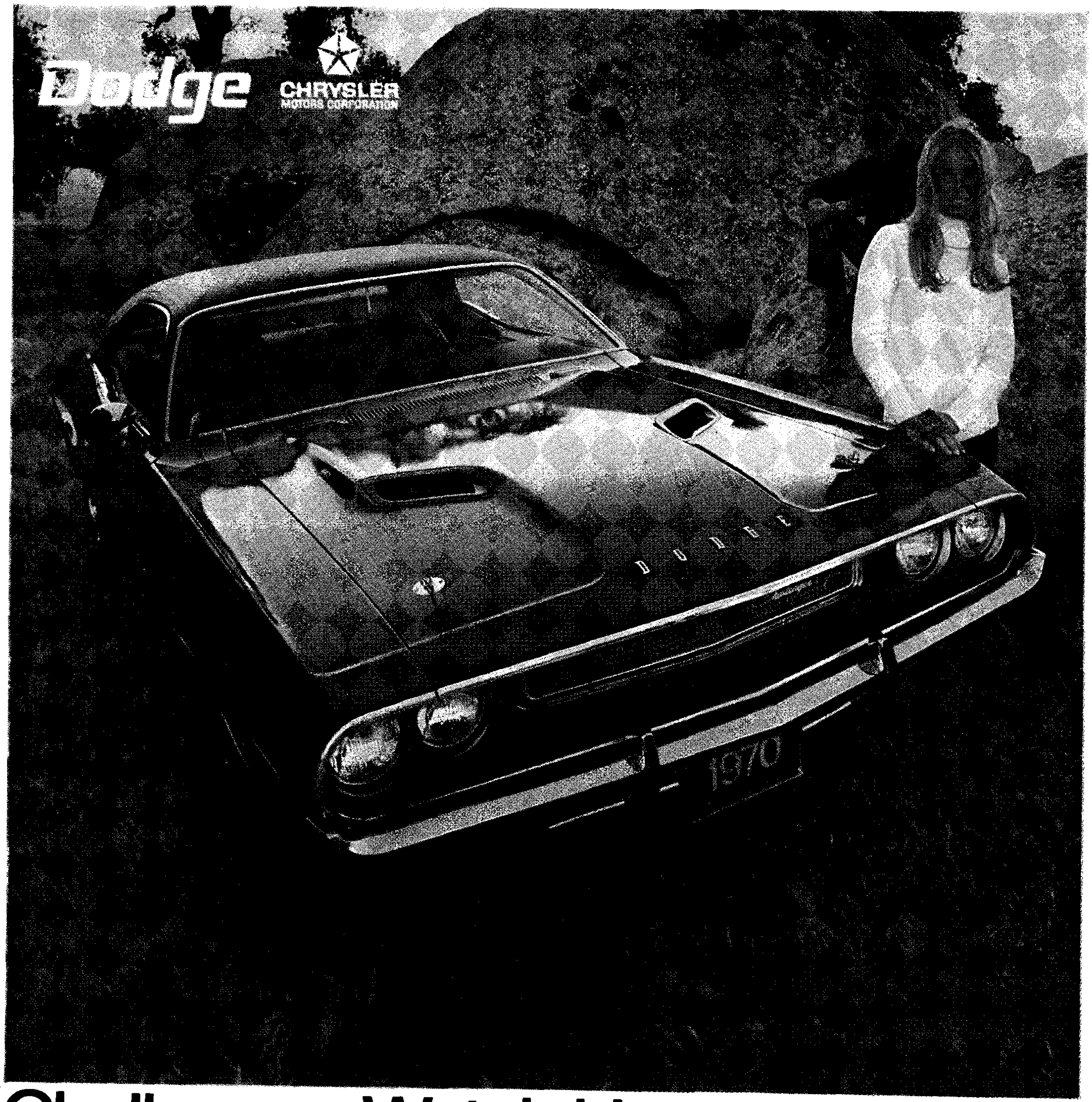
**REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 27: **IF . . .**; and **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 24: **SHANE**; and **NORTH BY NORTHWEST.**
From Sept. 25: **THE LADY VANISHES**; and "King Kong" (1932), Fay Wray.

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 30: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS**; and "The Strange Affair" (1968), Michael York.
From Oct. 1: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968), Alan Arkin.

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 24: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** and **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (both in French).
Sept. 25: **LA CHINOISE** (in French); and **DON'T LOOK BACK.**
Sept. 26: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS** and **THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR**, both Czechoslovakian films.
Sept. 27: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**; and **THE BIG STORE.**
Sept. 28: "Boris Godunov" (1956; in Russian); and "The Beggar's Opera" (1953), Laurence Olivier.
Sept. 29: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** and **MIRACLE IN MILAN** (both in Italian).
Sept. 30: **THE DEADLY AFFAIR**; and **FUNERAL IN BERLIN.**
Oct. 1: **CHARLIE BUBBLES**; and "A Countess from Hong Kong" (1967), Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren.
Oct. 2: "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (1967; in Italian), Virna Lisi; and "The Anatomy of Love" (1959; in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.

**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.



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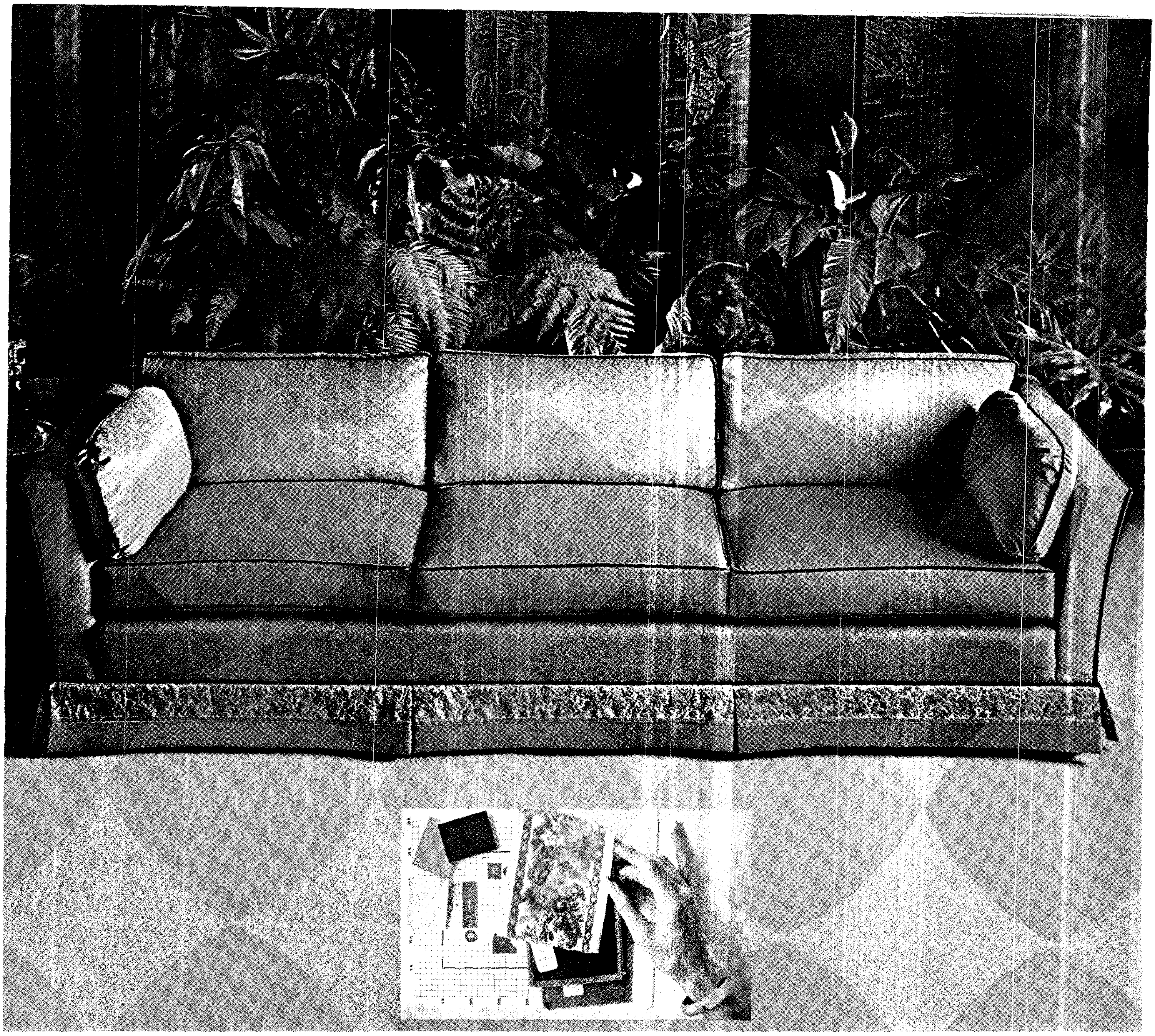

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Covered, welted and bordered in velvet, this 100" Heritage sofa will cost about $885. Or $250 more than its look-alike. Below the velvet, this sofa is built with the strongest system of support it can have. A frame designed for this style alone and locked into one solid unit. Springs tied to each other and to the frame. Layers of batting stretched and stitched to the shape set down by the frame. Steps that make the look last. Steps that are standard at Heritage.

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The higher price on this sofa, or any other piece of furniture we make, buys something that only more money can buy. Whether it's the way we'll build this sofa to support the look you select. Or the way we'll take the extra steps to bring a wood to a finish that no shortcut method can match.

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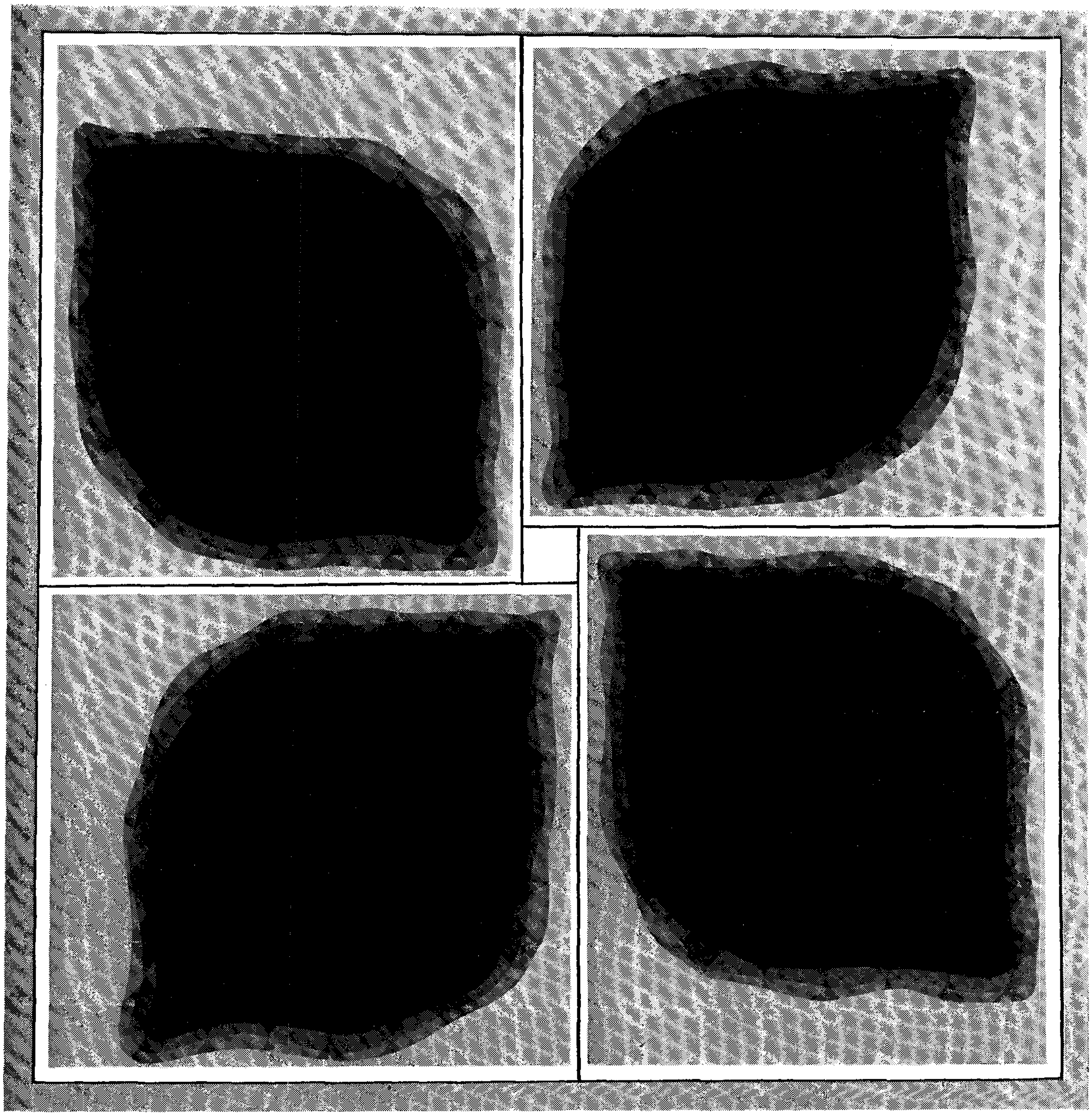

**ART BEAT 1969** . . . more than the name of our annual Fall fanfare on the 5th. It's a mood. Vibrations. And so insistent, so everywhere, we had to be part of it. Which we are. In 19 Decorator Rooms, each centered around an artist and done in our concept of his life style; in a replica of the famous Denise René Rive Gauche gallery in Paris where you'll see sculpture électrique by Nicholas Schöffer, a fabulous Aubusson tapestry and a work-of-art "game" by Vasarely, works by Arp, Claisse and others. Here, too, a half dozen enticing shops. Among them, La Cuisine Provençal brimming with all manner of Continental and Scandinavian wherewithal for the preparation and serving of food and wine. Then there's Le Petit Choix with collectable objets in tempting variety. Also two galleries, Graphics I and Graphics II, the former featuring signed and numbered works by such artists as Motherwell, Chagall, Picasso, Miro; the latter, fine screen prints and lithos by Ben Shahn, Jack Levine and many more.

It's a stunner, this Art Beat 1969. Just too much to put down in a few words. So come see. You'll see!

Bloomingdale's

Lexington at 59th New York, N.Y.

Note on the art in this ad: it reproduces a poster done by a talented young man named Nobumitsu Fukui. In red, orange and yellow on silver, it's a smash. See it all over the store and find it (to buy) framed or mounted in our Poster Gallery, 7th Floor.

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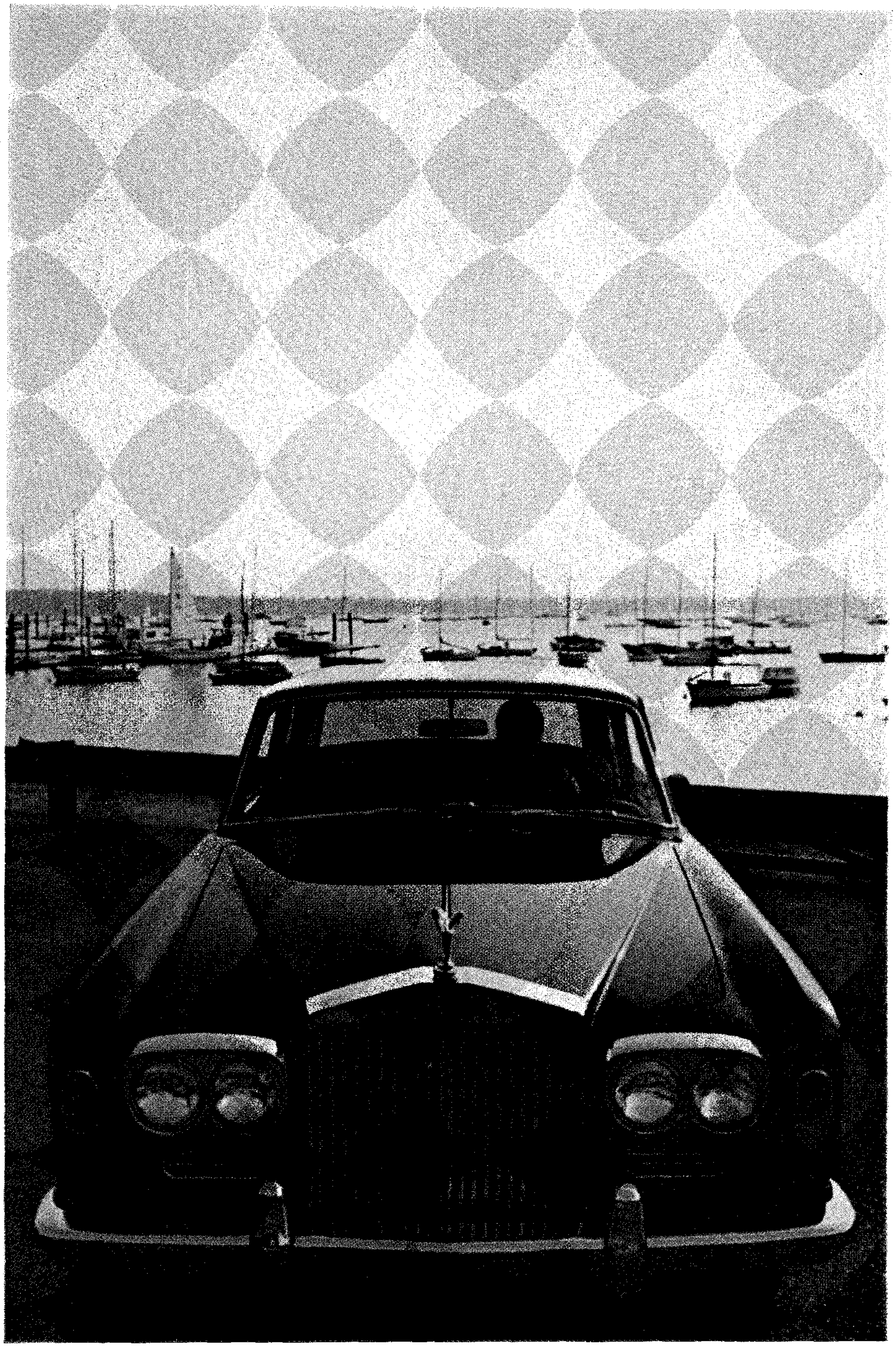


# The personal Rolls-Royces: $19,600, $29,200 and $31,600.

The Silver Shadow is a new kind of Rolls-Royce. A personal Rolls-Royce. It has been designed not for a chauffeur, but for the personal pleasure of the owner-driver.

Interiors are sybaritic. You ensconce yourself in deep bucketed seats covered with glove-soft English leather. The panelling is of rare Circassian walnut. The carpets are wool, trimmed with hide.

Air conditioning is standard equipment, and there is an unusual split-level ventilation system. You can warm your feet and cool your face at the same time.

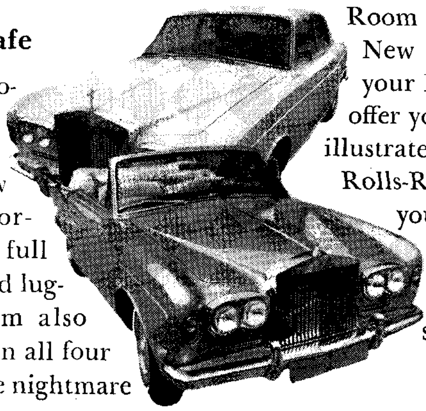
A deferential driving seat provides eight different adjustments of height, reach and angle at the touch of an electric switch. The backs of the front seats, even the armrests on the doors, adjust individually.

### Electric shift and friendly lights

The drive selector is electric, and effortless. The power steering is light but not numb. It has a reassuring feel. The whole car is only seventeen feet long. It turns full circle in little more than twice its length, and seems almost to park itself.

Press a button on the dashboard, and you can open the gas tank. Other knobs and switches let you balance radio speakers throughout the car, or raise the antenna, or control all the windows. On the Sedan and Coupé, still another button controls 1,300 invisible wires that demist the rear window.

Scan the instrument panel, and friendly lights tell you whether or not all is well with such essentials as fuel level, oil pressure, or pressure in the power brake system.



### You feel very safe

Monocoque construction provides a low center of gravity. A unique hydraulic levelling system keeps the Silver Shadow level, and its headlights correctly aimed, even with a full complement of passengers and luggage. This levelling system also allows very soft coil springs on all four wheels without giving you the nightmare feeling that you are driving a double bed.

The Silver Shadow's silence, even at 100 miles an hour, adds to your peace of mind. Even more reassuring is the triple hydraulic braking system. It operates the disc brakes like steel hands in velvet gloves. A special valve balances braking between front and rear wheels. You slow down as firmly and gracefully as you accelerate.

### Personal preference

You can get the personal Rolls-Royce in three different body styles. The Silver Shadow four-door Sedan, illustrated on the opposite page, costs $19,600. There are also two coachbuilt models. The Coupé, at $29,200. And the Convertible, at $31,600.

The bodies for these coachbuilt cars are almost entirely handmade by H. J. Mulliner, Park Ward, of London. Founded in 1770, this firm has been building custom bodies for Rolls-Royce cars for half a century.

Some of their techniques are old world indeed. They still devote a whole week's work to the panelling of a single Coupé, or to the tailoring of a single Convertible top. They apply as many as seventeen coats of paint to each car, and buff each coat by hand. They choose hides for the upholstery with extravagant care, selecting only one out of every five hundred. The rejects make expensive handbags.

### Expose yourself to temptation

For more information about these magnificent cars, write to Mr. Norman Miller, Executive Vice-President, Rolls-Royce Inc., Room 464C, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. Or, visit your Rolls-Royce dealer. He can offer you a profusely detailed and illustrated brochure on the personal Rolls-Royce. Better yet, he can let you drive one.

See dealer listing elsewhere in this magazine. Suggested prices P.O.E., exclusive of local taxes, if any. Slightly higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

ROLLS
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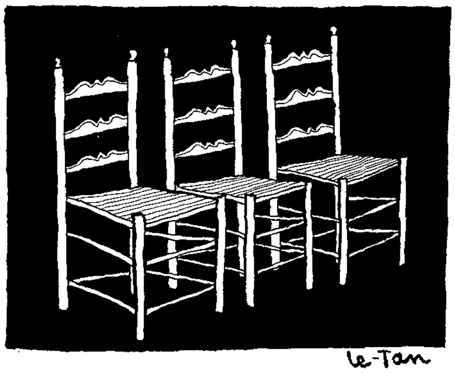
THE
NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WHEN we heard last week that President Nixon planned to reduce our forces in Vietnam by thirty-five thousand men, we recalled some thoughts we had had during the previous reduction of troops there. Early in July, a month after President Nixon announced the withdrawal of twenty-five thousand troops from Vietnam, we saw television news coverage of a parade in Seattle of troops who were identified by the Army as one contingent of the troops being withdrawn. Watching the parade, we began to have the feeling, not for the first time in the course of this war, that something was false and wrong. For some reason we couldn't quite put our finger on, the parade seemed like the kind of thing that can't be taken at face value—perhaps like the year-round American flags that so many people are flying outside their houses these days, and that seem to be saying something as simple as "I love America" but are actually saying something more complicated, such as "I hate hippies and am in favor of wire-tapping." At first, as we tried to analyze our mistrustful reaction, it occurred to us that the problem might be just that we were naturally uneasy about a parade celebrating a war we opposed. But on second thought we decided that, however much we disliked what our soldiers had been doing in Vietnam, it was quite fitting for the country that had sent them there to show them some gratitude on their return. Thinking it over some more, we remembered that the parade was celebrating not only the courage of our soldiers but also, more specifically, the troop withdrawal, and we began to wonder if what we doubted might not be the authenticity of the withdrawal. From the start, there had been a number of suspicious signs. Most of the soldiers to be withdrawn, we had learned, were at the end of their one-year tours of duty anyway, and there had been reports that men in the units to be withdrawn whose tours of duty were not up were being shifted to other units. Then, after the parade was over, one paper reported that the man who had led the parade got on a plane and went back to Vietnam the next day. A few weeks later, Senators Albert Gore and J. W. Fulbright discovered that during the period in which the twenty-five thousand men were supposed to have been withdrawn the number of servicemen in Vietnam had actually risen by several thousand. The Pentagon denied this, pointing out that because the number of men in Vietnam is controlled by a rotation system in which each man has, on the average, a one-year tour of duty, the size of our force is always fluctuating. Pentagon officials issued a graph showing that at the time of President Nixon's announcement the total had been at a seasonal low, and explained that the "withdrawal" had taken the form of a cancellation of a scheduled seasonal increase. Whether or not the cancellation of a seasonal increase can properly be called a "withdrawal," this information put the Seattle parade in a strange light. The idea had been that the men in it constituted part of the twenty-five thousand being "withdrawn," but since the twenty-five thousand, if they can be said to exist at all, were men who had got out of being sent in the first place, the Army, in order to be strictly honest, would have had to make up its parade of men who had never been to Vietnam.

For a while, we thought we had got to the heart of the matter. But as we read more reports of the fanfare connected with the withdrawal, we had a feeling that part of the problem was still eluding us. We read that as the men departed, dozens of South Vietnamese girls had been recruited to give them flowers and presents of desk sets decorated with South Vietnamese and American flags, and that President Thieu had made a speech thanking them for coming to Vietnam. In New York, the mayoral candidate Mario Procaccino went to the airport to congratulate the New Yorkers who were returning, and the press ran articles on how the men felt to be back. A story in the *Post* reported that the returning men "had their sights fixed on Mom's cooking." It seemed to us that the government and the press were mesmerized by the word "withdrawal," and were treating the event as though it were something like the end of the Second World War, when men who had spent years on the battlefields were being returned home because the war was over. Actually, of course, unless the number of troops in Vietnam is reduced to zero in less than a year any withdrawal will inevitably take the form of sending fewer troops over and bringing back the troops already there as their tours of duty expire.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The importance of the point is not that this method of withdrawal is more false than some more dramatic method but only that the men returning home during a period of withdrawal are no different from the millions of men who for years have been returning from exactly the same duties. We wondered why this latest group was being accorded the special fanfare. We recalled the homecoming of some of the millions before them. There had been no desk sets, no parades and speeches, no pretty girls giving them flowers, and no mayoral candidates meeting them at the airport. Were they less brave than the men who paraded in Seattle? Were their sacrifices less? Did they look forward to their mothers' cooking less? Where was Mario Procaccino when they arrived? Why did the parades and the speeches of gratitude start up only when the men were being "withdrawn," rather than when they were simply being sent home? In part, we reflected, the answer probably was that the government wanted to make the reduction of our troops "more real" to the public through tangible events like parades, instead of merely giving out an explanation of the complexities of the rotation system. But it also undoubtedly wanted to drum up support for the current twists and turns of policy, and to persuade people that the war was nearing its close by making the withdrawal look like the end of other wars we have been in. If showing appreciation of our Army was the only aim of the fanfare, why did the government wait until now to show it? By using an appeal to the public's patriotism and the public's gratitude to its soldiers for narrow purposes of public relations, it insulted the public and insulted the millions of soldiers who have returned home without any fanfare. We support the policy of getting our men out of Vietnam. Bring them home, by all means—but quietly, please. Quietly.

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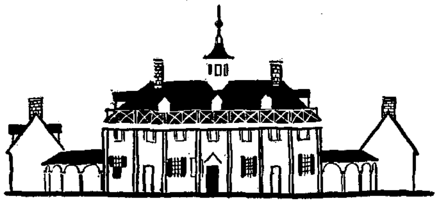
AN outfit called Kaleidoscope manufactures what it describes as "sheer see-thru opaque stockings."

## *Openings*

AT the United Nations last week, six hundred delegates, from a hundred and twenty-five countries, milled around the spacious General Assembly Hall under batteries of television lights, exchanging greetings and gossip while they waited for the crack of the gavel that would call the Twenty-fourth Session of the Assembly to order. Sartorially, the delegates were a subdued lot—reflecting, perhaps, a spirit of pessimism that seemed to have settled over the hall. In the sea of dark business suits there was only an occasional flash of color—a violet boubou from Senegal, a yellow-and-black print from Sierra Leone, a round red cap from Cameroon. The visual climax of the day was provided by five delegates from Swaziland, one of the U.N.'s newest member nations, who sauntered down the aisle shortly before 3 P.M. wearing brilliant red emahiya (knee-length off-the-shoulder tunics) and with white feathers from the royal ligwalagwala bird stuck in their hair. ("We wore suits last year," Swaziland's Ambassador Sukati said when we cornered him in the Delegates' Lounge. "But since we are becoming more at home in the organization I decided to make our presence felt. This is not even ceremonial dress. *Everybody* wears this garment in Swaziland.")

During the period before the formal meeting began, we encountered a member of the Secretariat we know, who informed us that the main topics being discussed by the delegates were the Draft Agenda—a printed list of a hundred and four items, ranging from the momentous ("The Situation in the Middle East") to the trivial ("Town-Twinning as a Means of International Coöperation")—and the imminent election of Miss Angie E. Brooks, of Liberia, as the Assembly's second woman president. (The first was Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, of India.) "This year, the job is supposed to go to an African," the Secretariat man said, "and Angie—who is known around here as 'Our Miss Brooks'—put on a terrific campaign and won out over two men." He pointed out Miss Brooks—a striking figure in a floor-length blue-and-white bubar, a blue head tie, and heart-shaped gold earrings—who was seated at the Liberian desk accepting congratulations from her fellow-delegates. "Angie is a trained lawyer, and she has been an Assembly delegate for the last fifteen years," he said. "The current line is that she's Liberia's answer to Shirley Temple Black—who, incidentally, is sitting ten rows behind her, wearing a red dress."

We had had our first sight of Shirley Temple Black—one of the five new members of the United States delegation—at a press conference earlier in the afternoon. Although the newcomers included two congressmen (Dante B. Fascell, of Florida, and J. Irving Whalley, of Pennsylvania), a lawyer (William T. Coleman, Jr.), and the president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (Joseph E. Johnson), most of the attention had been focussed on Mrs. Black, a round-faced, self-contained matron who appeared to have mastered the Nixonian art of noncommittal statement. When Mrs. Black was asked what she expected to do in her new job, she replied that she was very pleased to receive an assignment to the Economic and Social Council. "I feel that the United Nations is really the only international forum where countries of varying philosophical, political, and sociological persuasion may meet together and discuss these problems, and, hopefully, will be able to achieve this fragile peace that we all yearn for," she said.



"Do you feel that the United Nations should intervene in Vietnam or the Middle East?" a voice asked from the back of the room.

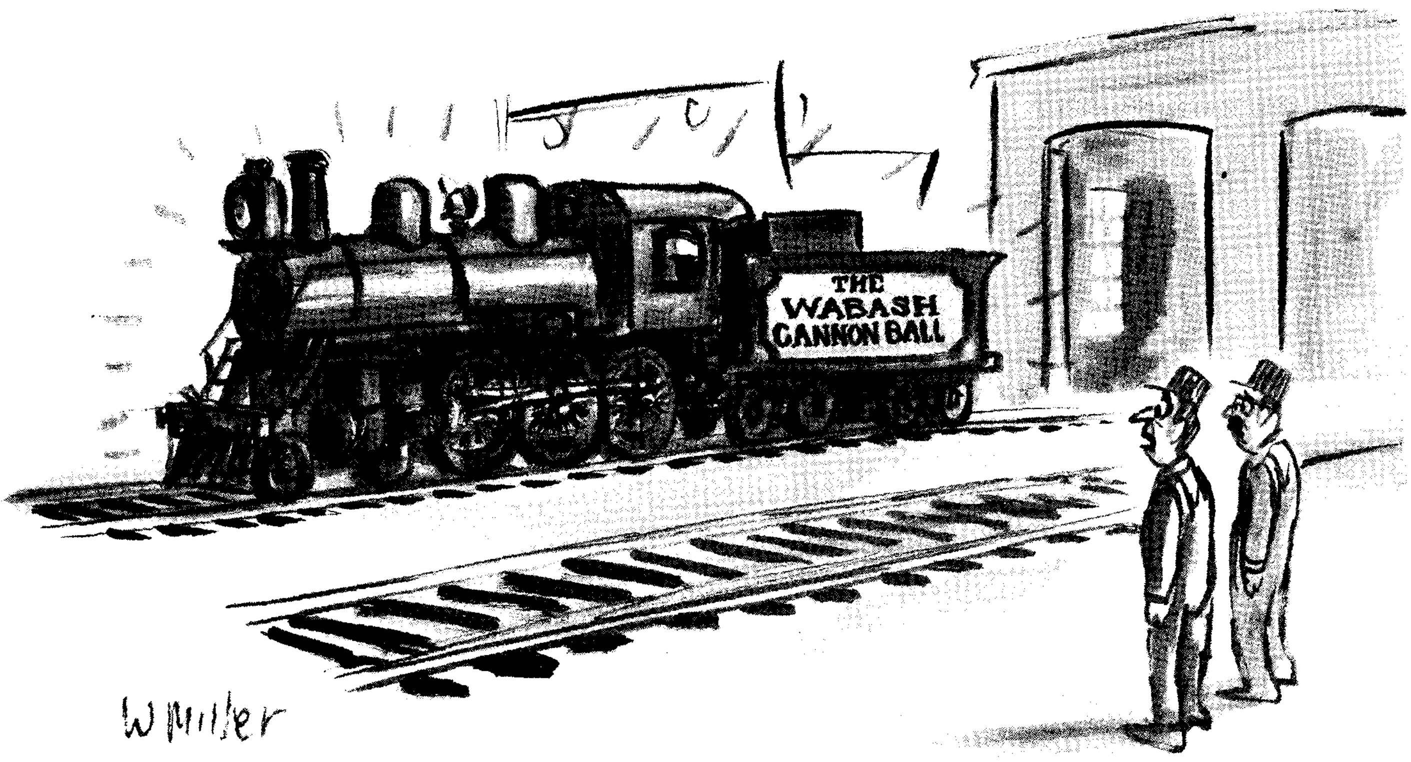
"I am a brand-new delegate," Mrs. Black replied with equanimity, "and I would like to turn this question over to Congressman Fascell."

A note of warning was sounded by Miss Brooks in her initial speech as president of the Assembly. "The job of our delegations is to reconcile clashes and enhance agreements," she said, in the clear, lilting cadences of West Africa. ". . . But our weakness seems to lie in the fact that we all too often view world affairs somewhat parochially, as if they were being played out at the Headquarters on the East River of New York. We have sometimes failed to realize that neither oratory nor agreements between delegations, nor even resolutions or recommendations, have had much impact on the course of affairs in the world at large. . . . We have lacked, and do lack, in this respect, a sense of reality. . . . The sad fact is that . . . we have not achieved the strength with which the Charter in its totality has endowed us."

"*C'est magnifique*," said a French correspondent sitting behind us in the gallery.

"*C'est formidable*," said his companion. "*Où est Mme. Shirley Temple?*"

IN contrast to last year, New York's academic season opened routinely, though not quite uneventfully. A group of welfare recipients protesting against a cut in clothing allowances achieved a limited measure of publicity by keeping their children home from school, but for the most part there seemed not only a diminished level of dissension but also a lack of prospective issues of principle for activists of either the left or the right to dissent to. At the Washington Square campus of New York University, for example, political activists who had built up support last spring through protesting the



*“That can’t be what Rockefeller is counting on.”*

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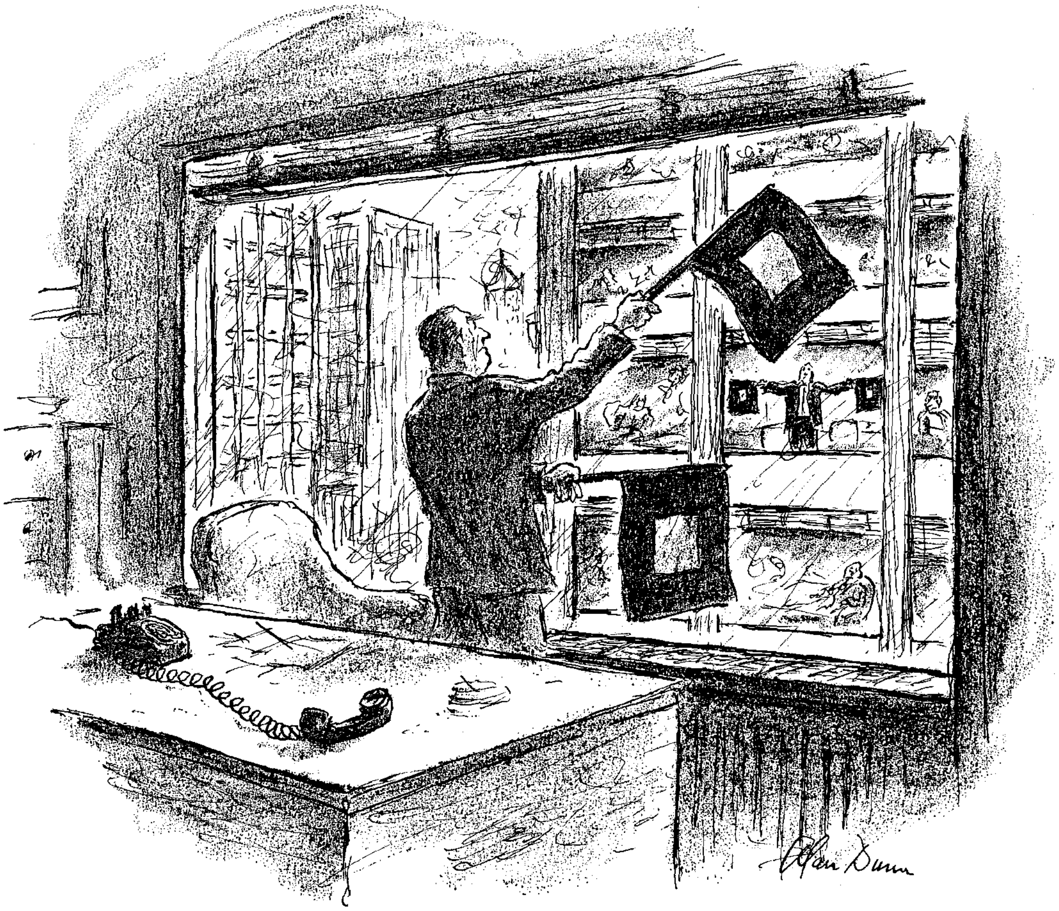
closing of a restaurant frequented by left-wing students returned this year to find it not only open again but open under the auspices of a leading protest organization and turned into a coffeehouse with financial support from the university. For the students we encountered arriving for their first classes last week, the only issue remaining appeared to be whether they would meet for coffee at the new coffeehouse or at the Loeb Student Center cafeteria. We dropped in at both places, and got the impression that the students were also dressing more conservatively. “If appearances mean anything, it will probably be a calm year,” said one of the few long-haired, bearded students we came across in Washington Square Park. “But you have to remember that a lot of guys eased off and shaved when they went to look for summer jobs. Now everybody’s back clean-shaven, and presumably relaxed. But wait a few months, until the beards grow again and the pressure builds up.”

A short distance away, another student, more conservative in both appearance and political outlook, told us he expected a quiet year. “In small-town colleges, where guys haven’t much to do except sit around dormitories, anybody who wants to can set everybody else off over something like cold coffee in the commissary,” he said. “But in New York City the only way trouble really starts is over issues that really mean something and can also be easily dramatized. Besides, the draft had most of us on edge last year, but now, with Nixon talking about cutting the quotas—well, I can’t see anything on the horizon.”

At the Loeb Student Center, we dropped in on Robert A. Hogg, the University Coördinator for Student Affairs, and he, too, though cautiously, predicted a quiet year on the campus. “A lot of the protesting groups—the Students for a Democratic Society, for example—are running into political difficulties of their own, and are moving away from the college campuses toward the organization of high-school students and the military. In their publications, they’re saying that, for all the effort they have put in on college campuses, their drive just hasn’t picked up, and their energies might be spent better elsewhere. I’m not going to predict flatly that we won’t have some kind of trouble here this year, but I do feel we have met protests rather honestly at N.Y.U., and our lines of communication are going to remain open.”

SINCE the essence of film as an art form is its capacity for almost endless replication, it is perhaps only fitting that the seventh annual New York Film Festival should have had not one but three separate openings, all featuring the same movie. The movie, a hip Hollywood comedy called “Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice,” was shown last Tuesday at two-thirty, six-thirty, and nine-thirty in Lincoln Center’s new Alice Tully Hall. The performances did not vary in any respect whatever, but the audiences certainly did, and the members of each audience had a valid claim to being part of the *real* opening of the seventeen-day Festival.

The afternoon screening—which took precedence chronologically, if in no other way—was for Invited Members of the Press only, a category usually defined in circular fashion as consisting of those who have managed to get their hands on press passes. Except for a scattering of bona-fide film critics, the audience that thronged the theatre lobby half an hour before projection time was made up mostly of underground filmmakers, would-be underground filmmakers, former underground filmmakers, and girl friends of all three kinds of underground filmmakers. Such a crowd tends to be divided ideologically into two camps: those who hate all Hollywood-type movies (especially the good ones) and those who love all Hollywood-type movies (especially the bad ones). There was an uneasy feeling in both camps on Tuesday afternoon that someone was trying to bridge the gap between them by opening a festival usually devoted to French, Swedish, Italian, Central European, and Far Eastern art films with a hip Hollywood comedy that had al-



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ready been sneak-previewed in some fifty cities around the country and was scheduled for commercial release later in the year by Columbia Pictures.

The audience at the six-thirty screening (the first event of the 1969 Festival which was open to the general, or paying, public) seemed more at ease. Its members consisted largely of college-age and postgraduate film buffs. In the Alice Tully lobby, they ignored the well-stocked bar and congregated instead in front of a large table stocked with a comprehensive collection of film periodicals from around the world—not the pulpy fan magazines, with titles like *Movie Stars*, *Movie Mirror*, and *Silver Screen*, but serious critical journals, with titles like *Film Quarterly*, *Film Culture*, *Film Heritage*, *Soviet Film*, and, of course, *Cahiers du Cinéma*. In the half hour before the second showing of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," the buffs bought seventy-five dollars' worth of film criticism.

The third, and indisputably most gala, opening was the nine-thirty one. The audience was made up almost entirely of celebrities, celebrity-oglers, and press photographers. Mayor John Lindsay arrived in black tie, looking photogenic, and was immediately lined up against a wall with the four stars of the movie—Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon. Other celebrities were drawn into the lineup, and while everyone posed with everyone else a large, happy crowd of oglers formed around them. Another crowd formed around the bar, where movie executives and movie exhibitors and movie public-relations men talked shop over glasses of whiskey and champagne. It was almost like a real Hollywood première, only without floodlights. Finally, in response to a repeated warning chime, the audience filed out of the lobby and into the theatre proper to see "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice." The salesman behind the magazine table shook his head sadly. In the past half hour, he had sold exactly one item—a copy of *Cahiers du Cinéma*, which retails for a dollar. "These people aren't film buffs," he told us. "They're opening buffs."

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OVERHEARD on a bench near the Central Park Zoo, one elderly gentleman to another: "I was born an anachronism, sir, and I plan to die one."

## *Procaccino Campaigning*

LAST week, we went to downtown Brooklyn to watch Mario Angelo Procaccino campaign as the Democratic Party's candidate for mayor. (We reported last week on a similar effort by John Marchi, the Republican and Conservative Parties' candidate.) The point of rendezvous was in front of the Mays Department Store, on Fulton Street, at noon. We arrived ahead of the candidate, and so did an "Elect Procaccino Mayor" sound bus; a "Procaccino-Beame-Smith" sound truck; a "Brooklyn Citizens Committee for Procaccino" sedan with a red-white-and-blue campaign poster fixed on its roof; several campaigners yelling through bullhorns; a large squad of campaigners wearing imitation-straw boaters with hatbands that had Procaccino's name on them, and carrying similar boaters filled with "Elect Procaccino Mayor" buttons in red, white, and blue; a lot of policemen; a few hundred people attracted by all the commotion; and three dogs not on leashes. About a block away, a large electric sign stated that the temperature was eighty-three degrees. It felt much hotter. The public-address systems of the sound bus and the sound truck were both turned up full blast, and their voices bounced against each other: "Folks, meet and greet our next mayor, Mario A. Procaccino! Today! Don't go away, folks! Mario Procaccino will be here any minute to meet and greet and shake hands personally with each and every one of you!" and "Members of the all-star team! Yes, ladies and gentlemen, go right over and shake his hand! Meet the man with heart! Meet the man with courage! Meet the man with experience! The next mayor for *all* the people! Go right over! Do not crowd! Go over and shake . . ." And mingled with these voices were the voices coming through the bullhorns: "Mario Procaccino! Mario Procaccino wants to and desires to meet each and every one of you!" and "Meet Mario Procaccino and Abraham Beame. Yes, folks, Procaccino and Beame will . . ." The men with the bullhorns maneuvered through the crowd in a highly professional manner. We fell behind. A campaigner handed us an "Elect Procaccino Mayor" button and a brochure bearing the candidate's photograph—Procaccino, black hair shining, thin mustache precisely outlined, seated in a tall leather chair at a desk, hornrimmed glasses in hand, gavel in front of him, American flag on a stand behind him. Underneath the photograph we read:

> "There is nothing wrong
> with New York City that
> good management and
> vigorous leadership
> can't cure."
> —Mario A. Procaccino

"Mario Procaccino! The only man who can defeat John Lindsay in the November election! In a few minutes, you will meet our next mayor, right here in front of the Mays Department Store," a voice from the sound truck said, over all the other voices. "Let me tell you something, folks!" the voice went on. "John Lindsay probably doesn't even know where the Mays Department Store *is!*" Whistles. Cheers. Boos. Laughs. Barks from the dogs. Quite a racket.

We retreated half a block farther, just in time to meet and greet Mr. Procaccino as he arrived in a black limousine. He was coatless and wore a short-sleeved blue shirt and a necktie with gray and black wavy vertical lines on it. He stepped eagerly toward the crowd.

"Hey, Mario!" a bystander yelled at him. "I thought you always travelled by subway!" The bystander was shoved aside by a crowd of people trying to shake the candidate's hand.

Mr. Procaccino was accompanied by Mr. Beame, who was also coatless and also had on a short-sleeved shirt, but with a maroon necktie. Behind them was Mr. Procaccino's twenty-year-old daughter, Marie Rose, a pretty girl wearing a print dress and open sandals. She was wearing one of the campaign boaters and carrying one filled with buttons.

Procaccino led the way, wading through the crowd, perspiring and cheerful, and reaching for hands without apparent effort. His campaigners with the bullhorns kept in front of him and behind him. His campaigners with the hats stuck to his side.

"Here, lady," one campaigner said, handing out a campaign button. "Vote for him."

"How are ya, lady?" Procaccino said to her. "Glad to say hello to ya."

"Vote for him," the campaigner said.

"Don't worry, I will, I will," the lady said.

"Meet our next mayor!" a campaigner said to a well-wisher.

Someone shoved a little Negro girl into Procaccino's arms. He gave her an earthy kiss and a hug and lifted her high in the air. The crowd cheered.

"We're with ya, Mario!" someone yelled.

"There he is!" "Here he is!" the amplified voices said. "Come over and say hello to Mario Procaccino and Abraham Beame!"

"All he is is Lindsay widda mustache!" a heckler yelled in a sudden lull between amplified voices.

Procaccino, followed by Beame, went deeper and deeper into the crowd of handshakers, and—miraculously, it seemed to us—started moving them along with him on Fulton Street, past the R.K.O. Albee, past the Brooklyn Fashion Center (white wedding gowns featured in the windows), past the Truval Jewelry Company, past Miles Shoes, past Martin's Department Store, past Abraham & Straus, past Korvette, and on and on along Fulton Street.

We were getting shoved around by what was now a small mob, so we made our way back to the "Elect Procaccino Mayor" sound bus. It had given up talking in favor of playing "Buckle Down, Winsocki." We climbed aboard, joining Marie Rose Procaccino and a dark, heavy-set gentleman in a bright-blue raw-silk suit, who said he was Domenick G. Rainone, chairman of Coördinators of the Brooklyn Citizens Committee for P., B. & S.

"How you like the way they love Mario?" Mr. Rainone asked us. "They're nuts about Mario, eh?" To Miss Procaccino he said, "They love your dad, Marie Rose. And *you.* Everybody always says, 'The daughter is along with the father every time.' How many buttons you give out so far?"

"A lot," Miss Procaccino said.

"You did a good job," Mr. Rainone said. "We're having a cocktail party for your dad on October 1st, at the Lisa Terrace. You come. And October 28th is our rally. A five-pronged parade, from Williamsburg and Greenpoint, from Bay Ridge, from Kings Highway, from Park Slope, and from Bedford-Stuyvesant, all converging on the Academy of Music. Over five thousand private cars. With flags and floats for Mario. You come."

The bus started to move. A young man grabbed a microphone and set the bus voice going again: "Meet Mario Procaccino. The man with experience, courage, and know-how. Shake hands with Mario Procaccino. Right here. There he is, folks, our next mayor, the man with . . ."

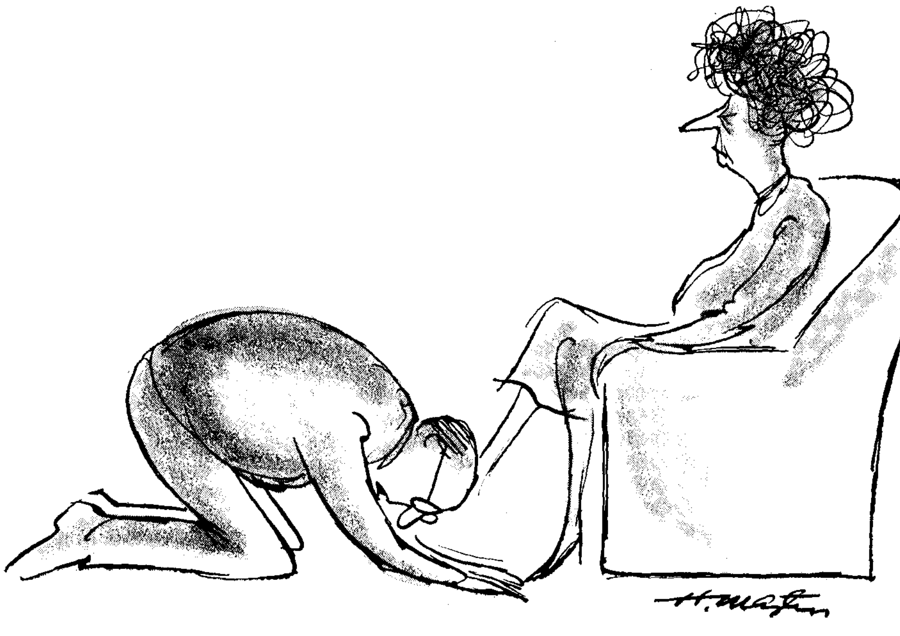
Mr. Rainone handed Miss Procaccino a small American flag. "Wave it to the people, Marie Rose," he said.

Miss Procaccino took the flag and waved it.

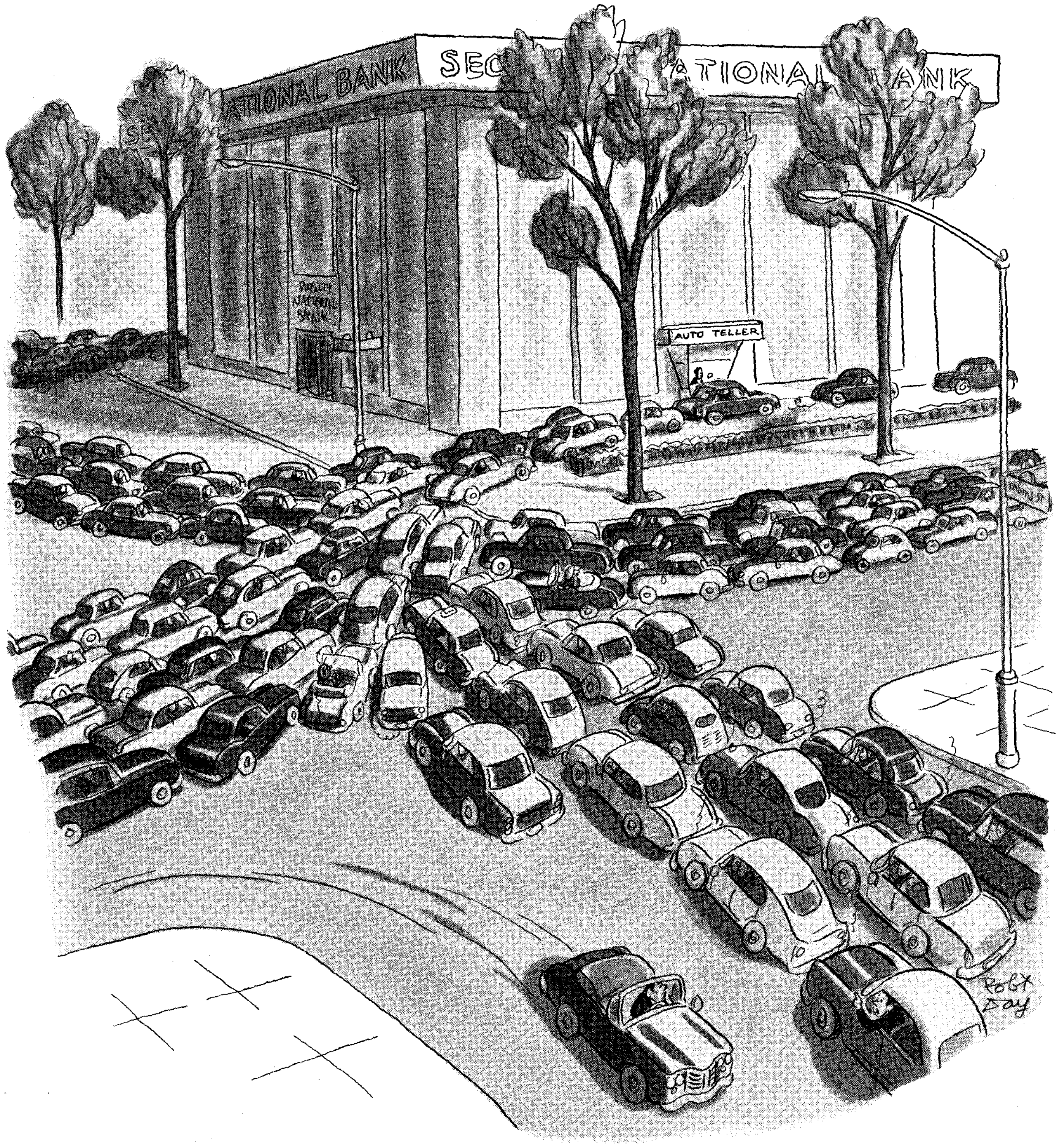
Mr. Rainone waved a hand at the people looking at the bus. "We love them all!" he said. "They all love Mario, eh?"

There was another very brief lull in the amplified noises around us. "Lindsay widda mustache!" someone yelled again.

"Mario Procaccino!" the man with the microphone said quickly. "Mario Procaccino! Come and meet him. He is not *on* the bus. He is *walking.* There he is, folks. Here he comes. Walking, like you and me. Our next



*"I'm sorry, Matilda, for what I said about your filet de bœuf bordelais."*



*"There's a run on the bank!"*

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mayor. Mario Procaccino will give us a *clean* city! A *great* city! A unified city! The only man who can defeat John Lindsay. We must defeat John Lindsay!"

The bus stopped alongside another campaign bus, parked in front of the Bank of Commerce at the corner of Court Street and Remsen.

"Here comes Mario now!" the man with the mike called out. "Right here on Court Street!"

Again, there was a tiny lull. "He's a bum!" someone out there yelled. "We want Lindsay!"

"We want Mario! We want Mario!" the man with the mike called out. In the crowd, there were some other people calling out that they wanted Mario. Mr. Procaccino, his face gleaming moistly, appeared behind the adjoining bus. In one hand he held a can of "Kirsch Tee Up—Real Fruit Flavored Lemon Soda with a Breath of Lime." He waved the soft drink at the crowd and got back a number of cheers. He looked extremely happy.

A microphone was handed to the candidate. "Thank ya, thank ya, thank ya, for this wonderful, wonderful reception," Mr. Procaccino said. "I'm so happy to see all of ya, each and every one, and I tell ya now, we're going to have a great city again, a clean city, because there is nothing wrong with this city that good management and good, vigorous leadership can't cure." Cheers. Whistles. Boos. Laughs. Applause.

# BECAUSE OF THE WATERS OF THE FLOOD

JETS from airfields in Nevada trailed fine white lines across the sky. At the head of white columns, the planes themselves looked like silver ticks. When she looked up, there was a roundness of light as if she were seeing through glass or a lens, but she was only looking through her eyes. All her life the B-52s had left their smoke trails above her. It was almost a part of nature, akin to the rising of the moon, or setting of the sun.

They were miles from Tippet, a town of about thirty-five, and Tippet was miles from anywhere else. You could pull in two or three country-music stations. Sheep grazed in the lower depressions of the mountains and drank from clear pools, near gray porous rocks. In summer Henry made a fire, and lining his sheep up one by one he pulled off the ticks and cast them into the flame. Always the air was cool and deep. Around the house was no argument, no lawn—just pine trees, wind, and a view of mountains. Winter was hard and sometimes it snowed late in June, though only at night. They were high up where the air was thin. They didn't waste it. Stories were therefore short, expressions clipped, and Agnes had a habit of giving long looks without saying a word, during which her mouth was slightly smiling and her eyebrows slightly raised. When she looked this way, everyone knew she was good-natured and wanted to kiss her and twirl, eyes closed, with so much in reserve.

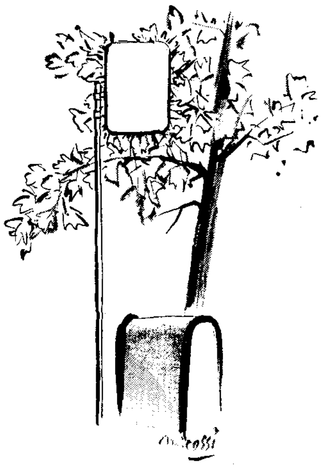
She cooked. Steam swirled upward around the spoon as she looked into the pot, her body arched away from the stove. The kitchen was full of windows. Through them was miraculous blue and white of mountains, hanging aeriel ice, and sky.

And her face. Her face was an extremely beautiful face. When she laughed you did not laugh at her face nor did she become less pretty. When she was angry it was the same. The eyes were blue. There was a mirror in the hall, surrounded by a frame of grayish-white tin. When she looked at herself in the mirror she saw the blue eyes, shining out, and the simple blond hair, energetic. “Bong Bong,” she said as she patted her hair into place and went to the porch to wait for Henry.

She was wearing a loose white dress held together at the neck by a button which said, “All the Way with Alf Landon.” The wind blew her hair. She settled her eyes to stare into the valley, past the rocks, past the sheep that looked like moving cylinders of cream or cloud, past the pools and pines, to the road where Henry would be coming. She picked up a knife and stuck it into the chopping block on which it had been lying. She loved Henry, and had doused everything to marry him. Those are the only marriages that work—where you say to hell with it, and hurt three or four dozen people, and tell fifty more to go to hell, and then move out to Nevada or Alaska, or Brazil. If you don't do that, you're not really married. She was married to Henry. Henry tried to tell their parents about how to marry.

“Why?” said their parents.

“Because,” said Henry, “if you love you make no concessions—none at all. And in the beginning this is especially true. And Agnes and I are angry at concessions—little ones, big ones. We want to start clean. I love Agnes. We bought a sheep ranch.”



The pot was boiling over. She went in and turned off the heat. It was a simple principle: if the pot boils over, turn off the heat. She always thought passionately that to think is somehow dispassionate. Henry said she was right and drove her in his car up the mountain to their house with the whitening tin-framed mirror where they saw themselves in dusty silver and wondered what was the toughest road they knew.

She went back to her chair on the porch. She led an orchestra with the spoon, and sang several songs. Henry was a hard worker, very strong for his size, and he made up stories. He never went anywhere without adventures. He once had wept in her lap at the top of a mountain. She kissed her hands, ran them down her breast, and said a prayer, for she believed in God, as did Henry—in His power, and that He made everything. That is really why they told everyone to go to hell, for they needed no one, and saw that no one believed.

She prayed to God, surveying His hills and rising high above them, glancing at green pines, and turning humorous circles in heaven. She loved God, and she loved Henry. God made her shake like a true priest, and although she was quiet she was thundering at the hills for His sake, and for Henry's sake.

Henry came up the mountain in the wooden station wagon. There were books on the seat next to him, and groceries in the back. He was driving to music. She could see by the way he moved his head from side to side and was rhythmically intent on making the car sway gracefully up and down turns, through the cool sunshine air.

HE pulled up and left the radio on. He got out of the car and walked around the front to face Agnes, who was on the porch, as still as a branch.

He was dark-haired and had a wide smile. He wore a bulky olive Navy N-1 jacket, denim pants, and brown leather boots. She looked at him and remembered what she had looked like in the mirror—tan, her nose a little shiny, in a white dress and crown of blond, with blue eyes sadly piercing the leaded glass darkened from age in the mountains.

They were still, and the wind ceased. “Well,” she said, and raised her eyebrows slightly.

“I told them that I wouldn't go,” he said. “That I wouldn't go to prison either, that we both would go into the mountains and fight there to the death, on the little point, for what we believed. And when I said it, I meant it. We're right, aren't we Agnes.”

“Yes.”

“Then they met for about ten minutes. When they came out, the psychiatrist took me aside and told me I was not fit for military service.”

Agnes lifted the sheets of her dress, floated down the steps, twirled in slow motion over millions of particles of white dust, circled dizzy around Henry while he laughed and leaned back and looked at her blue sparkling eyes. “We're both crazy,” he said. “Aren't we?”

“Yes,” said Agnes, “and we're free.” And they sat on the wooden steps of the porch and said that the day was especially fine.

“Why,” Henry said, “do you have that spoon so tightly in your hand?”

And Agnes began to cry.

—MARK HENRY HELPRIN

# PRIESTLY FELLOWSHIP

THE time to plant grass seed is in the winter, the man in the next parish had told Joe: just mix it in with the snow and let nature do the rest. So Joe had done that—had believed a priest who rode a scooter and put ice cubes in his beer—and, toward the end of April, had ordered sod. When he discovered that leftover sod couldn't be returned for credit, he'd had it laid down alongside the church, over the flower beds—things like petunias—and now, on a warm Sunday, he could walk in what shade there was during the last Mass, read his breviary, and keep an eye on the parking lot. "*The story is told . . .*" And when the church windows were open, as they were now, he could also catch the sermon. He had heard his curate, Bill, earlier, and now he was hearing the old monk who helped out on weekends, Father Otto. "*In like manner, my good people, one part of the camel's corpus was followed by another (indeed, it could not be otherwise) until, at last, the rough beast was inside the tent, and the merchant, poor man, with all his good intentions, was out in the raging desert storm, or simoom. How. Like. Sin. That. Is.*"

While Father Otto took it from there, Joe moved out of range, out into the sun. Passing the parking lot, he paused before a little pile of cigarette butts in the gravel, thought of inspecting the ashtrays of the nearest cars, thought again, and moved on toward his new rectory, thinking. *As this church is the house of God, my good people, so this parking lot is*—forget it. "You're good people," he called to a young couple. "Good and late." No response. People who'd once been able to take and even enjoy a little friendly needling from their pastor, like the customers in a night club where an insulting waiter is part of the show, were restless and crabby nowadays. They wanted their "rights," expected a priest to act like a minister, to say things like "So nice to see you" and "So glad you could make it," and still they emptied their ashtrays in his parking lot. Entering the rectory by the back door, he washed his hands at the kitchen sink, then slipped into his illustrated apron, wearing it inside out over his cassock so the funny stuff was hidden, and set about making Father Otto's breakfast.

When Bill, on his way over to church to help Father Otto with Communion, passed through the kitchen, Joe looked up from the breadboard, from sawing an orange, and said, "This isn't for me"—just as he had a few weeks back, anxious then to explain his continuing presence in the kitchen to Bill. It had been Bill's first Sunday in the parish. "This isn't for me" had now become the thing to say when having another drink, dessert after all, or another helping of same—had become a full-fledged family joke—and that it had was to Joe's credit as a human being, Joe believed, since he had, perhaps, a slight eating problem and also, perhaps, a slight drinking problem.

As Bill went out the back door, Joe intoned, "*The story is told . . .*" and Bill nodded again. Father Otto's sermons had become something of a family joke, too. There should be others in time.

*"Good grief, Allen, can't you find a new hobby or something?"*

Fifteen minutes later, Father Otto passed through the kitchen, and breakfast—or brunch, as he sometimes called it with a chuckle—was served in the dining room. Joe and Bill ate in the kitchen on Sunday, the housekeeper's day off, but Joe felt that Father Otto deserved better, as a man of the old school, as hard-to-get weekend help. After serving him, Joe sank down at the other end of the table with a cup of coffee. What he really wanted was a cold beer. "How's everything at the monastery, Father?"

"About the same," said Father Otto, and helped himself to the strawberry preserves. He praised the brand, Smucker's. He said he preferred strawberry to red raspberry, and red to black raspberry, as a rule. "Don't care for the monastery stuff. Nuns skimp on the natural ingredients and make too much plum."

"That so?" said Joe. He'd heard it all before. As a rule, he didn't sit with Father Otto at breakfast.

"My, but those were fine berries," said Father Otto, referring, as he had before, to some strawberries no longer grown at the monastery. "Small, yes, but with a most delicate flavor. And then Brother, he went and dug 'em out."

"Brother Gardener?"

Father Otto, carried away by anger, could only reply by nodding.

"More toast, Father?"

"All right." Father Otto helped himself to more preserves. He kept getting ahead of himself—always more preserves than toast.

Joe produced another slice from the kitchen, and also the coffeepot. "Warm that up for you?"

"All right." But first Father Otto drained his cup. "You make good coffee here."

Joe poured, sat down again, considered what he had to say. (On his last trip to the kitchen, he had removed his apron as a hint to Father Otto that the dining room was closing.) "Father, I was thinking"—and Joe had

Next
FLIGHT
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SEE EARTH!
SIGHTSEEIN
STEVENSON

been thinking, for the past month, ever since Bill moved in—"you *could* go back on the one-thirty bus."

Father Otto, who ordinarily returned to the monastery on the six-thirty bus, gazed away, masticating, sheeplike. He seemed to be saying that there ought to be a reason for such a drastic and sudden change in his routine.

"Know you want to get back as soon as possible," Joe said. Monks, he'd often been told (by monks), are never very happy away from their monastery. Between them and their real estate, there is a body-and-soul relationship, a strange bond. Monks are the homeowners, the solid citizens, of the ecclesiastical establishment. Other varieties of religious, and even secular priests like Joe, although he'd built a school, a convent, and now a rectory, are hoboes by comparison. That was certainly the impression you got if you spent any time with monks. So, really, what Joe was suggesting—that Father Otto return to his monastery a few hours earlier than usual—wasn't so bad, was it? "Of course, it's up to you, Father."

Father Otto folded his napkin, though it was headed for the laundry, and then he rolled it. He seemed to be looking for his napkin ring, and then he seemed to remember it was at the monastery. "All right," he said.

Bill barged in, saying, "That was Potter on the phone. Looks like there'll be one more, Father."

Seeing that he had no choice, Joe informed Father Otto that a couple of Bill's friends—classmates—were coming to dinner, and that Mrs. Pelissier, the housekeeper, would report at three. "She's been having car trouble," he added, hoping, he guessed, to change the subject, but it was no good.

"Who else is coming?" Father Otto said to Bill.

"Name's Conklin. Classmate. Ex-classmate."

Joe didn't like the sound of it. "Dropout?"

Bill observed a moment of silence. "None of us knew why Conk left. I don't think *Conk* did—at the time."

"That's often the case, Bill. It's nothing to be ashamed of," said Father Otto, looking at Joe.

"Who said it was?" Joe inquired, and got back to Bill. "So now he's married. Right?"

"No," Bill said. "Not exactly."

Joe waited for clarification.

"I guess he thinks about it," Bill said.

Father Otto nodded. "We all do."

"That so?" said Joe.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," said Father Otto.

"That so?" said Joe.

"Is it all right then?" Bill asked.

Joe looked at him intently. "Is *what* all right?"

"For Conk to come? He's a pretty lonely guy."

Father Otto was nodding away, apparently giving *his* permission.

"It's your party," Joe said, and rose from the table in an energetic manner, as a hint to Father Otto. "I'd ask you to stay for it, Father. Or Bill would—it's his party. But we plan to sit down—or stand up, it's buffet—around five. You'd have to eat and run." And somebody—Joe—would have to drive Father Otto to the bus.

"But stay if you like," Bill said.

"All right," said Father Otto.

Joe and Father Otto were watching the Twins game and drinking beer in the pastor's study when Bill brought in his friends and introduced them. The heavy one wearing a collar, which showed that he, or his pastor, was still holding the line, was Hennessy. The exhibitionist in the faded Brahms T-shirt was Potter. And the other one, the one with the handlebar mustache, a nasty affair, was Conklin.

"What's the score?" Bill asked, as if he cared.

"Four to one," Joe said.

"Twins?" Bill asked.

"No," Joe said.

Potter and Conklin moved off to case the bookshelves, and Father Otto joined them, but Hennessy stood by, attending to the conversation.

"What inning?" Bill asked.

"Seventh."

"Who's pitching?"

Joe took a step toward the television set.

"Leave it on," Bill said. "We're going to my room for a drink."

Bill and his friends then departed, Hennessy murmuring, "See you later."

"Fine young men," said Father Otto.

"Uh-huh," Joe said. "Split a bottle, Father?"

"All right."

Joe carried the empties into the kitchen. "Everything O.K. in here?" he said to Mrs. P., and opened the refrigerator—always an embarrassing act for him, even when alone. (He had cut down on snacking, though, had suffered less from "night hunger" since Bill moved in.)

"Sure you want to eat in the study, Father?"

"It's Bill's party," Joe said, although he felt as Mrs. P. did about eating in the study.

"He's lucky he's got you for a pastor, Father."

"Oh, I don't know," Joe said, but didn't argue the point. He returned to the study and poured half of the beer—more than half—into Father Otto's glass. "Hey. How'd that man get on second?"

Father Otto observed the television screen closely and nodded, as if to say, yes, Joe was right, there was a man on second.

"The official scorer has ruled it a single and an error, not a double," said the announcer.

"Who made the error?" Joe said, more to the announcer than to Father Otto.

"According to our records, that's the first error Tony's made this season," said the announcer.

Father Otto got up and, as was his habit from time to time, left the room.

After a bit, Joe went to see if anything was wrong, but Father Otto, who used the lavatory off the guest room, wasn't there. Then, listening in the hallway, Joe heard the old monk's voice among the others in Bill's room, and returned to the study. Sitting there alone, finishing off Father Otto's beer, Joe asked himself, *What's wrong with this picture?* Nothing, really, he told himself. The curate was entertaining in his room so as not to interfere with the game, the visiting priest was a fair-weather fan, if that, and so, really, nothing was wrong—it meant nothing, nothing personal, that the pastor sat alone. He didn't like it, though.

## THE ART OF HEALING

(In Memoriam David Protetch, M.D. 1923-1969)

Most patients assume
dying is something they do,
not their physician,
that white-coated sage,
never to be imagined
naked or married.

Begotten by one,
I should know better. "Healing,"
Papa would tell me,
"is not a science
but the intuitive art
of wooing Nature.

Plants, beasts may react
according to the common
whim of their species,
but all humans have
prejudices of their own,
which can't be foreseen.

To some, bad health is
the interest in their lives,
others are stoics,
a few fanatics,
who won't feel happy until
they are cut open."

Warned by him to shun
the nod-crafty, the sadist,
and the fee-conscious,
I knew when we met
I had found a consultant
who thought as he did,

yourself a victim
of medical engineers
and their arrogance,
when they atom-bombed
your ill pituitary
and overkilled it.

"Every sickness
is a musical problem,"
so said Novalis,
"and every cure
a musical solution":
you knew that also.

Not that in my case
you heard any shattering
discords to resolve:
to date my organs
still seem pretty sure of their
self-identities.

For my small ailments
you, who were mortally sick,
proscribed with success:
my major vices,
my mad addictions, you left
to my own conscience.

Was it your very
predicament that made me
sure I could trust you,
if I were dying,
to say so, not insult me
with soothing fictions?

Must diabetics
all contend with a nisus
to self-destruction?
One day you told me:
"It is only bad temper
that keeps me going."

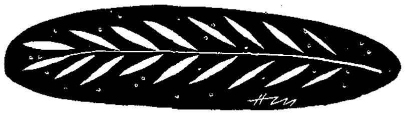
But neither anger
nor lust are omnipotent,
nor should we even
want our friends to be
superhuman. Dear David,
dead one, rest in peace,

having been what all
doctors should be but few are,
and, even when most
difficult, condign
of our biassed affection
and objective praise.

—W. H. Auden

• •

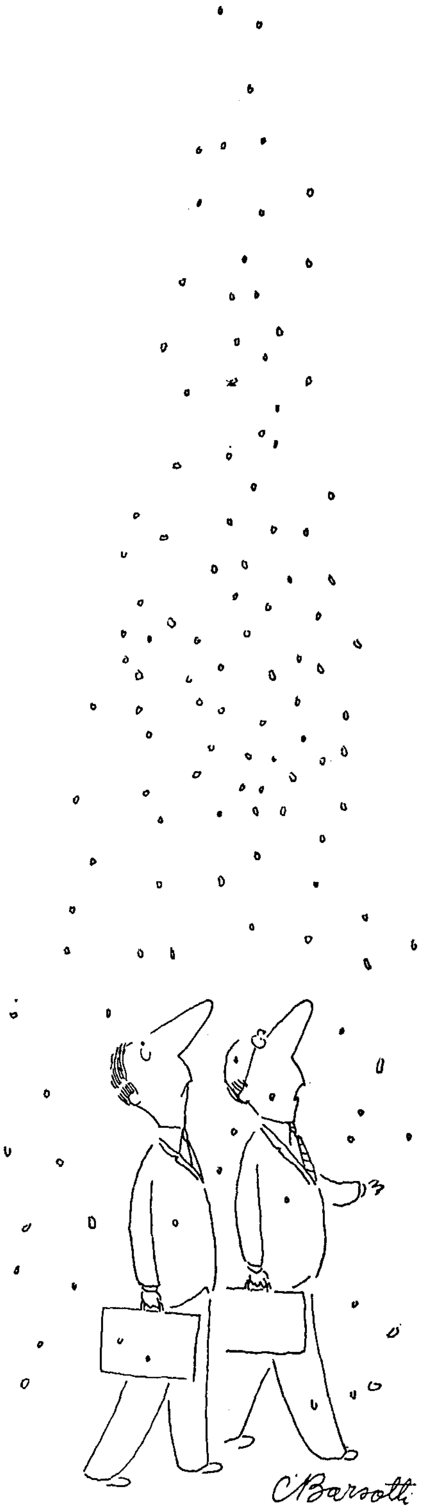
ONE of the best things about the priesthood, Joe had been told in the seminary, is other priests—"priestly fellowship." The words had sounded corny at the time, but Joe had believed in the idea behind them and he still did. For years, though, he hadn't had room in his life for those who should now be his intimates. Pursuing his building program as he had, he had been forced to associate almost exclusively with the laity, and now, at forty-four, he wanted more from life. But two of his classmates had died, others seemed equally remote, and for some reason he wasn't finding as much priestly fellowship as he'd hoped to find where he kept looking for it—under his own roof.



Despite the age gap, Joe had tried hard with Father Otto. In the beginning, there had been pro-football games (spoiled by Father Otto's totally un-informed comments and rather amused attitude), drives into the countryside to see the autumn foliage ("You should see it at the monastery"), visits to new churches of all denominations, since Joe would have to build a new church someday (visits discontinued because Father Otto wasn't, as he put it, terribly interested in new churches, or, for that matter, old ones, and disliked the bucket seats in Joe's car). Now, as a rule, they spent Sunday afternoon at home, in the pastor's study, sent out for seafood dinners, which Father Otto seemed to look forward to, and watched television, which Father Otto didn't have in his cell at the monastery. This was all right when there was something on, by which Joe meant major sports, not water-skiing, and also things like "Meet the Press" and "Face the Nation," but Father Otto wasn't so particular—he enjoyed water-skiing, quiz programs, and government propaganda. At such times, Joe would go downstairs to his office to read, or slip into his bedroom for a nap. All in all, not an ideal situation.

With Bill, Joe had tried harder, since so much more was at stake—the pastor-curate relationship. It had begun badly. Bill, reporting for duty on his first day, a Saturday, had barely made it in time for afternoon confessions. He had appeared in the pastor's study that evening in blue jeans and sandals, sockless. He had dined out the next day without giving sufficient notice. He had come in late that night. The next morning, he had had to be summoned to the office area (evidently, he'd thought that a priest just sat around in his room waiting for something to turn up). And he'd been ordained without even a hunt-and-peck grasp of typing—a great blow to Joe, who'd said that a man who couldn't type was as ill equipped for modern parish life as a man who couldn't drive, and Bill had laughed. A very bad time in the relationship.

Joe was still carrying the work load he had carried before, doing all the parish accounts and correspondence and trying to find jobs that Bill could do—quite a job itself. The future looked better, though, with Bill going ahead in his typing, using the text and records provided by Joe and his own phonograph, which at first, at the end of each day, he'd lugged up to his room to play folk and protest songs on but now, thank God, left in his office. Bill was sweating it out now, yes, but so was Joe, and, really, Bill couldn't complain. It wasn't all business in the office area. With the connecting door open, they could carry on conversation desk to desk, and if the flow was rather more one way than the other, that was because there was so much that Bill didn't know about procedure and policy, about the local community, about the world in general. Here, too, Joe tried to help Bill, working from a dozen or so periodicals that crossed his desk, passing them on with articles marked "Good" or "Skip." It was all right if Bill read the recommended matter during office hours as long as his typing and filing didn't suffer. Sometimes, too, Joe would drop in on Bill and smoke a baby cigar with him (wanted to get Bill off cigarettes), and two or three times a week, an hour before closing time, Joe would put on his hat and say, in the gruff voice he affected when he was about to be more than ordinarily decent, "Knock it off." Bill would then cover his typewriter (Joe was strict about that), and they'd go off in Joe's car, the radio playing for Bill. They'd visited a number of rectories on business that could've been handled by telephone simply because Joe liked being seen with his curate. At least once a week, after what might have started out as a routine stop at the hospital or the garage (Joe's car was a lemon), they'd dined out in style, and gone on to box seats at the stadium. They had attended a half-dozen games before Joe really accepted the fact that Bill wasn't terribly interested in baseball. At Bill's suggestion, they had taken in a couple of lousy foreign movies. But mostly they spent their evenings at home, in the pastor's study, pastor in his chair, his BarcaLounger, feet up, curate in attendance, with cigars and drinks (served from the bathroom, where the liquor was kept in the same drawer with the shoe polish and thus kept in its place), TV if wanted, and good talk.

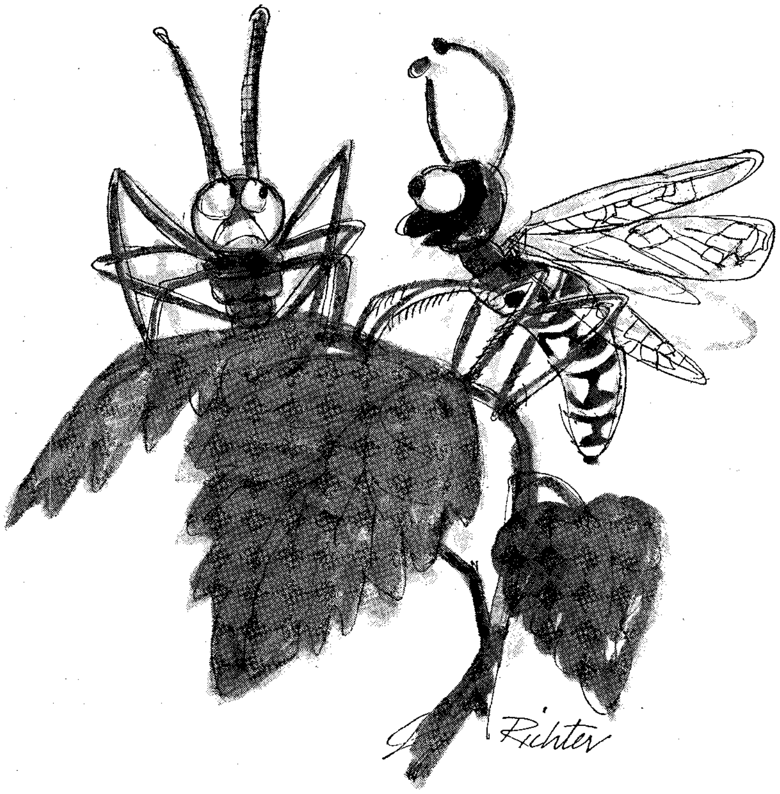


"You're right, it is confetti. I haven't done anything noteworthy, have you?"

Well, fairly good talk.

Little interest was shown when Joe spoke of the remarkable personalities who had flourished at the seminary during his era, and likewise when Bill spoke of his recent trials there—of piddling causes that already sounded like ancient history. Bill could say the usual things about the late Pope John, and about the present pope, but he couldn't discuss Frank Sinatra ("the Governor") or Mendel Rivers, and he hadn't even heard of people like Fishbait Miller and Nancy Dickerson. Large, fertile areas of conversation—Capitol Hill, show business, sports—had therefore been abandoned. But what made the likeliest subjects impossible—the difference between Joe and Bill—was what kept them going when they got onto religion.

Bill talked up the changes in the liturgy, the vernacular, lay participation, ecumenism, and so on, and Joe didn't. Bill claimed that religion had hit bottom in our time and had no place to go but up, and Joe questioned both statements. Bill said that religion



*"I'm an insect. You're a pest."*

• •

(though not perhaps as we know it) was the coming thing, and that the clergy (though not perhaps as we know them) were the coming men. "Fuzzy thinking, Pollyanna stuff," said Joe, and advised Bill to stop reading Teilhard de Chardin and other unpronounceables. So Bill was inclined to be bullish and Joe bearish about the future.

As for the present, the immediate present, Joe could understand how Bill might be unhappy in his work, considering the satisfactions there were, or were said to be, in the priesthood, which, unfortunately, was not what it was cracked up to be in the seminary and not what *you* chose to make it. If Bill had expected to labor in certain parts of the vineyard and not in others—in the slums and not in the suburbs—he should have said so years ago and saved the diocese the expense of educating him. And if Bill felt, as he said, thwarted and useless where he was—well, that was exactly how men in slum parishes felt. The truth was Bill had got what he wanted—a tough assignment—without the romantic props that went with a slum parish: bums, pigeons, and so on. Naturally, after living in the rarefied atmosphere of the seminary, Bill was finding it hard to adjust to reality. A slight case of the bends. That was all. Or was it?

Sometimes, late at night, Joe would call Bill an apostolic snob—accuse him of looking down his nose at the parishioners because they weren't derelicts or great sinners—and sometimes, late at night, Joe would call Bill a dreamer. In that connection, Joe had noticed that Bill had a faraway look in his eyes, and that Bill had a head like a violin. Dreamers hadn't been so common in the Church back when he'd been one himself, hadn't constituted a working majority then, Joe was saying one night, when a picture of Rudolf Hess appeared on television and Joe noticed that Hess had a head like a violin. Joe was pointing this out, saying that the man, by flying to Scotland in the hope of stopping the war, a war that still had years to run, had certainly proved himself a dreamer, when Bill interrupted: "You've got a head like a banjo, Father. What's *that* prove?" Well, Joe had tried not to show it, had smiled, but he had been hurt—a very bad time in the relationship.

On the whole, though, they were getting along. There were nights, yes, when Bill had to be called more than once before he came out of his room, before he left off strumming his Spanish guitar, listening to FM, or talking to his friends on the phone. There were nights, too, when Bill returned to his room earlier than Joe would have liked, and nights (the same nights) when Joe maybe had had one too many. No, these weren't the nights that Joe had looked forward to during his years as a pastor without a curate, and during his years as a curate with a pastor who avoided him, and still they weren't bad nights, by rectory standards. There had been some fairly good talk—arguments, really, ending sometimes with one man making a final point outside the other man's door, or, after they'd both gone to bed, over the phone. "Bill? Joe." And there had been moments, a few, when the manifest differences of age, position, and opinion between pastor and curate had just disappeared, when Joe and Bill had passed into that rather exalted and somewhat relaxed state, induced in part perhaps by drink, that Joe recognized as *priestly fellowship*.

At one such moment, feeling content but wondering if he couldn't do better, Joe had invited Bill to have a friend or two in for a meal sometime.

"SHOULD I call the others, Father?" said Mrs. P., sounding apprehensive. The others were getting kind of loud in Bill's room.

"I'll do it," Joe said, but when he saw himself knocking at Bill's door, looking in on a scene he'd been more or less excluded from, he phoned over. "*Bill?*" Either Bill or Father Otto should've answered the phone—possibly Hennessy or Potter, but *not* Conklin.

They arrived in the study like conventioneers, some carrying glasses, and immediately formed a circle that did not include Joe, but, by mentioning Father Otto's bus, he got them over to the food. Then he went and stood at the other end of the table, by the wine—ready to pour and, if possible, to enter the conversation. Father Otto was the first one to come along. "Just like the monastery," Joe said, referring to the food display on Father Otto's plate.

"Yes," said Father Otto, who'd been saying (to Hennessy) that some days were somewhat better than others to visit the monastery if one intended to eat there. "We have a cafeteria now."

"Wine, Father?"

"What kind is it?"

Joe, speaking through his nose, named the wine.

"On second thought, no," said Father Otto, and moved off with his plate, which he held in both hands but in a sloping manner.

Hennessy also refused wine. He complimented Joe on his building program, however, calling the new rectory "a crackerjack," which suggested to Joe that the works of Father Finn—"Tom Playfair," "Claude Lightfoot," and the rest—were still being read and might have figured in Hennessy's vocation, as they had in his own.

"You should see the office area,"

Joe said to Hennessy. "Maybe, if there's time later, I could take you around the plant."

"Oh, *no!*" said Conklin, next in line, and turning to Potter, who, though, was talking to Bill. Hennessy ("Maybe later, Father") was moving off. So Conklin, after more or less insulting Joe, had to face him alone.

"Wine, Mr. Conklin?"

"*Sí, Señor.*"

It went with the mustache, Joe guessed, but wondered whether a priest should be addressed as "*Señor,*" whether "*Reverendissimo*" or something wouldn't be more like it, whether, in fact, Conklin had meant to pay him back for the "Mister." At the seminary, as Conklin would know, there were still a few men, reverend fathers, who made much of "Mister," hissing it, using it to draw the line that has always been drawn between miserable you and glorious them. That hadn't been Joe's intention. What was Conklin, after all, and what was he ever likely to be now, but "Mister"? It didn't pay to be too sensitive.

Potter was saying (to Bill) that he'd once enjoyed a raw egg on his steak tartare in München. " '*Mit Ei,*' they call it there."

"You can have it *here,*" Joe said. "Mrs. Pelissier!" he cried, not pronouncing the housekeeper's name as he usually did, but giving it everything it had, which was plenty, in French.

Everybody (except Father Otto) urged Potter to have a raw egg on his steak tartare, as in München—*Mit Ei! Mit Ei!* But Potter wouldn't do it, although Mrs. P. produced a carton of nice fresh ones, entering the study in triumph, leaving it in sorrow. Joe almost had one himself, for her sake. Potter came out of it badly.

Joe rather expected the BarcaLounger to clear when he set forth with glass and plate, but Conklin was in it, and it didn't, and so he went and sat near Hennessy and Father Otto. "Never cared for buffet," he told them. No response. Hennessy was saying that the monastic life was beyond one of his modest spiritual means, Father Otto that one never knew until one tried. Joe tried the wine and then, after listening for a while, the other conversation. "Some of your best friends must be laymen," he said, and was alarmed to see Potter taking him seriously: that was the trouble with the men of Bill's generation—not too bright, and in love with themselves. "But what about the ones who empty their ashtrays in your parking lot?"

Potter just smiled—*now* he thought Joe was kidding.

"Not much you can do," Conklin said. "Judah took possession of the hill country, but he couldn't drive out the inhabitants of the plain, because they had chariots of iron."

"That so?" said Joe, thinking, What *is* this? He sipped his wine. "Not bad," he said to Potter and Bill, who still had their drinks from Bill's room, but he didn't get through to them. Potter was a talker.

"What kind is it?" said Father Otto.

Joe, speaking through his nose, named the wine.

"Grape," said Conklin. Now he was coming back from the table with the bottle from which only he and Joe had partaken so far, and was sitting down with it, in the BarcaLounger. "Anybody else?"

"No, thanks," Joe said, and was silent for some time—until he heard Conklin refer to Beans McQueen as Beans. "You a friend of Father McQueen's?"

"They taught this course together, at the Institute," Bill said. "Scripture for the Laity."

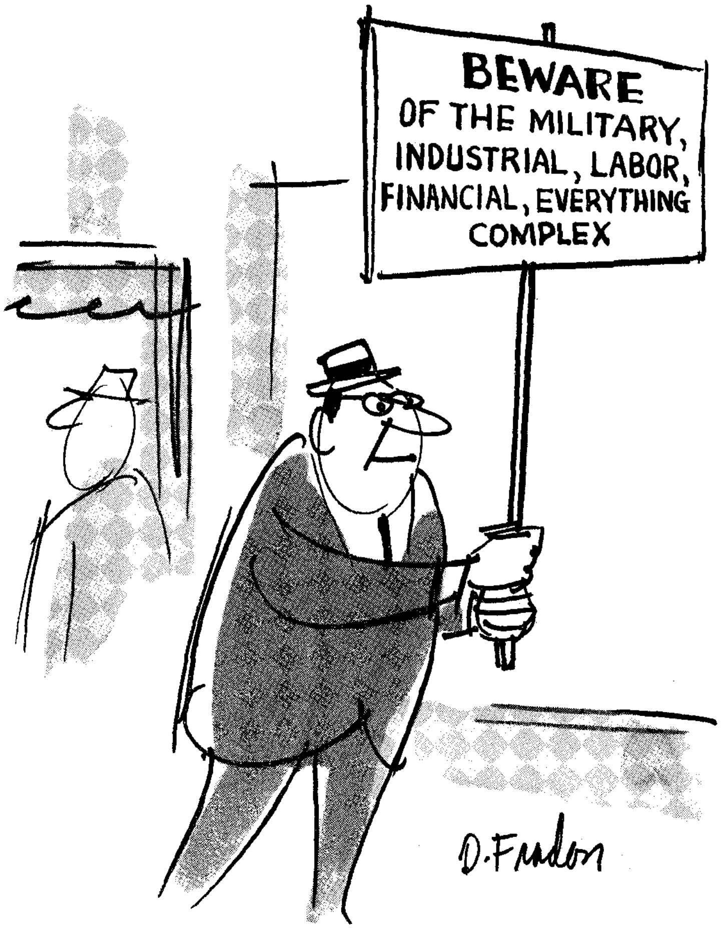
And the talk went on as before, on two fronts, without Joe, leaving him free to go over to the table for the other bottle of wine. Hennessy wasn't having any, but Father Otto was. "Grape, you say?" Joe served Father Otto, and also himself, and left the bottle on the coffee table in front of him, but beyond his reach—not that wine, unfortified wine, was really alcoholic, not that *he* was. He just had to watch himself. He wasn't a wine drinker, but could see how he might have been one in another time and country—one of those wise old abbés, his mouth a-pucker with Grand Cru, his tongue tasting like steak, solving life's problems by calling people "my son."

Potter was telling Bill and Conklin that the clergy should cast off their medieval trappings, immerse themselves in the profane, everyday world, and thus reveal its sacred character.

"That why you're immersed in that shirt?" said Joe, but Potter just smiled and went on as before. It was odd the way Bill looked up to Potter, odder still the way they both looked up to Conklin—as *what,* a layman? It was a crazy world. Father Otto was telling Hennessy that the monastery should employ trained lay personnel in key positions, replace the kitchen, if not the laundry, nuns, and also certain brothers. "So Brother Gardener has to go?" said Joe.

Father Otto turned on Joe. "*You,*" he said, speaking with deliberation, as if the wine, and whatever he'd had in Bill's room, and the beer before that, had suddenly gone to his head. "*You. Covered. Up. Those. Flowers.*"

"Flowers?" said Joe, and listened to the silence in the study. For the first time since the party began, he felt that others were interested in what he might have to say. "Things like petunias," he said, and started to tell them about the leftover sod. At once



he saw that they already knew about it, that it was later than he'd thought, that he was not to escape the pastor's fate, was already being discussed in his own rectory and therefore in others by curates and visiting priests, those natural allies. "Didn't realize you felt that way about petunias, Father. Strawberries, yes."

"Humph," said Father Otto.

"Excuse me," Joe said, feeling that everybody was against him, and went over to the table, where he had work to do. He had to fire up the chafing dish, pour the juice from the pitted Bing cherries into the top pan, or blazer, place it directly over the flame, bring the juice to a boil, thicken it with ½ teasp. of arrowroot dissolved in a little cold water, but Potter was telling the others that family life was in such tough shape today because Our Lord had been a bachelor, and so, carrying a dead match to an ashtray, Joe appeared among them again, saying, "We used to ask a lot of silly questions in the sem. Would Our Lord be a smoker, drive a late-model car, and so on. Kid stuff—nobody got hurt. But I wonder about some of the stuff I hear today."

"People living normal lives can't identify with Our Lord," Potter said. "Or with *us*—because of the celibacy barrier."

"That so?" said Joe. "And where you *don't* have that barrier? I mean, how well do *we* identify with Our Lord?" Joe put the question to Bill and Hennessy, too, with his eyes, passed over Conklin, and tried but failed with Father Otto. The monk was spearing kernels of corn with his fork, making a clicking noise on his plate—rather annoying, since it broke what otherwise would have been an impressive silence.

"He's got you, Pot," said Conklin, and then to Joe, "We may be closer than I thought."

"That so?" said Joe, not seeing why Conklin's last words should cause Bill and Potter to look so sad. "And when you consider we work at it full time, unlike the laity—well, it makes you wonder, doesn't it?"

"It did me," said Conklin.

Bill sighed, and Potter held out his glass to Conklin for wine—a highball glass with ice in it. Joe said nothing about a proper glass, afraid that Potter (who'd said earlier that he longed for the day when he'd be able to say Mass with a beer mug, a coffee cup, a small flower vase of simple design, because such things were cheap and honest and made, like us, of clay) would refuse a proper glass and, furthermore, would say *why*. In that way, Potter could easily evade the issue he'd raised, the celibacy issue, as he had the egg. Potter was tricky, had to be watched, but Joe was doing that—and then Father Otto had to butt in.

"There's been a lot of talk in the community, but whatever the future holds for you fellas, I think it's safe to say our status, or situation—some would say our lot—won't change. When you get right down to it, a monastery's no place for a family man."

"I'll buy that," said Joe.

"Oh, well," said Father Otto. "The community's family enough for me."

And that, Joe thought, is why you're here today.

"When you get right down to it," said Conklin (to Father Otto), "a monastery's no place for *you*. Priests weren't meant to be monks, and monks weren't meant to be priests—and *weren't*, in the Age of Faith."

"We all know that," Joe muttered—Conklin was talking like an ex-seminarian, or an educated layman.

"Times change," said Father Otto.

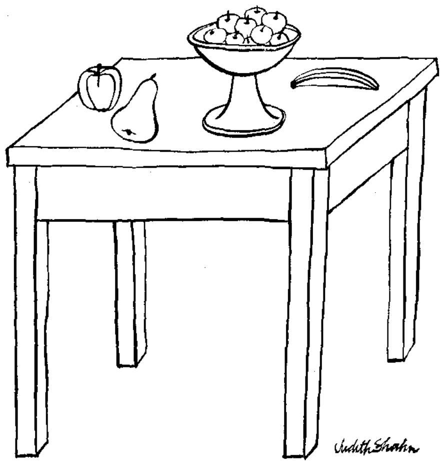
"Status-seeking," said Conklin.

Joe gave Bill a look for grinning, and to make it absolutely clear where his sympathies lay as between Conklin and Father Otto, who was wounded, Joe fetched the bottle. "Father?"

"All right," said Father Otto.

Joe filled Father Otto's glass, also his own, and went back to the table, with Potter's voice following him. "Why put such a premium on celibacy—on sex, really? Think of the problems it creates."

"Think of the problems it *doesn't* create," said Joe, and while Potter and the others were thinking of those problems (Joe hoped) he poured the juice from the pitted Bing cherries into the top pan, or blazer. That done, he appeared among them again, saying, "The premium isn't on sex. It isn't on celibacy. It's on efficiency and sanctity."



"Oh, *no!*" said Conklin.

"Oh, *yes*," said Joe. "Even if we don't hear much about that aspect of the priesthood today."

*"Father, how can we make sanctity as attractive as sex to the common man?"*

That question had been put to a visiting speaker at the seminary during the war years by an earnest lad who could hear it now, that famous question, and had to expect to hear it even now from men—Potter's permissive pastor was one—of that era, but *not* from somebody like Conklin, he felt, and showed it.

"Got to talkin' . . . in Bill's room," said Father Otto, and paused to watch his plate (which he'd been holding in a sloping manner) start down his outstretched leg, swerve, and land on the floor, right side up. Once, twice, he nodded, as if to say no harm done, but his head hung down, finally, in an uncompleted nod.

Joe sprang into action. Others, nearer to Father Otto, had already sprung. But it was Joe who removed the fork (in the circumstances, a dangerous instrument) from Father Otto's hand and thrust it at Potter, who hesitated to take it by the greasy end, and it was Joe who deftly kicked the plate aside and told Bill to pick it up, and Joe who instructed Hennessy and Conklin, instead of foolishly trying to firm him up, to lay the monk out on the couch. Joe quickly changed his mind about that, though, in view of the effect it might have on the party. "Bedroom! Bedroom!" he cried. "Not mine! Not mine!" Frog-marching Father Otto this way and that, they didn't seem to know what they were doing, Conklin and Hennessy, nor did Bill when he took over from Hennessy. Joe saw the trouble. It was Conklin. When plenty of clergy were present, when the person in distress was himself one of them, why should a layman be playing such an important part? Shouldering in, Joe said, "Here, let *me*," but Conklin wouldn't give way. Joe ended up with Bill's portion of Father Otto. And so, borne up by Joe and Conklin, the helpless monk was removed from the scene.

WHEN Joe got back from the guest room, he found that the juice, which he had yet to thicken with ½ teasp. of arrowroot dissolved in a little cold water, had already thickened, having been kept at, rather than brought to, a boil. Until then, he had hoped to serve cherries jubilee for dessert and to do the job himself, so Mrs. P. wouldn't have to be around, but now he didn't know. The juice had definitely lost its liquidity, was hardening or charring at the edges of the top pan, or blazer. To go ahead now, with or without the arrowroot, might be a mistake. So, playing it safe, he blew out the flame, dished up the cherries as they were, room temperature and rather dry without their juice, and served them swiftly, with spoons. He said nothing, and nothing was said.

The conversation died when Joe sat down with his dish and spoon. He had tuned in earlier, though, while serving, and was curious to know why Hennessy thought that Conklin shouldn't go on teaching at the Institute. "If he's reasonably competent, and if Beans wants him back—well, why not?" said Joe, feeling broadminded. (Hennessy, too, had that effect on him.) No response. "I'll put it another way. What if he shaved off his mustache?"

Potter and Bill shuffled their feet and protested, but Joe ignored them. "Why not?" he asked, speaking directly to Conklin.

"You talkin' about the mustache or the Institute?"

"Both."

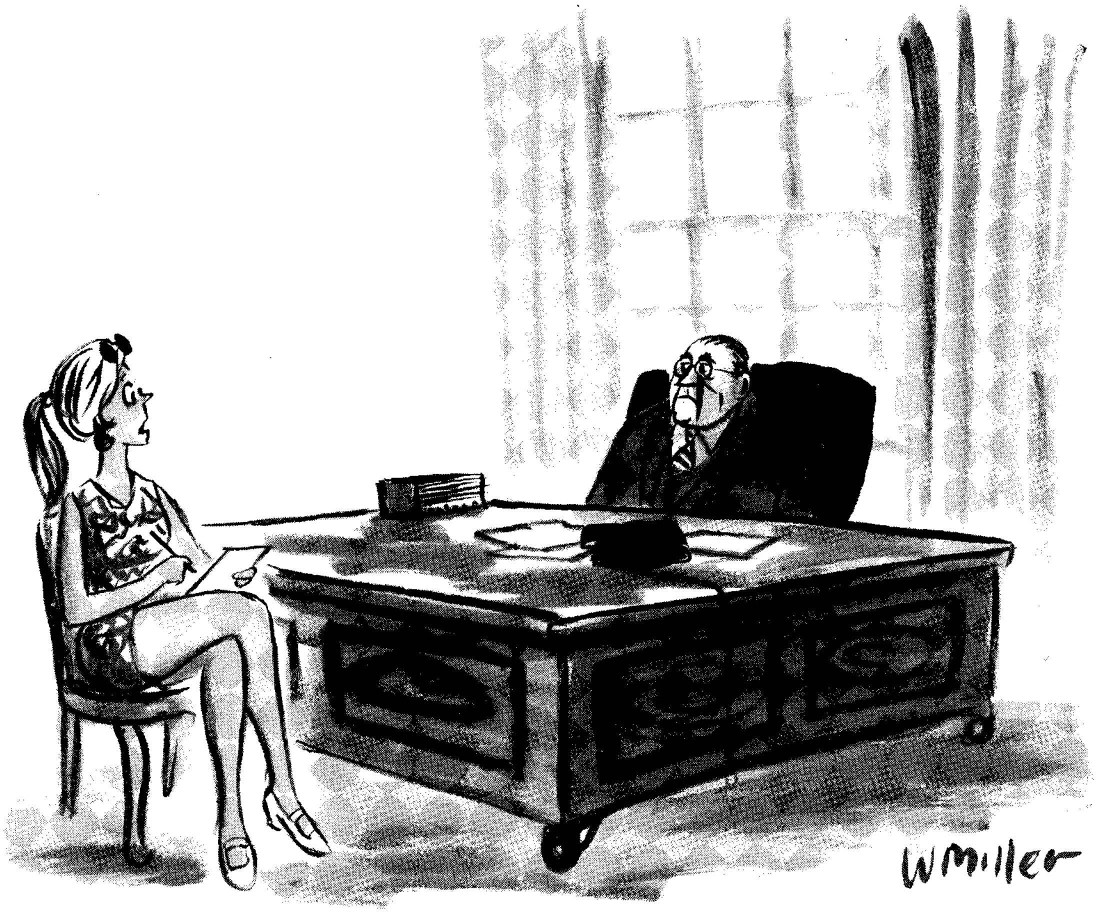
Potter and Bill protested again.

"It's a fair question," said Conklin. "About the Institute. You better tell him, Bill."

Joe looked at Bill. "Well?"

"Conk's lost his faith," Bill said.

"That so?" said Joe. He was sorry to hear it, of course, and felt that more was expected of him, but he also felt that condolences weren't in order, since some people regarded the loss of their faith as a step forward, and since he didn't want to sound like he was rolling in the stuff himself. "I see," he said. He saw why Conklin had been invited, why so much was being made of him by Potter and Bill, saw, in fact, what was really going on. It was an old-fashioned spiritual snipe hunt, such as they'd all read about, with Potter and Bill, if not Hennessy, happy to be participating, and also, it seemed, the snipe. That was the odd part.



*" 'Erstwhile'?"*

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"Conk just doesn't take God for granted—unlike some of us in the Church," Potter said, apparently to Joe. "That's been our trouble all along. Atheism and faith—true faith—have that in common. They don't take God for granted."

Joe looked cross-eyed at Hennessy.

"But Conk's not an atheist," Bill said to Joe. "Are you, Conk?"

Conklin smiled. "No, but I'm working on it."

Joe wanted to hit him.

"That's what I like about Conk," Potter said, grimly. "He's honest."

Bill nodded. Grimly.

Joe sniffed. "What I don't get," he said to Conklin, "is why you want to go on teaching at the Institute if you've lost your faith. Just want to keep your hand in, or what?"

"Don't blame Conk," Potter said.

"Conk wants to quit," Bill said.

"He should," Joe said, and gave Conklin an encouraging look.

"*No!*" cried Potter, getting to his feet. "What matters in teaching is a man's competence, not his private beliefs, or lack of same. And that applies to things like Scripture and theology, if they're teachable, and I say they are. By agnostics, infidels, and apostates, you ask? *Yes!* I say. And, thank God, some of our better institutions agree!" Potter sat down.

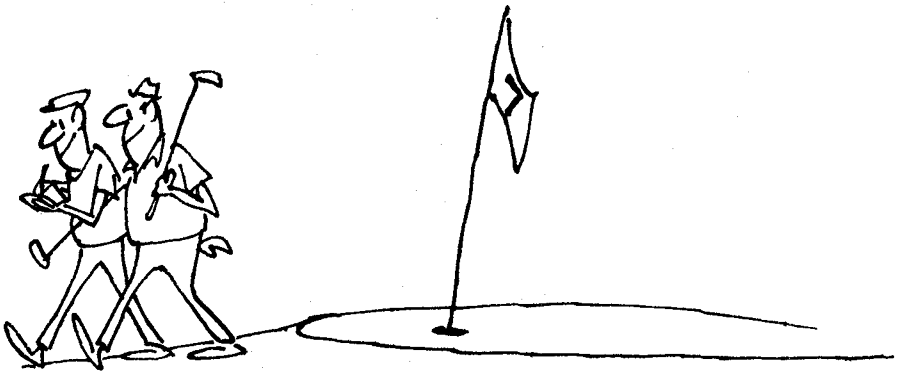
Bill stood up. "But how many of our *seminaries*, Pot? How can we go on calling theology the Queen of Sciences?" Bill sat down.

"How about Beans?" said Joe, without getting up. "He know about this? No? Better tell him then, so he can find somebody else, if necessary." Joe was pretty sure that Beans didn't need Conklin, was just doing an ex-seminarian a favor, letting him keep his hand in, and maybe hoping for a delayed vocation.

Potter and Bill had both got to their feet, both preaching, and Potter, of course, had prevailed, but he was repeating himself. "Look," said Joe. "The Institute isn't one of our better institutions." Even as an adventure in adult education, which was all it claimed to be, it probably didn't rate too high. "And it wouldn't be one of our better institutions if you guys pulled this off."

"It'd be a start," said Potter, sitting down.

"It'd be a stunt," said Joe, getting up. Going to the door, he took the tray from Mrs. P., but on his return, with his mind on the trouble there could be over Conklin at the Institute—factions,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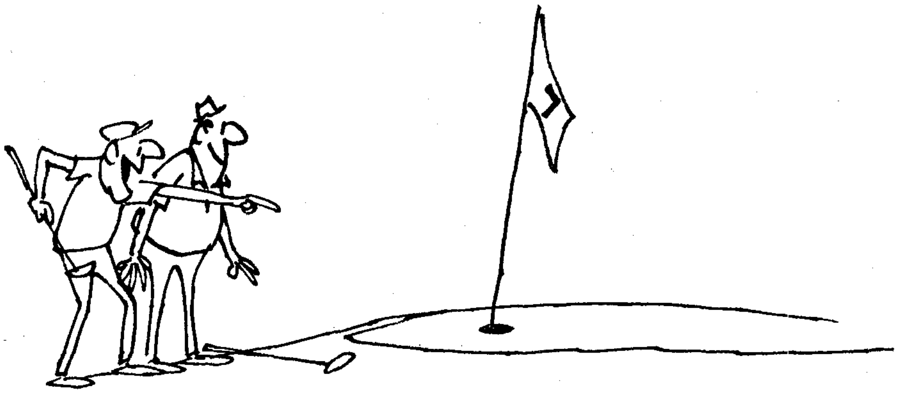
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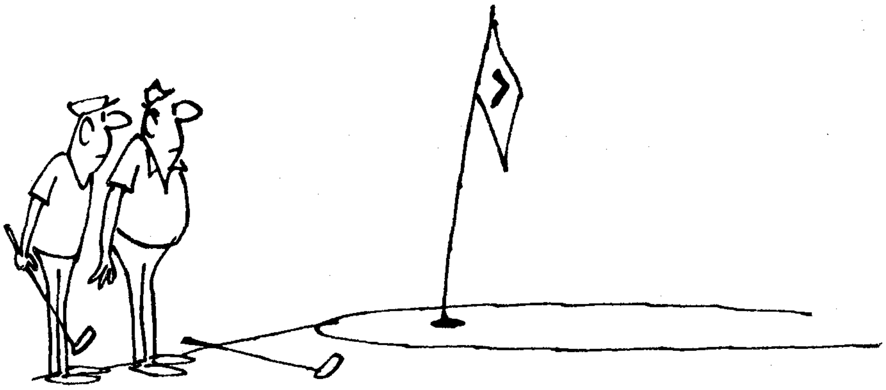
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resolutions, resignations, and so on—he overran the coffee table, jarring it and cracking his shin. "I worry about you guys," he said, in some pain, backing up and putting down the tray. Pouring and handing around coffee, sloshing it, he spoke to them as he sometimes did to Bill alone, late at night—really opened up on them:

### Home Truths

He said that he, at their age, had dearly wanted to be a saint, had trained for it—plenty of prayer and fasting, no smoking, no booze ("Actually, I didn't drink anything but beer then"), and had worn a hair shirt for a short period. At their age, *he*, he said, had worked out on himself, not on other people, and that was the difference between the men of his generation and theirs. One of the differences. "You guys even *want* to be saints? I doubt it. You're too busy with your public relations," he said, and went on:

### Changing Standards

There might be worlds to be won, souls to be harvested, and so on, but not, he said, with stunts and gimmicks. He had been rather pessimistic about the various attempts to improve the Church's image, and he had been right. Vocations, conversions, communions, confessions, contributions, general attendance, all down. And why not? "We used to stand out in the crowd. We had quality control. We were the higher-priced spread. No more. Now if somebody drops the ball somebody else throws it into the stands, and that's how we clear the bases. Tell the man in the next parish you fornicated a hundred and thirty-six times since your last confession, which was one month ago, and he says, 'Did you think ill of your fellow-man?' It's a crazy world," Joe said, and went on:

### Stranded

There had always been a shortage of goodness in the world, he said, and evil and ignorance were still facts of life, but where, he asked, was the old intelligence? He had begun to wonder, as he never had before, about the doctrine of free will. People, he feared, might not be able to exercise free will anymore, owing, he said, to the decline in human intelligence. How else explain the state of the country, and the world, today? "We don't, maybe we *can't*, make the right moves—like those poor whales you read about. We're stranded," Joe said, and went on:

### Human Nature

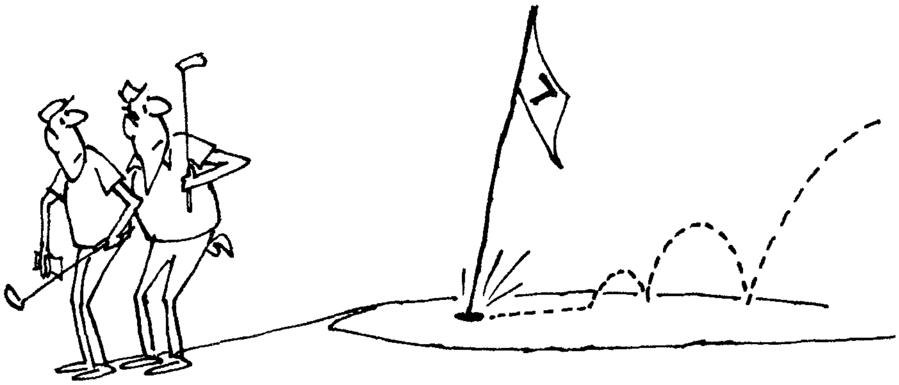
The Church was irrelevant today, not concerned enough with the everyday problems of war, poverty, segregation, and so on, people said, but such talk was itself irrelevant, was really a criticism of human nature, he said. Sell what you have and follow me, Our Lord had told the rich young man—who had then gone away sad. That was human nature for you, and it hadn't changed. Let him take it who can, Our Lord had said of celibacy—and few could take it, then or now. "And that applies to heroic sacrifice of all kinds. Let's face it," Joe said, and went on:

### Bruegel the Elder

People, most people, lay *and* clerical, just weren't up to much. Liturgists, of course, were trying to capitalize on that fact, introducing new forms of worship, reviving old ones, and so on, but an easy way would never be found to make gold out of lead. Otherwise the saints and martyrs would have lived as they had, and died, in vain. All this talk of community, communicating, and so on—it was just whistling in the dark. "Life's not a cookout by Bruegel the Elder, and people know it," Joe said, and went on:

### Too Far?

Sure, it was a time of crisis, upheaval, and so on, but a man could still do his job. The greatest job in the world, divinely instituted and so on, was that of the priest, and yet it was still a job—a marrying, burying, sacrificing job, plus whatever good could



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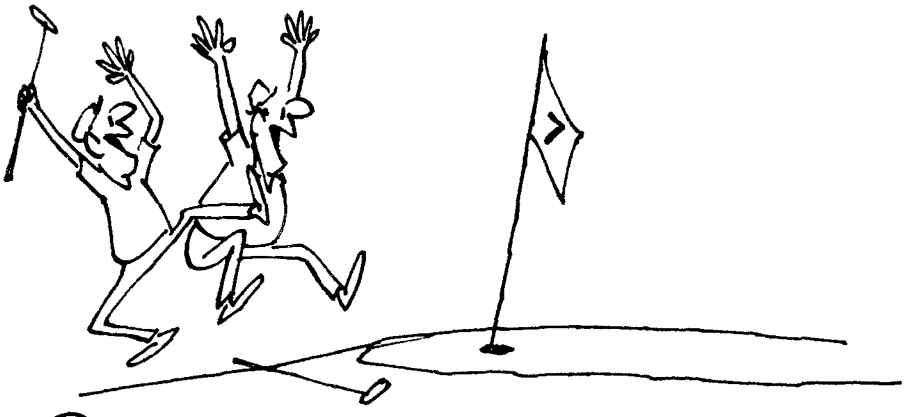

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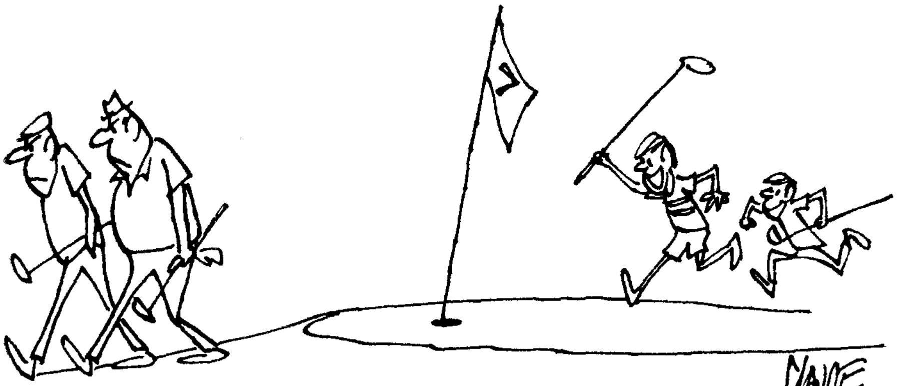

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be done on the side. It was *not* a crusade. Turn it into one, as some guys were trying to do, and you asked too much of it, of yourself, and of ordinary people, invited nervous breakdowns all around. Trying to do too much was something the Church had always avoided, at least until recently. At the Council, the so-called conservatives—a persecuted minority group if ever there was one—had only been afraid of going too far too soon, of throwing the baby out with the bath water. "And rightly so," Joe said, and, after a short interruption, went on:

### Flying Saucers

The Church couldn't respond to all the demands of the moment or she'd go the way of those numerous sects that owed their brief existence to such demands. People had to realize that what they wanted might not be what they needed, and if they couldn't—well, they couldn't. Religion was a weak force today, owing to the decline of human intelligence. It was now easy to see how the Church, though she'd endure to the end, as promised by Our Lord, would become a mere remnant of herself. In the meantime, though, the priest had to get on with his job, such as it was. As for feeling thwarted and useless, he knew that feeling, but he also knew what it meant. It meant that he was in touch with reality, and that was something these days. Frequently reported, of course, like flying saucers, were parishes where priests and people were doing great things together. "But I've never seen one myself, if it's any consolation to you guys," Joe said, and paused.

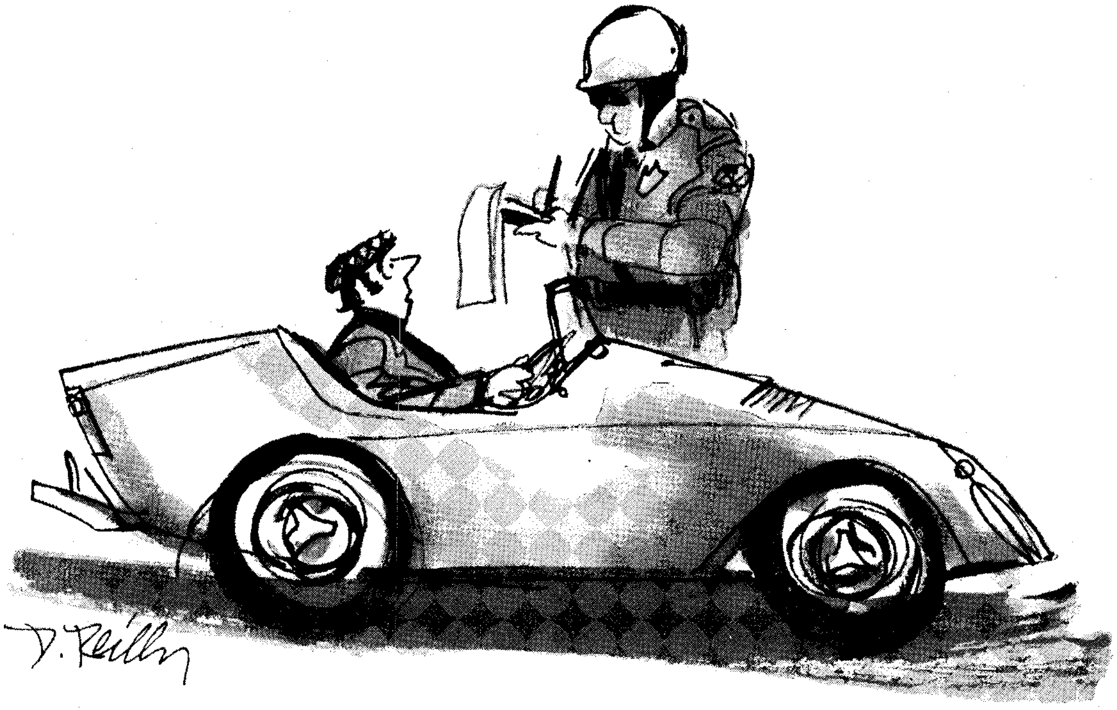
Did the silence mean that they were now seeing themselves and their situations in a new light, in the clear north light of reality? Bill, *finally*? Potter? Even Conklin? Joe hoped so, in all cases. On the whole, he was satisfied with the response. The bath-water bit hadn't gone down very well (groans from Potter, "Oh, *no!*" from Conklin), and there had been other interruptions, but Joe had kept going, had boxed on, opening cuts, closing eyes, and everybody, including Conklin, looked better to him now.

He wanted Hennessy and Potter to come out again, and not just to visit Bill, and not just to discuss their problems with him (Joe), though that would be all right. He wanted them to come out whenever they felt like it, whenever they needed a lift, priestly fellowship. Actually, there might be more for them with him, and more for him with them, than with Bill—who, to tell the truth, wasn't much fun. It could happen, first Hennessy and Potter coming, then others, and these in turn bringing others. There would be nights, perhaps, when Bill wouldn't leave his room. "Where's Bill?"—"Oh, he's listening to FM." Joe's rectory could become a hangout for the younger clergy, a place where they'd always be sure of a drink, a cigar, and, if he put a table in the living room, never used now, a cue. Pastors at first critical ("Stay the hell away from there") would sing his praises ("He sure straightened out that kid of mine"). Time marching on, Hennessy a bishop somewhere, first of the old crowd to make it, but the others still around, pastors now with curates of their own—tired, wiser men, the age gap narrowing between them and their old mentor, not so old, really, and in excellent health. A few missing, yes, two gone to God, the others, though, still coming out to Joe's—an island of sanity in a crazy world—for priestly fellowship, among them, perhaps, Father Conklin, old Conk, a pretty lonely guy for a while there, until he started coming out, shaved off his handlebar mustache, found his lost faith, the road back, second spring, and so on.

"So what's the answer?" said Potter. "Watch the Twins?"

"Those bores," said Conklin.

Hennessy reproved them with a look,



*"May I please have a note? My encounter group is going to accuse me of being deliberately tardy."*

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and spoke with his future authority. "What's the answer, Father?"

Eying Father Otto's glass on the coffee table, the last of the wine, Joe said, "A few monks saved civilization once. Could be the answer again. Islands of sanity in a crazy world. Principle's sound. You'd have to work out the details. Wouldn't have to be monks. Could happen right here." Joe reached for the last of the wine, Father Otto's glass, and got it to swirl in various ways—clockwise, counterclockwise, clockwise—denied himself, then downed it. "Wanna see how Father is," he said. "Be right back." At the door, as he was about to leave them, he turned and said, "How can we make sanctity as attractive as sex? Answer I got was 'Just have to keep trying.' Not much of an answer. Why nobody remembers it—just the question. Guess it's the answer to all these questions. Be right back."

Father Otto's eyes opened when Joe approached the bed. "Get you anything, Father?" Joe asked.

"All right."

"Aspirin?"

"All right."

Joe administered aspirin and water to Father Otto, flipped his pillow, eased him down. "Want your shoes off?"

"Is the party over?"

"Not yet."

"Why is everybody leaving?" said Father Otto, his eyes closing. "Is the party over?"

"Not yet," Joe said patiently, but when he returned to the study he saw that he was wrong.

Hennessy—he was the only one there—said, "How is he?"

"All right," Joe said.

Led by voices to a window on the street side, gazing down, he saw Bill, Potter, and Conklin talking to a young woman—older than they were, though—in a convertible.

"Conklin had to leave," Hennessy said.

Joe came away from the window. "So I see."

"Want to thank you, Father."

"It was Bill's party," Joe said.

"All the same." Hennessy seemed to know what it was like to be a pastor. "Oh, and I should thank the housekeeper."

"Good idea," Joe said, and saw Hennessy, who'd go far, off to the kitchen. Joe, at the window again, watched the young woman move over on the seat and the handlebar mustache take the wheel. Potter and Bill then fell all over themselves saying goodbye, making it look hard to do, and Joe watched the convertible pull away. Then, much to Joe's surprise—he had meant to catch him on the way out, to invite him to come again soon—Hennessy came into view below, having, it seemed, left the rectory by the back door. Without a word to Potter and Bill, who stood together, Hennessy got into the driver's seat of the black sedan parked at the curb. Potter and Bill then parted, rather solemnly, Joe thought, and he wondered why Potter, getting into the black sedan, chose to ride in the back seat. Bill had vanished, but a few moments later he appeared in the study.

"Who was that?" Joe asked right away.

"His mistress."

Joe just looked at Bill. "*That* what he calls her? How d'ya know *that*?"

"He told us."

"He did, huh?" Joe was thinking if he had a mistress he wouldn't tell everybody.

"He's honest about it, Father. You have to give him credit for that."

"I do, huh?"

In came Father Otto, looking much the same.

"You missed your bus," Joe said, and then got back to Bill. "Why don't they get married?"

"Complications."

"Like what?"

"She's already married."

Joe sniffed. "Great."

"Her husband won't give her a divorce. *He's* still a Catholic."

"Say that again."

Bill said it again.

Joe just turned away. "And you wanna get back to your monastery—right?"

"How?" said Father Otto.

"I'll drive you," Joe said.

"Eighty miles?" said Bill. "Can't he stay overnight?"

"He wants to get back to his monastery," Joe said. "I need the air. What d'ya say, Father?"

"All right," said Father Otto.

—J. F. Powers

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## THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Letter from Japan received by an equipment firm in New York*]

Dear Manager,

Now is the time when the Air is brilliantly entering into the Industry, concreting its basis on any area. In fact, for Industry, Machines controlling Air are indespensable ones in an attempt to air underdeveloped fields. At close hand, say, you can see many Air-Machines working in the streets. Try to plunge your nose into a butcher-shop a while. Pleasant sound and scenery is approachable to you with promptness. At any spot, Air-Machines are so busily working like bees with the growing of modern industry, as you can see.

# ANNALS OF TELEVISION

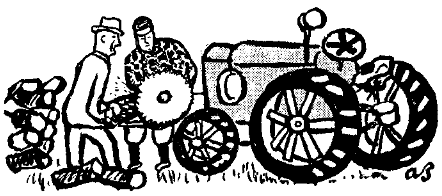
## THE MAN FROM IRON CITY

HAMMERS pounding horribly away within the cerebrum, jagged bolts of lightning striking right to the midbrain—these were nightmare images that flashed with merciless regularity before the eyes of anybody who watched television in the nineteen-fifties and the early nineteen-sixties. The apparitions were imprinted into the minds of millions of viewers on behalf of the manufacturers of Anacin during the heyday of the hard-sell commercial, an art form once all-powerful in television. Nowadays, the hard-sell school of advertising is somewhat less predominant, and it has been supplemented by a school whose practitioners attempt to get the sales message across by beguiling the viewer through the so-called light approach, often marked by a kind of quasi-self-depreciatory humor. ("Oh, the disadvantages of the new Benson & Hedges 100's," and so on.) Still, the hard-sell commercial, which permits no nonsense, no semi-sophistication, no "kidding the sponsor," is far from obsolete, as anyone can tell by watching the screen. The hard sell is an approach almost austere in its dedication to the process of visually and aurally battering the man in front of the tube with sales points until he caves in and buys the product being advertised. In the history of this specialized art, the Anacin commercials stand out, as far as I am concerned, as classic works. They were so strident and so endlessly repeated on the screen that just seeing them was likely to make the viewer's head ache. And any commercial that has the ability to bring on the very distress that the product it advertises is alleged to relieve is about as hard as a hard sell can get.

In the television-advertising world of the fifties and the early sixties, no group of people was more actively devoted to the hard-sell approach to consumers than the executives at the agency of Ted Bates & Co., Inc. And, of these people, nobody was a more dynamic exponent of the gospel of the hard sell than Rosser Reeves, who for much of that period was chairman of the board at Ted Bates. Reeves has been responsible for many of the most mind-pulverizing commercials in the history of television. Reeves was the master blacksmith who kept all those hammers bashing away for years on behalf of Anacin (and to the detriment wherever possible of Bayer Aspirin and Bufferin). It was Reeves who fought heartburn on a vast scale with horror films of holes burned in cloth by stomach acid to promote Rolaids, an antacid tablet. It was Reeves who kept a succession of baseballs being hurled on-screen toward the viewer on behalf of clean teeth through Colgate Dental Cream (with Gardol), Reeves who had ballpoint pens shot from crossbows in showers of commercials that put the home audience under siege on behalf of the makers of Bic pens. Reeves fought the Hot Cigarette Habit for Kool, and he played an early part in the promotion of filter cigarettes, which were to become the big thing in the tobacco market. And, further afield in hard selling, it was Reeves who introduced Madison Avenue marketing techniques into national political campaigns, through his organization of the radio-and-television-spot campaign that helped elect General Dwight D. Eisenhower to the Presidency in 1952.

Reeves resigned from the Ted Bates agency in 1966, and since then, although he calls himself semi-retired, the Prince of the Hard Sell has kept busy with such activities as speculating in Jamaican real estate, forming a company to deal with the public-relations problems of large corporations and industries, including the tobacco industry, and taking over an existing advertising-research company. But the cause of the hard sell, the *pure* hard sell, on television remains close to Reeves' heart, as it did not take me long to learn a while ago while having lunch with him at the Baroque, an elegant restaurant on Fifty-third Street off Fifth Avenue. Actually, I sat through several lunches with Reeves at the Baroque, but it is difficult for me now to recall exactly where one left off and the next began; they all seem to have merged, in my mind, into one long lunch, each course rich with evocations of successful assaults against the central nervous systems of consumers during the opening years of commercial television.

At the Baroque, we lunched at Reeves' customary table—a circumstance that perhaps stimulated his professional recollections, for it was at this very table, over the years, Reeves let me know, that some of his greatest triumphs in hard-sell advertising were conceived.



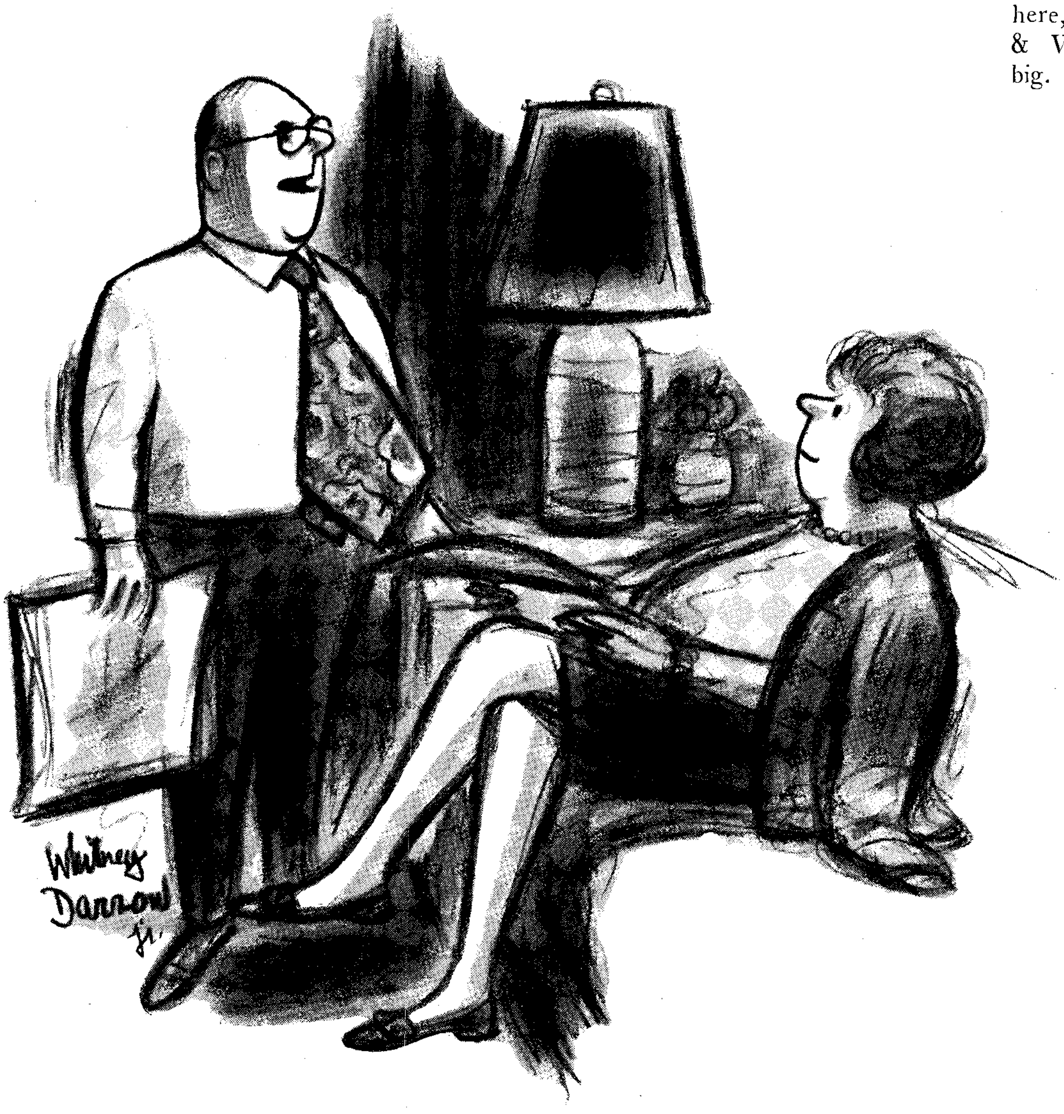
Here the first great Bates commercial for Anacin was hatched. "The manufacturers of Anacin spent a total of eighty-six million dollars on that little strip of film the outline of which I wrote at this table," Reeves said. "It was a fifty-nine-second motion picture that cost eighty-four hundred dollars to produce, and it made more money for the producers of Anacin in seven years than 'Gone with the Wind' did for David O. Selznick and M-G-M in a quarter of a century. Not bad for something written between cocktails at lunch." Reeves added, "And the techniques that we developed to advertise Anacin and other products made the Bates agency grow from the little shop it was in the early days of television into one of the giants of the business. These techniques spawned a whole crop of multimillionaires. Of which, I am glad to say, I am one."

Having said this, Reeves ordered a Bloody Mary for me and a Gibson for himself. I had first met Reeves a number of years ago, and since then, mostly through other people, I had kept up to a certain extent with his advertising activities. I even knew a little about his avocations—that he played championship chess, and had once captained a United States chess team that visited the Soviet Union, and that he was a jewel collector of some renown. And I knew that he was the author of "Reality in Advertising," a short book outlining his particular views on mass selling. At fifty-nine, Reeves is a tall, solidly built, round-faced man who dresses well and has a rather deep voice and a very positive manner. He looks considerably younger than his age. At the time he resigned from Bates to go into what he thought, incorrectly, would be retirement, Reeves had been with the agency for twenty-five years. He joined it as a copywriter who had had considerable experience in radio work—one of his mentors had been Frank Hummert, of Blackett-Sample-Hummert, Inc., a big drug-ad man and soap-opera impresario—and before long he became one of Bates' principal executive officers. Reeves hit his stride in advertising in 1948, when television came along. Since then, the selling of brand-name consumer goods has become a centralized process; that is, the traditional salesmanship of the man behind the counter has been supplanted in large measure by prefabricated sales messages conveyed right into the home by television. Network radio had hawked goods, too, of course, but television had the ability to convey the kind of sales demonstrations that radio couldn't cope with. Reeves was one of the first advertising men to recognize this potentiality in the new medium, and he began pummelling away with the hard sell long before the television networks had even acquired the facilities to transmit programs instantly from coast to coast.

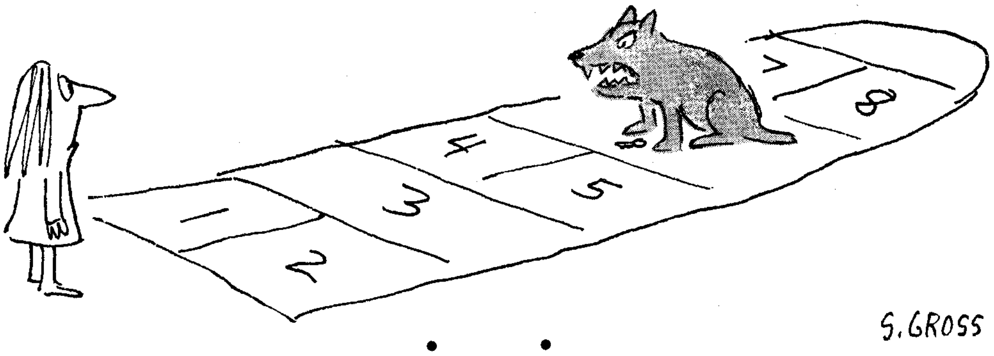
In the first five years or so of commercial television, most advertising-agency people continued to think of obtaining time on the networks in the form they had been accustomed to in the days of big radio—in terms of the sponsorship of whole programs by single corporate advertisers. Thus, "The Jack Benny Show" was packaged by an agency to attract an audience that would be exposed at intervals during the program to messages about Jell-O. But the Ted Bates agency people, and Reeves in particular, took another tack. Instead of packaging whole programs that would be used as padding around their clients' commercials, they developed the strategy of dispensing with the programs; instead, they put their money into thirty- or sixty-second commercials that they then bought time for on the air in the brief intervals between other agencies' programs—placing these spot commercials like so many cuckoos' eggs in other birds' nests. Within the advertising business, the Bates agency was often referred to as "the spot agency." Reeves, in concentrating his attention on the spot commercial, very quickly decided that, as far as he was concerned, the television audience was not there to be approached with a soft tread—in the manner of, say, David Ogilvy, of the new agency of Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc. (now Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.), who in ads in the public prints was presenting to the Western world Commander Whitehead, of Schweppes, and the man with the eye patch and the Hathaway shirt. Reeves, as a man steeped in the vapors of drug advertising, had already acquired a deep faith in the effectiveness of slogans or incantations having to do with the condition of the human innards, and he felt that the principle of hitting often in the same place—the head, the stomach—should hold good not only for promoting drugs but also for promoting other consumer package goods. To his way of thinking, the only sensible way of approaching the television audience was to take a hard, unrelenting line with it. This conviction was fortified by his experience in using commercial television, shortly after it started up, to promote filter cigarettes, and at our lunch Reeves, in between sips of his Gibson, recalled some of the details.

"Way back, around 1943, at the Bates agency, I had solicited and obtained the account of the British-American Tobacco Company for the United States," Reeves said. "Over here, the subsidiary was called Brown & Williamson, and it wasn't very big. In those days, you know, there were only five brands of cigarette that Americans were familiar with—Camel, Old Gold, Lucky Strike, Chesterfield, and Philip Morris. Brown & Williamson put out Kool, a mentholated cigarette. There were only two mentholated cigarettes on the market then, Kool and Spud, but Spud died. The sales of Kool didn't amount to anything, although we were doing what we could for the brand on a very limited budget at Bates. It was in connection with the Kool account that I went down to see Tim Hartnett, who was the president of Brown & Williamson, at the company headquarters, in Louisville, one day in 1948 or 1949. While I was talking to Hartnett, I noticed a package of a brand of cigarette I'd never seen before lying on Hartnett's desk. The name of the brand was Viceroy. It had a crinkled-paper filter tip. I said, 'Who makes these?' Hartnett said, 'We do.' I said, 'Who's advertising them?' He said, 'Nobody.' He told me the brand was a dog. Nobody was smoking it.

"At that time, as far as I was aware, there was only one other filter-tip cigarette on the mar-


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"If wide ties are where it's at, I say, 'So be it.'"



ket, and that was Parliament, which was put out by Philip Morris. Its sales were insignificant—tiny. So tiny that I can't think of an analogy. I said to the president of Brown & Williamson, 'If I can think up a good campaign for Viceroy, will you give money to advertise it in a test market somewhere?' He said, 'I can't afford to put it in a test market.' I said, 'Give me some money to play with it.' Hartnett said, 'O.K., we have forty-two thousand dollars left over in the Kool production budget. See what you can do with that.' So I took the forty-two thousand dollars and began playing with it. I made a false start. I made up a campaign for Viceroy on the color of teeth. What does the color of teeth have to do with Viceroy filter cigarettes? If you inhale a cigarette through a handkerchief, you get a brown spot on the handkerchief. If you inhale the cigarette through a filter, you get less tar on your teeth. So I did a campaign on the whiteness of teeth—how using Viceroy helps preserve the color of teeth. The campaign didn't seem to work very well.

"I did some more thinking on the subject. About that time, the first health rumblings about cigarette smoking were heard. I'm not talking about cancer now. I'm talking about general health—it was two or three years later that the cancer thing came up. ["The cancer thing" and "the cancer scare" are standard expressions used by people in the cigarette-promotion business to refer to the numerous and well-publicized studies by medical men—one of the first notable ones being by Dr. Richard Doll and Sir Austin Bradford Hill in 1952—that have associated, with increasing certainty of causal relationship, the incidence of cigarette smoking with the incidence of lung cancer, heart disease, and other illnesses.] Well, in thinking about what I could do with Viceroy, I remembered that in the early nineteen-forties the *Reader's Digest* had done an article on nicotine and tar in cigarettes. The article referred to the tar and nicotine content of the five 'big' brands of cigarette and connected all this with general health. I remembered how J. Walter Thompson, which had the Old Gold account at that time, had taken advantage of the *Reader's Digest* piece by running a campaign saying '*Reader's Digest* Tests Prove Old Gold Lowest in Tar and Nicotine.' This made me consider how I might take advantage of a comparable situation. I then switched my Viceroy campaign on the whiteness of teeth to general health. In our commercials, we showed an animated drawing of the filter on a Viceroy cigarette with the smoke travelling into it and curling through the filter. And we added the announcer's line 'The nicotine and tars trapped by the exclusive Viceroy filter cannot reach your nose, throat, or lungs.' I can remember every word of it."

Reeves paused and took another sip of his Gibson. He looked pleased at the memory of the slogan, and I could see why. Cigarette advertising is an art devoted to making strident claims for particular brands and yet at the same time, for legal reasons, saying nothing. And I could appreciate how Reeves might feel that in using the slogan he had done both. Of course, the slogan actually offered the smoker no real claim of protection against tar and nicotine at all. Whatever it seemed to say, it really said that if the Viceroy filter trapped only one-millionth of one per cent of the tars and nicotine puffed through a Viceroy cigarette, and the remaining 99.999999 per cent of the tars and nicotine passed right through it and into the smoker's nose, throat, or lungs, the claim could safely get by the scrutiny of the Federal Trade Commission. And, in fact, it did get safely by the F.T.C.

"When we switched from the whiteness of teeth to general health, that's where the sales of Viceroy began taking off," Reeves said. "And when the whole cancer thing came up, in 1952, with that Doll and Hill paper, we had already preëmpted the health kick. We had already got in on the ground floor of the filter revolution, during which every tobacco company was to begin promoting filter cigarettes like mad.

"By the time the Doll and Hill paper came out, Viceroy came out with another filter, made of cellulose acetate. We strengthened our Viceroy campaign by emphasizing the nature of the filter. We did that by superimposing on an animated drawing of the smoke curling through the Viceroy filter the headline 'Twenty Thousand Tiny Filter Traps.' A very successful campaign. And, that same year, I came up with a new television campaign for Kool, which was doing better than it had, but still nothing compared to the big brands. We put a giant chain across the screen, with links like the anchor chain of the Queen Mary or something. As you saw this, an announcer's voice said, in an echo chamber [here Reeves' voice boomed out in portentous tones], 'Break the chain of the hot-cigarette habit—with Kools!' And at that the links of the chain snapped apart and between the break a package of Kools zoomed up toward the viewer. That commercial was a fantastic success. It pulled people to the product like a giant magnet. Although we hadn't written it that way, people thought the commercial meant that if you smoked Kools you could stop chain-smoking. Well, I saw to it that that message was worked into people's minds like steel piling being driven down to bedrock. In a market where the proliferation of brands of cigarette was beginning—my God, instead of the old Big Five brands, you now have something like eighty-eight brands on the market—that campaign helped give Kool just the boost it needed. Brown & Williamson hasn't done so badly since then, let me tell you. Two years after Brown & Williamson gave us that forty-two thousand dollars to test-market Viceroy advertising, the sales of Viceroy rose from approximately zero to more than ten million dollars. And four years after we began running 'Twenty Thousand Tiny Filter Traps,' sales went up to two hundred million dollars. That means sales of more than twenty-two billion Viceroy cigarettes. As for Kool, it's become the fifth-biggest-selling cigarette on the market. Last year, Brown & Williamson's total sales went to more than seven hundred million dollars."

Reeves had finished his drink, and the maître d'hôtel approached. "Mr.

Reeves, would you like to select a little luncheon?"

"I'm starving to death," Reeves said.

"The *jambonette* of baby lamb, perhaps?"

"Excellent."

"And, to start with, some Malpeque oysters?"

"Yes. The lamb—would you remove that from the bone? And serve it with a very little of that Esterhazy sauce."

"Excellent, Mr. Reeves."

I ordered lunch, too, and then, reverting for a moment to Reeves' second Viceroy campaign, I asked him how long the Bates agency had kept on telling viewers about all those twenty thousand tiny filter traps. He said that he couldn't remember exactly but that after the filter-cigarette boom had been under way for some years and competing tobacco companies were pressing their advertising claims for their particular filters—a period known in cigarette-advertising history as "the tar derby"—the Federal Trade Commission stepped in and prohibited any mention in cigarette advertising of the tar and nicotine content of particular brands. That prohibition, apparently, covered talk about the tar-absorbing properties of filters. To counteract this slight difficulty, the Bates agency had modified its Viceroy campaign by producing commercials in which Viceroy was heralded as having "the thinking man's filter." The commercials showed various men puffing Viceroys in a thoughtful but determined way while an announcer's voice declared, "The man who thinks for himself smokes Viceroy."

"'Twenty Thousand Tiny Filter Traps' led into 'Thinking Man,' but we discovered that 'Thinking Man' had a backlash," Reeves said. "It implied that a man who smoked Viceroys was an intellectual. It was not a successful campaign."

REEVES never again made such a dreadful mistake concerning the consumer. At the time he was preëmpting the health kick and capturing viewers with Viceroy's tiny filter traps, he was also working successfully with other accounts to consolidate the hard line he was taking with the home audience. It seems that he found the key to this approach in preparing his series of Anacin commercials—as a result of which, he told me during our lunch, "I set the tone in television advertising. Everybody followed me."

Over oysters glistening on crushed ice, Reeves recalled the genesis of the mighty Anacin campaign:

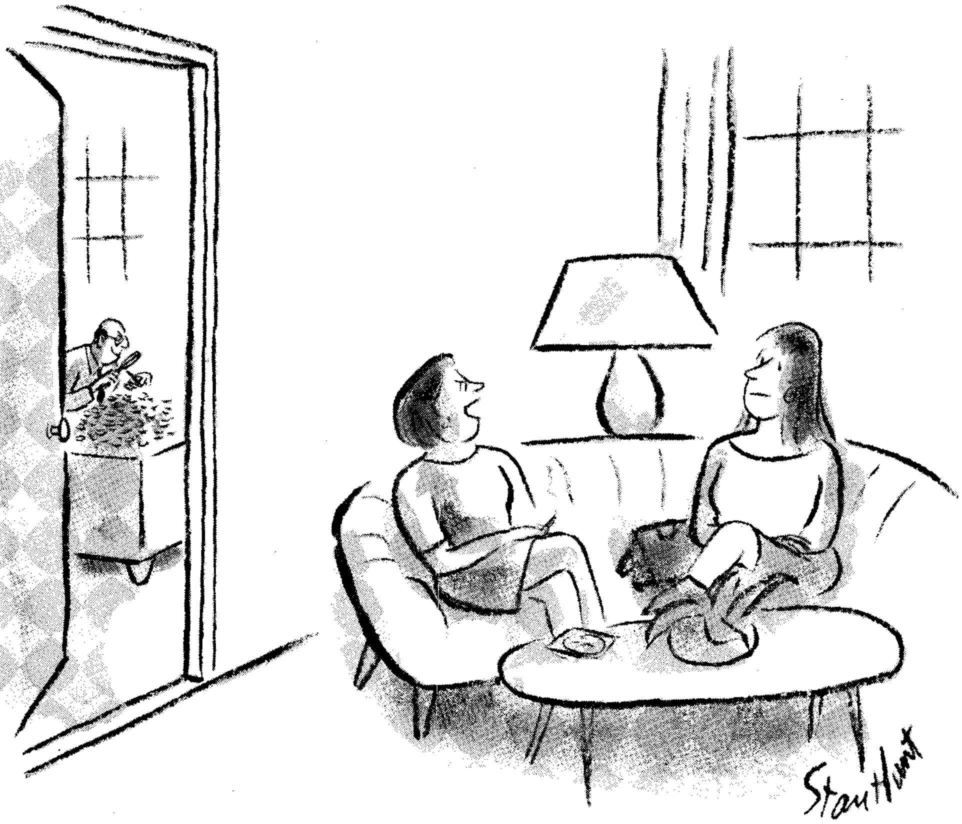
"We got the Anacin account in 1954, I believe, when William Laporte, who was then head of Whitehall Pharmacal, the company that puts Anacin out (the company is part of the American Home Products Corporation), walked into our office. Anacin was in trouble. Its sales were levelling off. Laporte was using another agency. Laporte asked me if I knew anything about Anacin. I opened my desk drawer and pulled out some Anacin commercials that I had written in 1938, when I was copy chief at Blackett-Sample-Hummert. We talked theory for a while. Long ago, Frank Hummert had coined the phrase for Anacin, for use in print and on radio, 'Like a doctor's prescription—not one but a combination of ingredients,' and Whitehall was still using the line in its advertising. I said that the line was right but that it wasn't working anymore, because it was being used like a radio commercial that had been transferred to television. The agency handling the account was using it with what we call a standup announcer—an announcer just standing before the camera, or sitting at a table, and just saying that Anacin was like a doctor's prescription, not one but a combination of ingredients. It was using radio track without the proper use of video. Are you with me?"

I said I was.

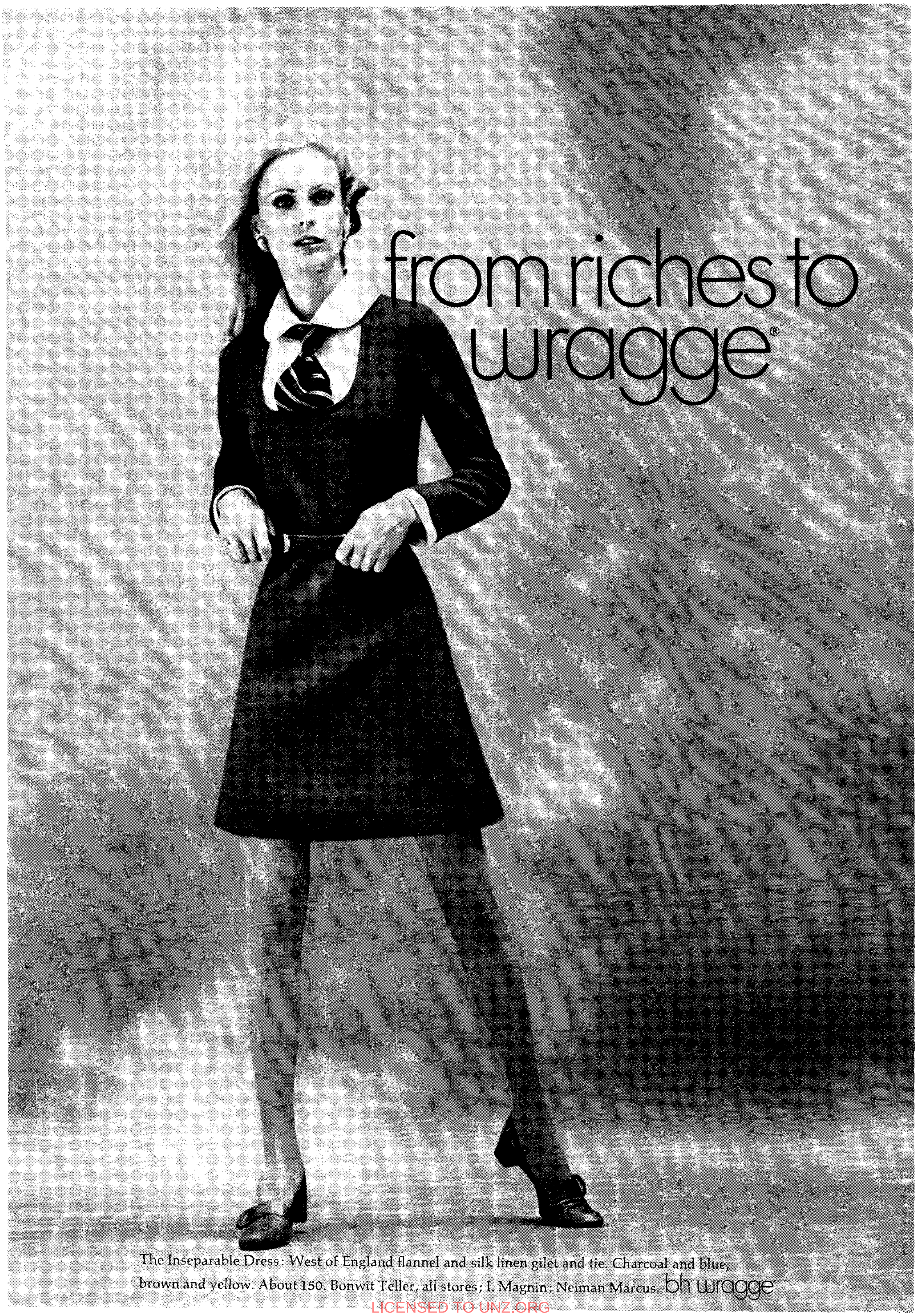
"I told Laporte, 'There's nothing wrong with the phrase. You ought to keep it. You just need to use it in a *television* commercial.' Laporte said, 'Let's go ahead and write one.' We came to lunch here and went to work. I had an idea. I told Laporte about it. It came to me through an ad that had appeared in the *Times* on some health course, and I remembered the headline. It went, 'When doctors feel rotten, this is what they do.' I think it was some muscle-building course. I thought that was a good headline. And any advertising copywriter is a great thief, you know. So I proposed beginning my Anacin commercial with 'When headache strikes, what do doctors do?' I told Laporte that the ultimate authority on any drug is the doctor. What do doctors do when headache strikes? They do the same thing that we do. An enormously high percentage—I forget just now whether it was a majority—were taking Anacin. All right!"

The plate of oysters was slid to one side. Reeves seized and spread out a large napkin, clicked open a ballpoint pen, and with large, vigorous strokes drew upon the starched surface the front-view outline of a human head.

"All right! So the lead line is 'When headache strikes, what do doctors do?' *Then*, 'Anacin is like a



*"Herbert used to be a lepidopterist, but when he discovered numismatics it was to hell with butterflies."*


from riches to
wragge®

The Inseparable Dress: West of England flannel and silk linen gilet and tie. Charcoal and blue, brown and yellow. About 150. Bonwit Teller, all stores; I. Magnin; Neiman Marcus. bh wragge®

doctor's prescription—not one but a combination of ingredients.' All this delivered by the announcer as voice-over to a picture of the face of a live guy." He pointed to the outlined head. "Now the lights on the guy's head dim down and it becomes a silhouette. And *now* I fade three boxes into the head." He sketched one, two, three square outlines within the consumer's brain on the napkin. "The first box, in animation, shows a pounding hammer. The second shows a sort of spring coiling and uncoiling. The third shows a jagged electrical bolt working away between two terminals.

"O.K.! One by one, the boxes light up.

"The announcer says, 'Stops headache!' The hammer stops pounding.

" 'Relieves tension!' The coiled spring stops twanging away.

" 'Calms jittery nerves!' The bolt of electricity stops striking.

"And now the whole silhouette lights up and we go to the guy's live face again. And the guy says, 'I feel great! And Anacin doesn't upset my stomach!' The guy has taken an Anacin. *Now* we see the guy's silhouette again, and the camera pulls away, and right away you see three streams of bubbles coming up from his stomach. After all, the Anacin does have to come through the bloodstream from the stomach to get to the head. Physiological principle of any anodyne. A general coursing up.

"Now, *later* in the commercial [he drew more sketches, more squares, and lines radiating from stomach to head], we go to a split screen, a new technique for the agency at the time. And *here*, on one side, we have a head with the three boxes and the three streams of bubbles coming up. And over *here* we have another head with the three boxes, but only *one* stream of bubbles is coming up. And in the stomach of the one with the one stream of bubbles there's a pill labelled 'Aspirin,' and in the head it's got the coiled spring and the electrical bolt working away, and here we put a huge X [disdainfully, with slashing strokes of his pen, he crossed out the "Aspirin" side] over all that and say it's only got *one* pain reliever, and on the other half of the split screen the hammer, the coil, the bolt of electricity are working away like mad until the three streams of bubbles wipe *all* of them out. 'Relieves headaches fast! Relieves tension fast! Calms jittery nerves fast! For fast, *fast*, FAST relief, take Anacin!' At the agency, we called this effect the Optical Cure."

I was getting dizzy. Hearing and

Nettleton Bruce...
puts you in great shape
for the season

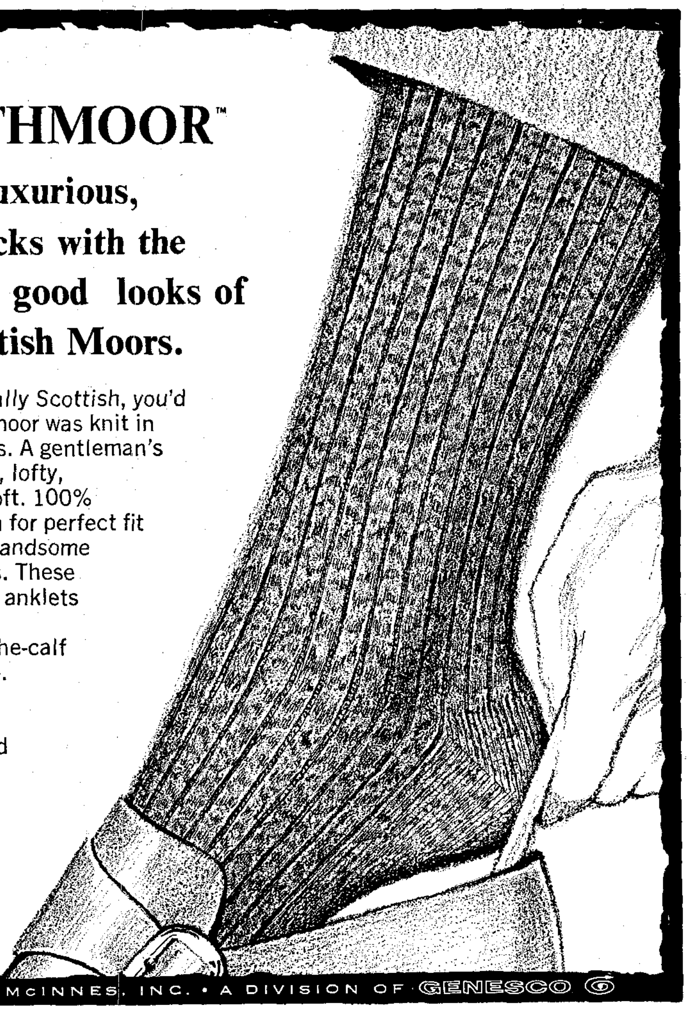
Step into this bolder, more manly slipon and enjoy an entirely new experience in style and comfort. Broader toe with sweeping wing . . . heavier punching . . . a forthright gold tone buckle . . . all accentuate the more masculine trend in leisure and dress footwear. Plus the incomparable lightness and supple comfort of our exclusive Loaflex® flexible craftsmanship.

**BRUCE**
Glove soft premium calf. Burnished bronze or black.

About $39.

Write for our new Style Folder #699 and the name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have . . . a good man to know.

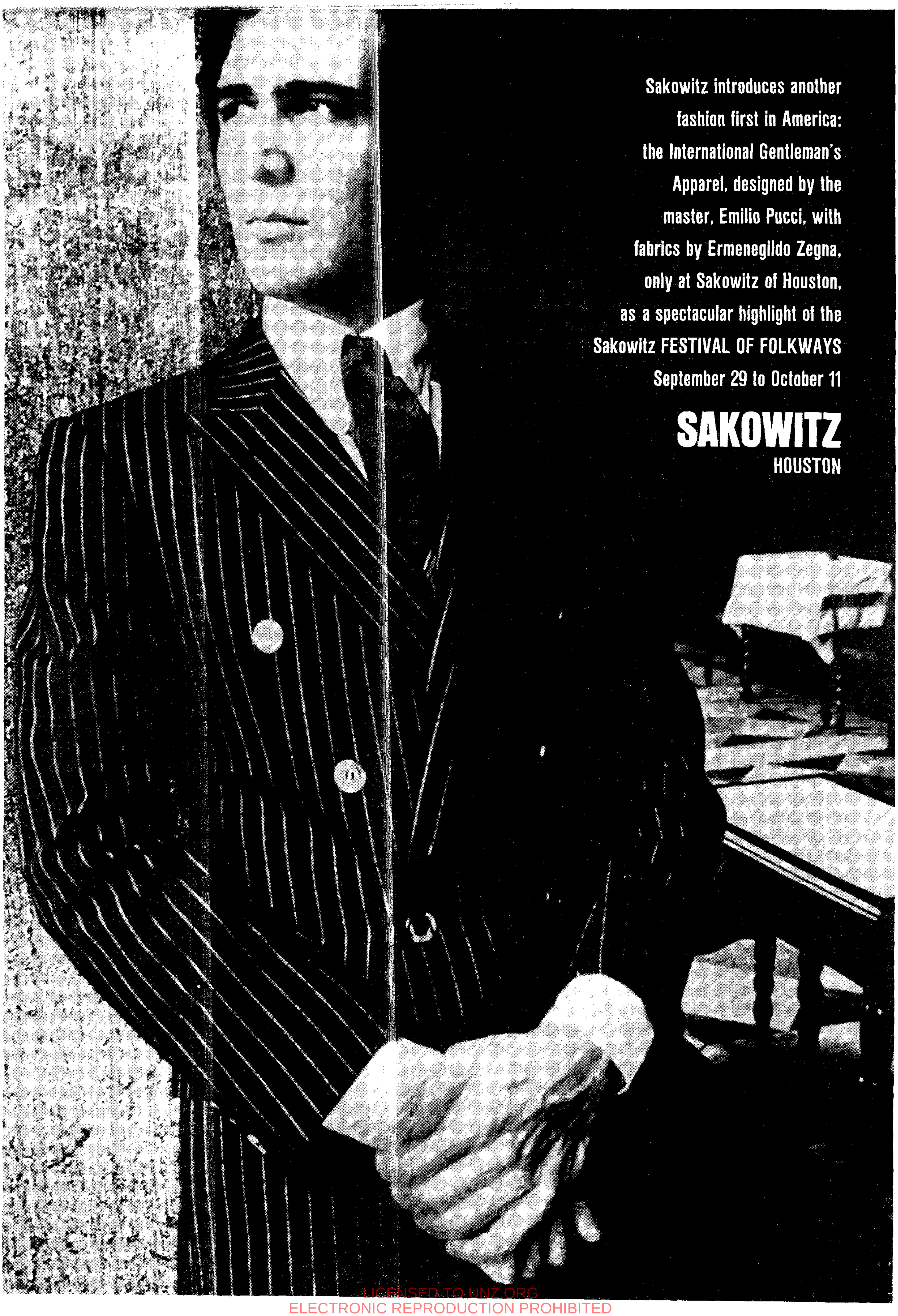
Nettleton
A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13203



HEATHMOOR™
Camp's luxurious,
dress socks with the
heathery good looks of
the Scottish Moors.

So authentically Scottish, you'd swear Heathmoor was knit in the Highlands. A gentleman's sock . . . light, lofty, luxuriously soft. 100% Stretch Nylon for perfect fit 10 to 13. In handsome heather tones. These extraordinary anklets retail for only $1.50. Over-the-calf length: $2.00. At MACY'S, New York (all branches) and other fine stores.

CAMP AND McINNES, INC. • A DIVISION OF GENESCO



Sakowitz introduces another
fashion first in America:
the International Gentleman's
Apparel, designed by the
master, Emilio Pucci, with
fabrics by Ermenegildo Zegna,
only at Sakowitz of Houston,
as a spectacular highlight of the
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Alexandra de Markoff
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glows with gossamer
color to enhance the
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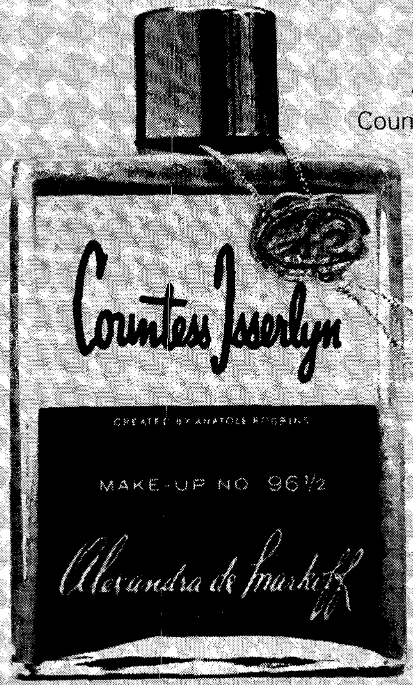
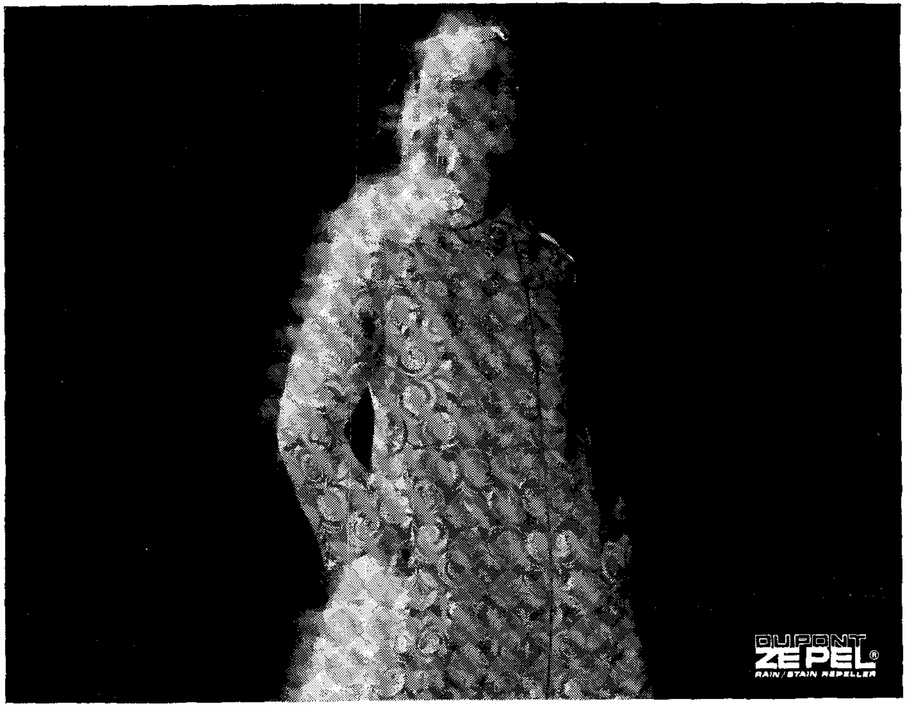


GROSSE POINTE · BIRMINGHAM · DEARBORN · ANN ARBOR · BATTLE CREEK
SAGINAW · JACKSON · EAST LANSING · GRAND RAPIDS · KALAMAZOO

RAIN CHEETAHS BY NAMAN



**For girls who refuse to wear a uniform in the rain.**

WHY SHOULD A DOWNPOUR DAMPEN YOUR STYLE? SHOW THE WORLD YOU'RE ABOVE-IT-ALL, STEP OUT IN A COAT THAT'S VIVACIOUS, AND INDEPENDENT. AS CLEVER AS YOU ARE. LIKE OUR STRIKING BROCADE TREATED WITH ZEPEL®. FLY-FRONTED AND BACK-BELTED, IN SOFT SHADES OF CELERY OR GREY. 8-16. ABOUT $75. AT GIMBELS, NEW YORK, SANGER-HARRIS, DALLAS, J. W. ROBINSON, LOS ANGELES OR WRITE RAINCHEETAHS, A DIVISION OF NAMAN RAINWEAR, 500 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018.

watching Reeves, I recalled anew the bruising quality of the Anacin commercials of the fifties—everything so loud, everything popping out of the screen so fast as to leave no pause for the slightest question to come to the viewer's mind about the absolute superiority of Anacin. I asked Reeves to go over the commercial again for me. He did so. For another few minutes, we sat poring over the napkin bearing all the human heads, the boxed brains, the X'd-out aspirin, and the streams of bubbles. While I was thus getting the workings of the Optical Cure and the historic use of the split screen in headache-pill advertising retraced for me, I felt a little as though I might be some explorer into early filmmaking who was lucky enough to be hearing D. W. Griffith himself expound on the origins of the closeup technique.

I attempted once again to follow, in my own ruminations, the logical progression of the Anacin commercial, which seemed to skip about as nimbly as a pea under a walnut shell at a county fair. I told Reeves I found it interesting that although aspirin is a principal ingredient of Anacin, the commercial never went so far as to say so openly, and, in fact, damned aspirin with an X while promoting in Anacin "the pain reliever doctors recommend most." I remarked to Reeves that since "the pain reliever doctors recommend most" seemed to be none other than aspirin, I found all this a bit confusing.

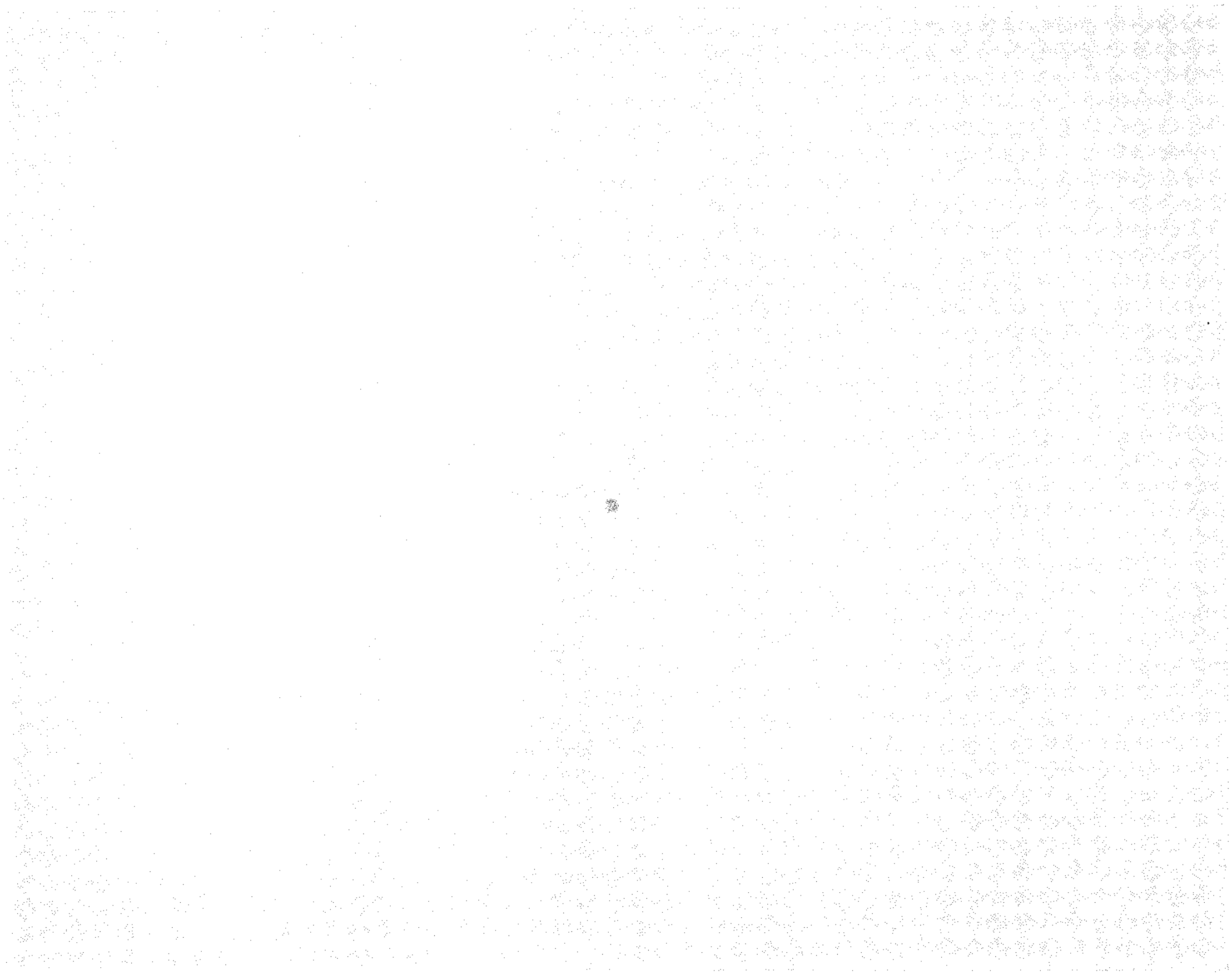
Reeves found it not at all so. He said that there was no theoretical objection to mentioning aspirin in Anacin commercials, and added, "But supposing you make up a commercial that says, 'Do you take aspirin? And do you have stomach-acid rebound? We have now combined aspirin with caffeine and phenacetin, and it's called Anacin.' Just get *that* through to your clients! 'I should mention Bayer's product? Why should I spend *my* money to plug *aspirin*?' That's what the client says. And I think the client is right."

"After you put on your first Anacin commercial, how long did it take to see any change in Anacin sales?" I asked.

"About six months," Reeves said. "And for another three months nothing very much happened. And then—my God! Sales just took off! Our approach, and our use of the split screen in our Anacin advertising, worked in such a fantastic manner that I began putting a split screen in practically every commercial we made. It was just like wiring a slot machine to keep paying out a perpetual jackpot. My boy, it was like *printing money*. In eighteen

Western Electric: we make Bell telephones.

We also made the 112 transistors, diodes and resistors shown here.



Shown where? About two inches up and slightly to the right—near the center of the page.

That black-and-gold speck is an actual-size photograph of an integrated circuit containing 18 transistors, 58 diodes, and 36 resistors.

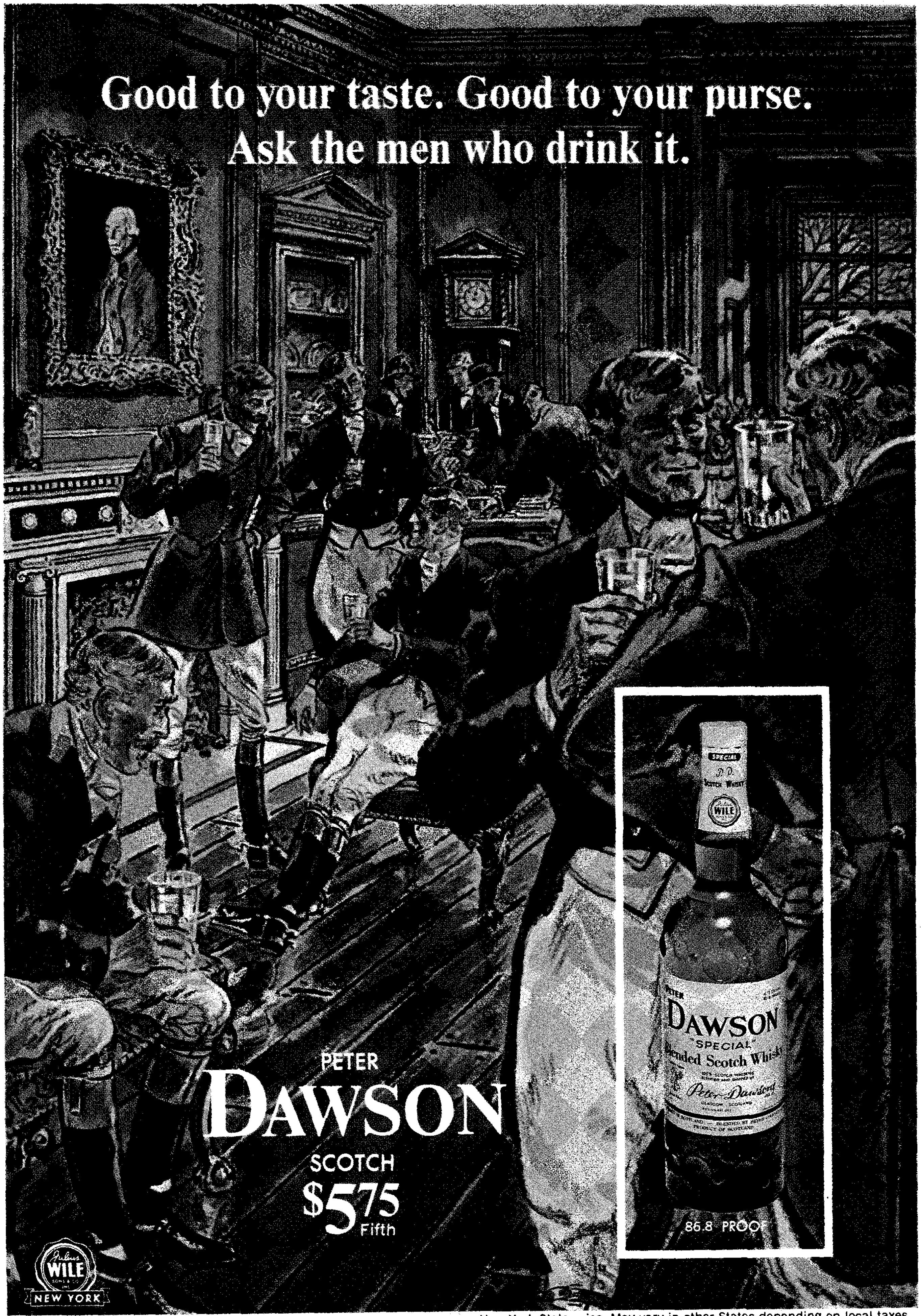
It's the latest advance in the electronics revolution that started with the world's first transistor, invented by our teammates at Bell Labs, and made by Western Electric in 1951.

That transistor was about the size of a dime. But we've been working at making electronic devices smaller and smaller while improving their reliability and reducing their cost.

Integrated circuits are the kinds of things Western Electric makes by the millions to help the Bell telephone companies keep your telephone service up—and the cost of your phone calls down.

And if you don't think that little speck has 112 components in it, we'll be glad to send you an enlarged picture. Just send a postcard to Western Electric Company, 195 Broadway, Room 1629, New York, N.Y. 10007.

**Western Electric**
Manufacturing and Supply Unit of the Bell System


Good to your taste. Good to your purse.
Ask the men who drink it.
PETER
DAWSON
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$5.75
Fifth
SPECIAL
P.D.
Scotch Whisky
WILE
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DAWSON
"SPECIAL"
Blended Scotch Whisky
Peter Dawson
86.8 PROOF
Julius
WILE
NEW YORK

Let this seal be your guide to quality.

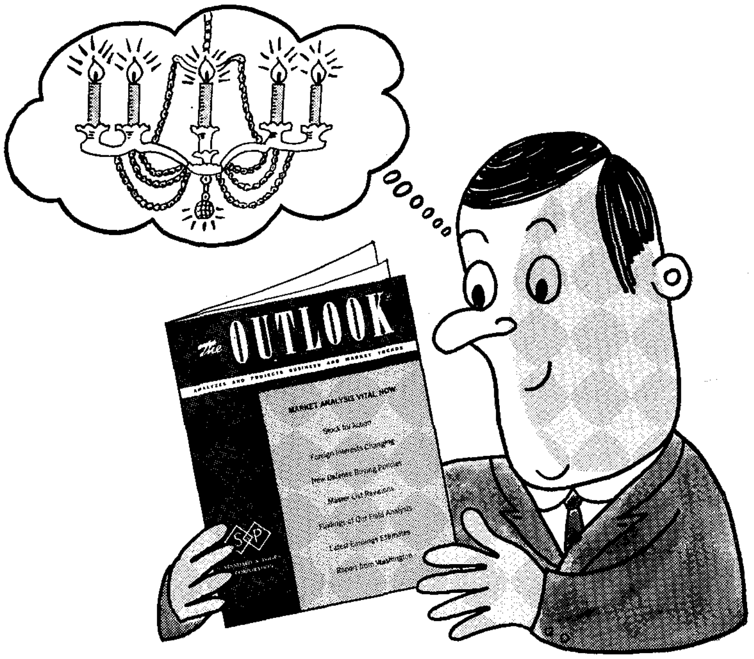
New York State price May vary in other States depending on local taxes.

months, the sales of Anacin shot up to *fif-ty-four million dollars.*"

Having absorbed this, I asked Reeves to what extent the Bates agency shared in all the good fortune.

Reeves replied that he considered this a good question. "Let me explain the way this thing works," he said. "They bring Bates a brand like Anacin at a sales volume of eighteen million dollars a year. Now, in the drug-advertising business, people would look on Anacin as being in the class of 'a third, a third, a third' products. That is, the budget is split up three roughly equal ways: a third for actually making and distributing the product, a third for advertising it, and the other third for profit. That would mean that when Anacin came to us Whitehall Pharmacal, at a volume of eighteen million, was making on the order of six million dollars' profit, spending six million for overhead and six million on advertising. All right!" The napkin bearing the magical drawings was tossed aside; Reeves now borrowed a piece of paper from me and began scrawling figures on it. "Their sales go up to fifty-four million dollars," he went on. "That means they take in thirty-six million dollars extra, does it not? Right! So Anacin is still working 'a third, a third, a third.' So that's a total of eighteen million dollars in pure profit—twelve million more dollars in profit than they were making. Which also means twelve million more for overhead and twelve million more for *advertising*. You see? Our billings went up twelve million dollars a year. Simple!

"And we made this sort of thing happen with one drug product after another. The affluent economy was getting under way, and television was playing a considerable part in cranking it up. You had new marketing patterns developing. You had the supermarkets, where you could see more toothpaste being sold than in the drugstores—where you wheeled your cart past giant displays of consumer goods and impulse purchasing became one of the big things in merchandising. And you had an explosion of new products. Think back. From 1929, when the sky fell on Chicken Licken, until the end of the Second World War, very few new consumer products—brands of cigarette, soup, and so on—were introduced into the mass market. It was only in the fifties that the big bird began to fly. The fragmentation of the market got under way with the proliferation of brands of existing products and the merchandising of all sorts of new products. My boy, if you and I owned one



**The OUTLOOK is illuminating**

HOW MANY INVESTMENT SERVICES ARE?

**STANDARD & POOR'S**
Subsidiary of McGRAW-HILL, Inc.
345 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10014

*Available by Subscription Only*

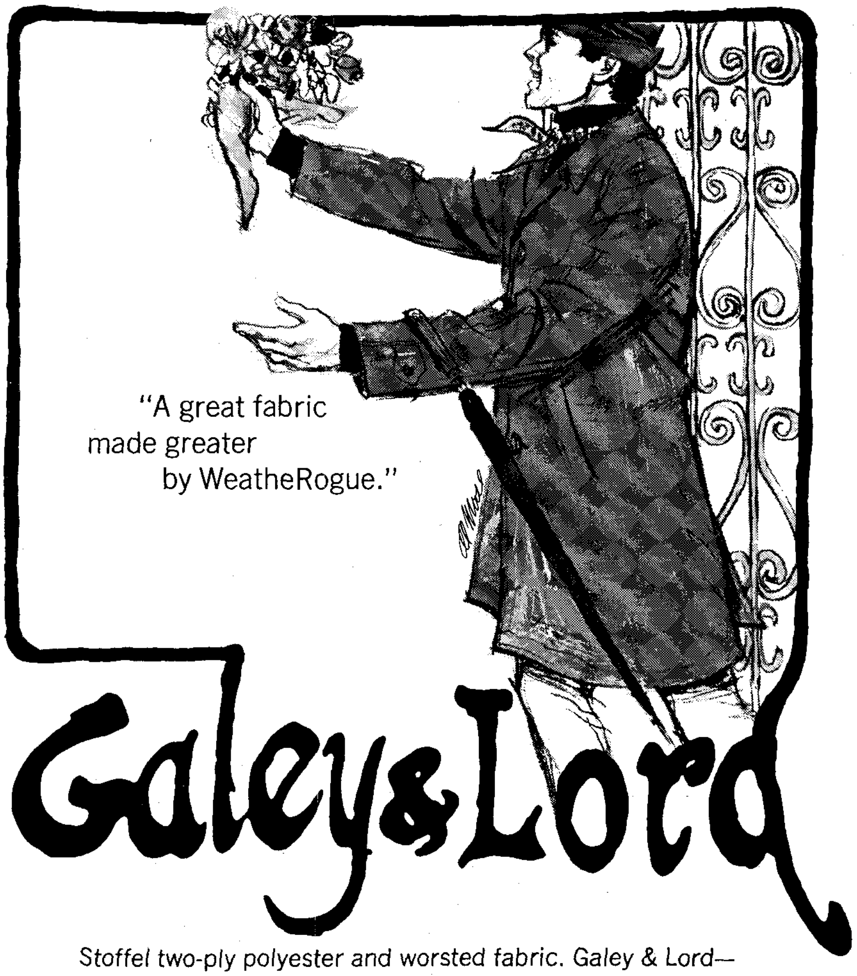
**Haute cuisine and charcoal steaks, concierge and climate-control.**

Only at the Paris Hilton.

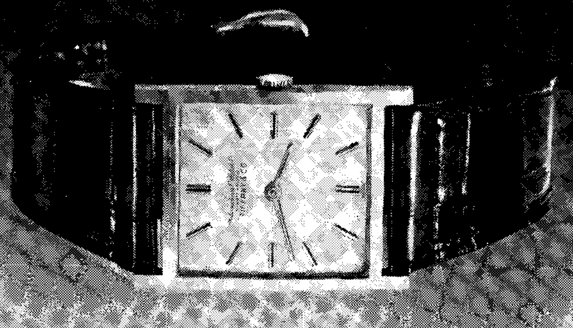
On the roof of this very Parisian Hilton is one of the best French restaurants in Paris, downstairs a great American steak house. And next door, Champ de Mars, Les Invalides and the traditional heart of Paris—the Left Bank. The only luxury hotel on the colorful Left Bank, it's just a Parisian stroll across the Seine to the city's business houses, the shopping on Champs Elysees, the boîtes, boutiques, cafes and charm of Paris. Parisians whose first love is Paris make their second home "the Parisian hotel with an American accent."

For reservations, call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

**Paris Hilton**



Stoffel two-ply polyester and worsted fabric. Galey & Lord—
a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019


*Tiffany watch of fourteen karat gold with seventeen-jewel movement by International of Schaffhausen, $425.*

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.
CHICAGO HOUSTON BEVERLY HILLS SAN FRANCISCO

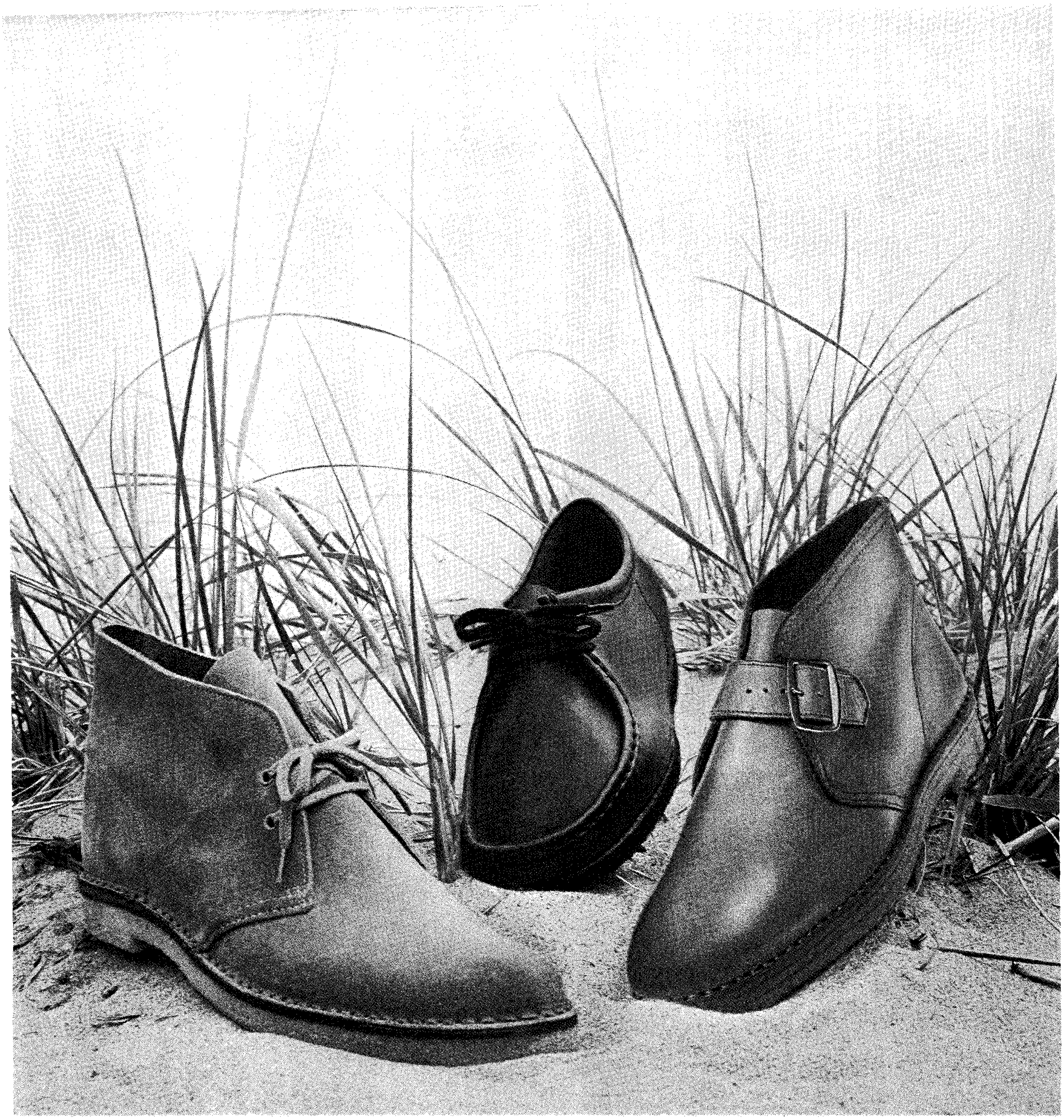
per cent of the aspirin market we'd be living like *feudal overlords.* So at Bates we went into the headache-tablet-advertising business and promoted Anacin, and out of Anacin American Home Products went on to make millions and millions in profits every year. We took on Minute Maid orange juice, and through spot TV we helped turn it into the best-selling brand of orange juice in America. In 1950, when we began our campaign, Minute Maid was grossing five or six million a year, and after a while Jack Fox, the president, sold the company to Coca-Cola for stock worth *fifty-eight million dollars.*

"Look what we did for Super Anahist. That story began in the early fifties, after that great scientific journal the *Reader's Digest* ran an article saying, 'Has Science Developed a Cure for the Common Cold?'—something like that. It was all about antihistamines. Bill Lasdon, who was head of a small chemical company called Nepera, had just put on the market an antihistamine that he called Anahist. The *Digest* article said that Anahist could probably kill a cold within thirty-six hours. That made Anahist an immediate success. Lasdon's sales shot up to fifteen million dollars a year. Then they came down to—well, practically nothing. He had been using another advertising agency, and when his sales came tumbling down he brought the account to us. Our boys went over his figures and said, in effect, 'You're out of business by 4 P.M. nine weeks from today if you go on as you are.'

"Well, we put Lasdon into spot TV heavily, and we recommended that he rename his product Super Anahist. With a new formula, new advertising, new bottle, new price. And Super Anahist made William Lasdon *rich.* He sold out to Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical for Warner-Lambert stock, held on to the stock for a while, and it made him *thirty million dollars.*"

REEVES interrupted this recitation from his catalogue of advertising successes to tackle his boneless lamb, and I began eating, too. As I picked away at my food, I tried to comprehend the sweep of what I had been hearing. After a few minutes, I asked Reeves if he could enlighten me about the philosophical foundations of his advertising approach. He said he could.

"I was the ultimate pragmatist," Reeves told me, with quiet pride. "All advertising is is to move an idea from the inside of one man's head into another's. If I can move ideas into more



## THE ADVENTURERS . . . and it all started with our famous Desert® Boot

Our casuals are handsome and masculine. They're quality crafted. But most important of all, they're superbly comfortable. That's because Clarks casual shoes are designed for comfort. And out of this comfort-design comes the kind of tasteful styling that endures for years. This makes sense. Its the way our famous Desert Boot evolved over twenty years ago. And it's the way we've made casuals ever since. Clarks offers several distinctive styles to choose from including: The Desert Boot (left), Irish Saddle Leather casuals (right) and the new, super-comfortable Wallabee® (center). Each in selection of styles, leathers and colors. Priced from sixteen to twenty-four dollars the pair, at better stores.

EXCLUSIVELY Clarks® OF ENGLAND

®REG. TRADEMARK

560 Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851

heads for the same amount of money somebody else is spending on advertising, I'm good. And I'm brilliant—*absolutely brilliant*—if I can move them into more heads for *less* money. Unlike a lot of my competitors, I never tried to make *interesting* commercials. Why should you spend your time being *interesting*? Let me tell you one of the essential things about TV. The audience is going to look at your commercial whether it's interesting or not. When you put a commercial on the air one night and you have twenty million people looking at the screen, how the hell can they *help* seeing what you put on?

"Let me give you the greatest false syllogism in advertising—and this is the way our competition was always thinking: 'Our commercial must compete with many other commercials. Therefore, our commercial must get attention. And therefore our commercial must be *different*.' All wrong! Properly thought out, it should be 'Our *product* must compete with many other products. Therefore, our *product* must get attention. And therefore [in solemn tones] our *product* must be different.' "

Reeves went on to tell me about how he developed his concept of the Unique Selling Proposition—the U.S.P., for short—through which, in all its commercials, his agency singled out and remorselessly pounded away at, without letup, the principal differences between its clients' products and their competitors'.

Thus, putting into the minds of the viewing population the distinctive quality of M & M's candy:

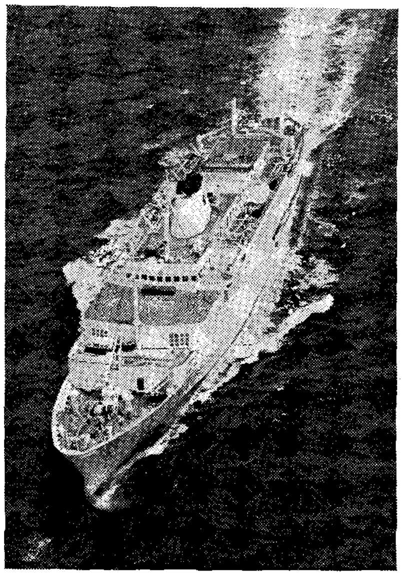
"I remember coming in one morning about nine-thirty and there were two men sitting in the reception room. They were principal executives of the M & M's Candies, a division of Mars Incorporated, which was headed by Forrest Mars, a remarkable man. These two men said they had been sitting there since eight-thirty. I asked them why they hadn't come in by appointment. They said they wanted to come in to the agency unannounced to see if it was being run properly. I said, 'Gentlemen, if you are going to equate good copywriting with the time people get up in the morning, let me give you the names of some worthy dairy farmers in upper New York State. Let them write your copy.'

"Well, these men had a campaign going at another agency, and they weren't satisfied. We arranged for a screening of the M & M's commercials they had on the air. The commercials didn't have a message. Now, Forrest Mars heads a company that is worth between seven hundred and eight hundred million dollars as a result of his knowing you never bring out a product unless it has some raison d'être. The raison d'être here was that M & M's were not like chocolate bars but like little vitamin pills. You pop them into your mouth. They're hard. They crack. They're marvellous. I could see that they had a built-in advantage.

"We had lunch here at the Baroque. I said, 'You gentlemen are wrong. You came to find out if the Bates agency can find the proper message for you. But you *have* the proper message. It's in the product. It hasn't been used. You have been dealing with an agency that doesn't understand television.' I took a menu and I drew a picture of two fists on it. I said, 'Which hand has the M & M's candy in it?' I drew another picture with the two hands, one of them now open. That hand was smeared and sticky. I said, 'Not this hand. *This* hand!' And here are these delicious shells in the other hand. I explained the rest: We show a man popping them into his mouth. And the announcer says, 'The milk chocolate melts in your mouth—not in your hand!' So simple. It took a minute and a half to write. We got the M & M's account. And we ran that commercial for year after year after year. 'Not this hand. *This* hand!' And sales took off into the blue. And M & M's had to build a new factory."

Thus, the fusillade of pens on the home screen:

"A man from Bic pens walked into my office. A French company had just bought controlling interest in the Waterman Pen Company, which was floundering here. The name of the new American company was Waterman-Bic, and they didn't have any business here at all—none! They were putting out cheap ballpoint pens. There were other ballpoint pens on the market, and a common trouble with them was that they didn't write right away when you started to use them. Bic pens did. We put Bic into spot TV. I came to the Baroque with a couple of my writers. We wrote a commercial. In the commercial, we put the pen in an electric drill, then drilled through a heavy board with it. Then we had a hand pick up the pen and write with it. 'Writes first time every time!' That was the copy line. For another commercial, we mounted it on a crossbow. The crossbow is a powerful thing. We



7 day Caribbean Cruises on the Ms DALMATIA or Ms ISTRA from $135 plus air fare

Fly Air France to Guadeloupe, where you'll board the Ms Dalmatia or her sister ship, Ms Istra. Exciting shipboard living, day and night. Choice of two sensational itineraries visiting some of the most colorful ports in the world.

**Ms Dalmatia**—Every Saturday, Nov. 22, 1969 to April 4, 1970—Guadeloupe to Curacao, La Guaira (Caracas), Trinidad, Barbados, St. Lucia, Martinique, Guadeloupe. From $135.

**Ms Istra**—Every Saturday, Dec. 27, 1969 to April 11, 1970—Guadeloupe to Aruba, La Guaira (Caracas), Grenada, Martinique, Dominica, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe. From $135.

*Combine two itineraries for 15 days of sun and fun!*

**SAFETY INFORMATION:** The Ms Dalmatia and Ms Istra, registered in Yugoslavia, meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960, and meet the 1966 fire safety requirements. Built in 1965, fully air-conditioned and stabilized.

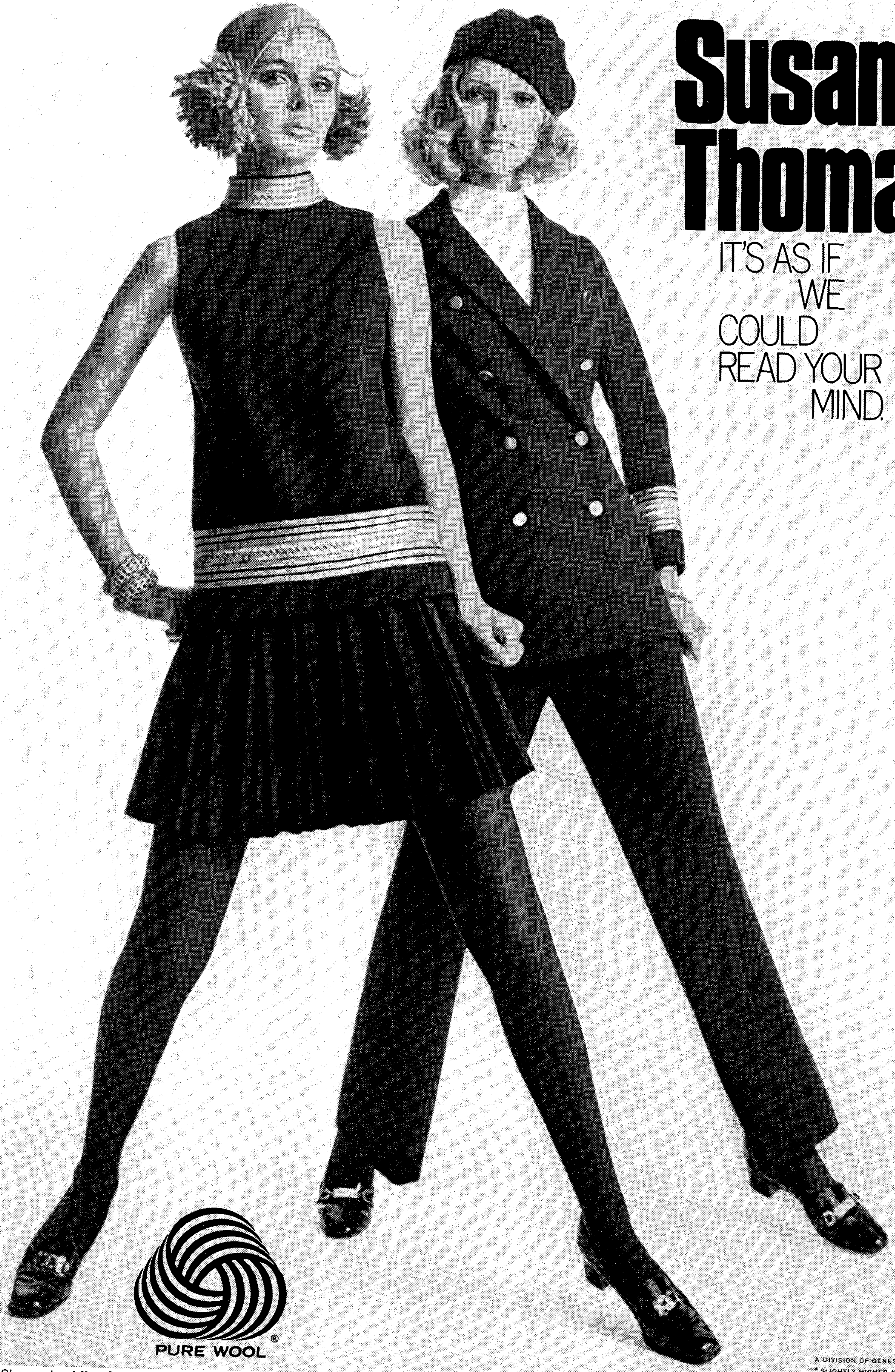
See your travel agent, or send for brochures.

star cruises

TRAVELINE INC.
680 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) PL 7-0909
dic

# Susan Thomas

IT'S AS IF
WE
COULD
READ YOUR
MIND.



PURE WOOL®

A DIVISION OF GENESCO.
*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Shape ahoy! **Ilse Smith** designed these nautical numbers for Fall. Left: Overblouse and pleated skirt of wool doubleknit by Lebanon, with gold braid trim. In red, navy, white. Sizes 6-16. About $70.* Right: Three piece pant costume of wool doubleknit. In navy only. Sizes 8-16. About $130.* Both dress and pant costume have the sewn-in Woolmark label. It's your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . pure wool. *Available at:* **Bergdorf-Goodman,** Miss Bergdorf Shop, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin (Miss Magnin), West Coast. For store nearest you, write Susan Thomas, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 10018.

shot Bic pens through oak boards two inches thick. 'Writes first time every time!' We put it in a *rifle*. In slow motion, you see this pen being fired from the barrel. It goes through a board *this* thick. 'Writes first time every time!' Within *two* years, Bic had *fif-ty per cent* of the ballpoint-pen business in this country."

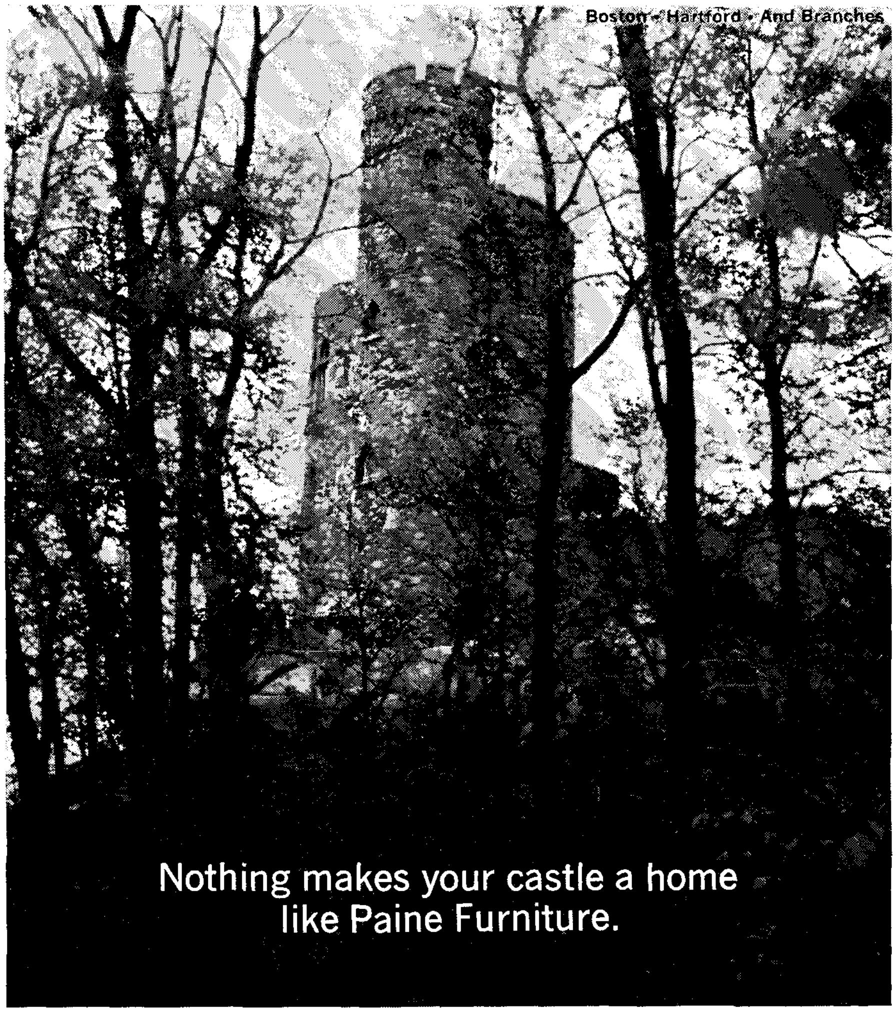
As Reeves went on reciting miracle after miracle that had resulted from his pursuit of the hard sell, I began to feel that there was something at the back of my mind that I wanted to talk with him about concerning his theories of advertising. Soon I realized what it was. It was sex. The reason for this was that I had noticed something quite curious about Reeves' hard-sell advertising. Ever since the nineteen-twenties, sex—or, at least, the shadowy promise of it—has been considered a reliable primary lure for advertisers wanting to attract the attention of the great American public. Most advertising is soaked in it, and even in big corporations directors who might deplore the wearing of miniskirts by secretaries on their staffs are likely to deplore even more strongly advertising programs for their companies that fail to feature sexy-looking girls in sexy-looking clothes.

I should observe that I have found it clear, after hearing Reeves talk at great length, that he has no harsh words to utter against sex. He perceives its universal presence. He admires, no less than any other man, beauty in women. And when, talking about his hobby of gem collecting, he gets particularly enthusiastic about a particular stone, he is apt to refer to it as "this absolutely *sexy* jewel." At one point during our lunch, I even heard him describe as "really sexy" a piece of real estate he had been trying to acquire in Jamaica. But in his advertising? The surprising thing was that, as far as I could determine, the Prince of the Hard Sell, far from pushing sex in his commercials, had abjured it in practically monastic fashion.

I told Reeves it had occurred to me that his advertising was remarkably low in sex appeal.

"You're absolutely right, my boy," Reeves said, pleased. "My own experience in television advertising convinced me that sex usually is a distraction you cannot afford. You can use sex in your commercials to make them look more beautiful. But what the client really needs is not beautiful commercials but the most effective means of making his sales curves go up.

"Let me illustrate. We took on a



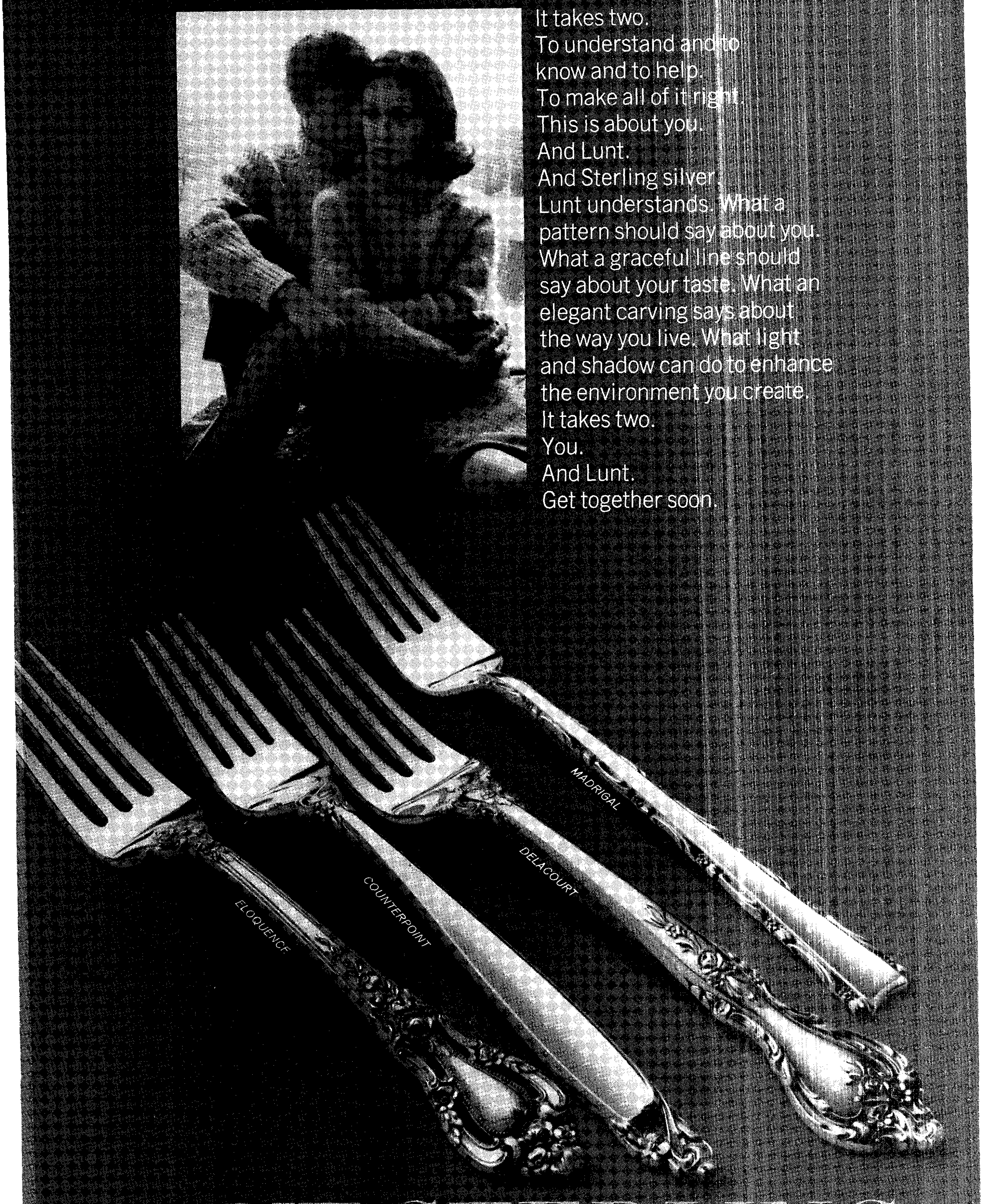
Boston • Hartford • And Branches
Nothing makes your castle a home like Paine Furniture.

BEING TRANSFERRED?

See Homerica First! Without charge, Homerica will send you the vital facts about your relocation area. After careful analysis, Homerica will pinpoint the suburb your family will probably prefer. Through our national network of more than 1200 real estate brokers, Homerica will screen houses in any of 4,000 communities. You will be shown only those that meet all your requirements. You could even find your home within a week of contacting us! Homerica knows all about commuting, schools — recreational, religious, cultural and medical facilities. Homerica will guide you in market values, financing and related matters. Without cost to you. Telephone S. de Lima today, or write your nearest Homerica office.

HOMERICA INC.

200 Park Ave. New York 10017
Phone 212 661-3111
Chicago • Los Angeles


MADRIGAL
DELACOURT
COUNTERPOINT
ELOQUENCE

It takes two.
To understand and to
know and to help.
To make all of it right.
This is about you.
And Lunt.
And Sterling silver.
Lunt understands. What a
pattern should say about you.
What a graceful line should
say about your taste. What an
elegant carving says about
the way you live. What light
and shadow can do to enhance
the environment you create.
It takes two.
You.
And Lunt.
Get together soon.

# LUNT STERLING

IZOD

. . . for cushioned comfort
in soft carefree Orlon®

As you well know—feet take a lot of abuse. They don't have to any more. Treat them to a pair of Izod's cushioned socks. They are absolutely the best ever. Try a pair and you'll see.

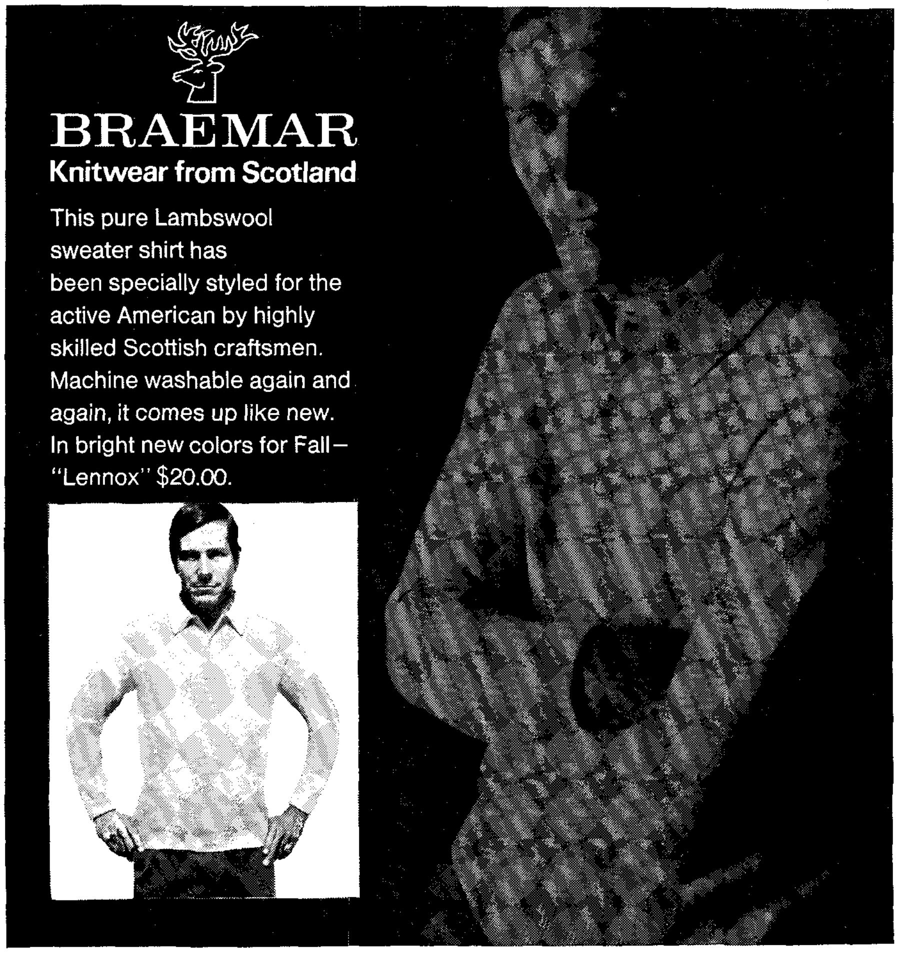
Remember, when your feet feel good, the rest of you will feel great.

THE IZOD SOCKS. Orlon acrylic* and stretch nylon. One size fits all. Many colors. $2.50 a pair.

Lord & Taylor—N.Y. and all stores
Capper & Capper—Chicago
Bullock's—So. California

*DuPont Reg. T.M.

IZOD LTD
498 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.



BRAEMAR
Knitwear from Scotland

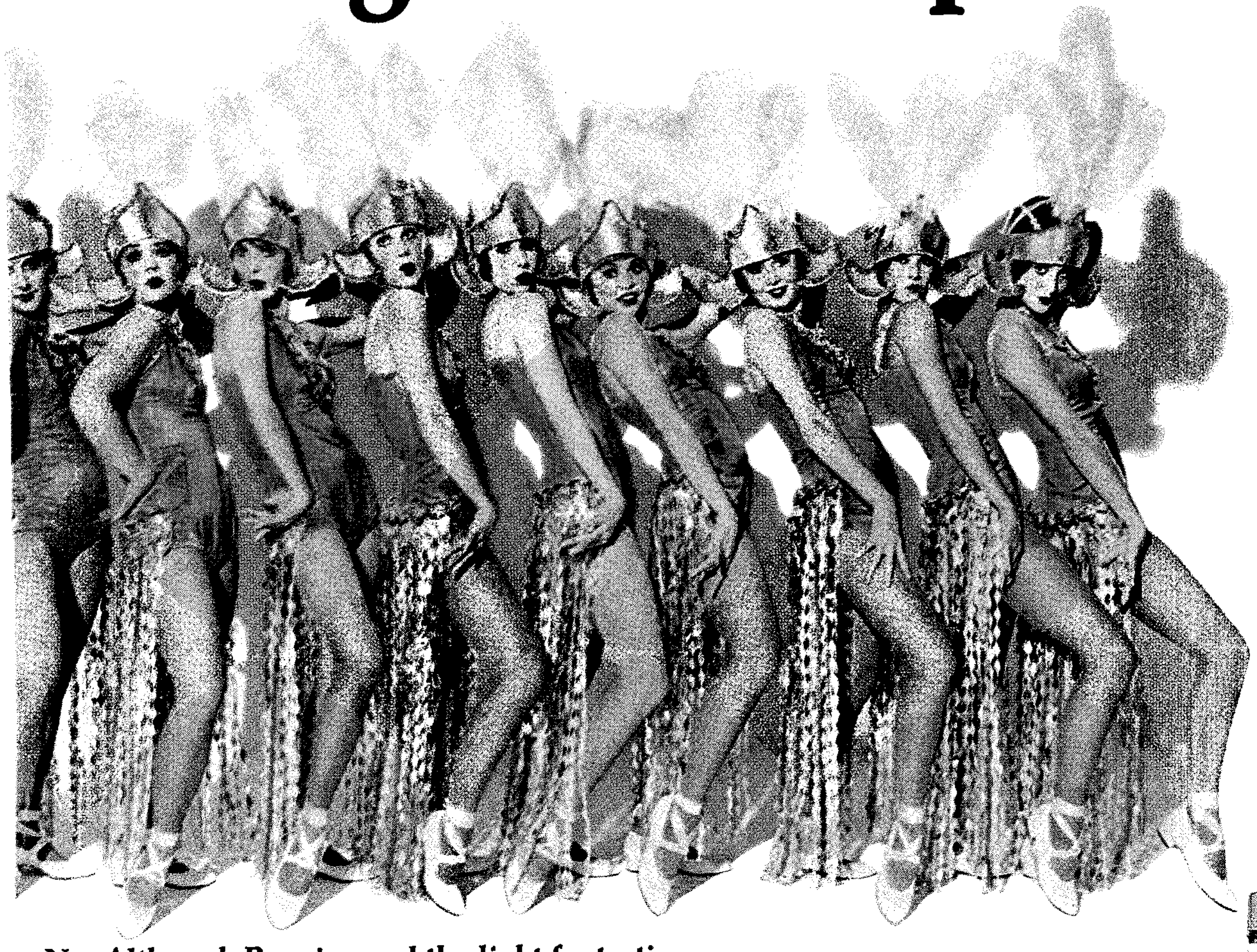
This pure Lambswool sweater shirt has been specially styled for the active American by highly skilled Scottish craftsmen. Machine washable again and again, it comes up like new. In bright new colors for Fall—"Lennox" $20.00.

For nearest store write Braemar Knitwear, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY. 10016.

brand-new product—Rolaids, a candy-like antacid tablet—for American Chicle. We put Rolaids into TV *exclusively*, and from a standing start it was suddenly in the No. 1 position in the field. Over Tums. But when we went in, Tums had had the field to themselves. The Tums people were using another agency. The agency was using, mostly, one commercial. In the commercial, they had this absolutely *exquisite* girl. One of the most beautiful models I've ever seen. She must have been nineteen or twenty years old. Long, smooth, gorgeous flanks, beautiful bosom—su-perb figure! Let me describe the commercial. The girl comes out on this diving board and the camera pans over this remarkable system of anatomy. At which point the viewer is transfixed. The girl does a dive in slow motion. The water cascades above the surface. The girl comes to the edge of the pool. The camera is peering right at her. You can see the swell of those beautiful breasts. And at that point the girl has an attack of stomach acid. Good God! Just think of the loss of time, man! You've already used half of your sixty seconds just to set up the existence of stomach acid. And the girl is so beautiful that you have hardly heard what the announcer has been saying. All right, somewhere in there the girl took a Tums and got a cure. But nobody knew it, because they were admiring the girl. That's what I call 'vampire video.' And Tums was supposed to be selling an antacid pill! I don't have to take more than thirty seconds of the most *expensive* time in the *world* to say that stomach acid is bad for you.

"When we got going for Rolaids, I made sure that there would be no distractions of sex and no beating about the bush. We came right to the point. Using essential pedagogical techniques. Rolaids was using a new antacid called DASC, which is short for some terribly long chemical name. I put a shot of a man holding up a handkerchief on the screen and had him say, 'Do you know that the acid in your stomach can burn a hole in this handkerchief?' We show a closeup of the handkerchief with a hole in it. The announcer goes on, 'Now comes a new kind of antacid—Rolaids, which absorbs *forty-seven times* its own weight in stomach acid!' And we show a shot of a beaker filled with dark acid. We drop in a Rolaids. The acid turns clear, like distilled water. The Optical Cure. The commercial was a smash success, and while Rolaids was getting all the sales success with the handkerchief

Ron Rico. Wasn't he the dance director who spotted Ruby Keeler in the Ziegfeld line-up?



No. Although Ronrico and the light fantastic do go hand in hand.

But Ronrico's a rum—a very light and rather fantastic rum. The lightest, the driest, perhaps the smoothest tasting rum in all the Caribbean.

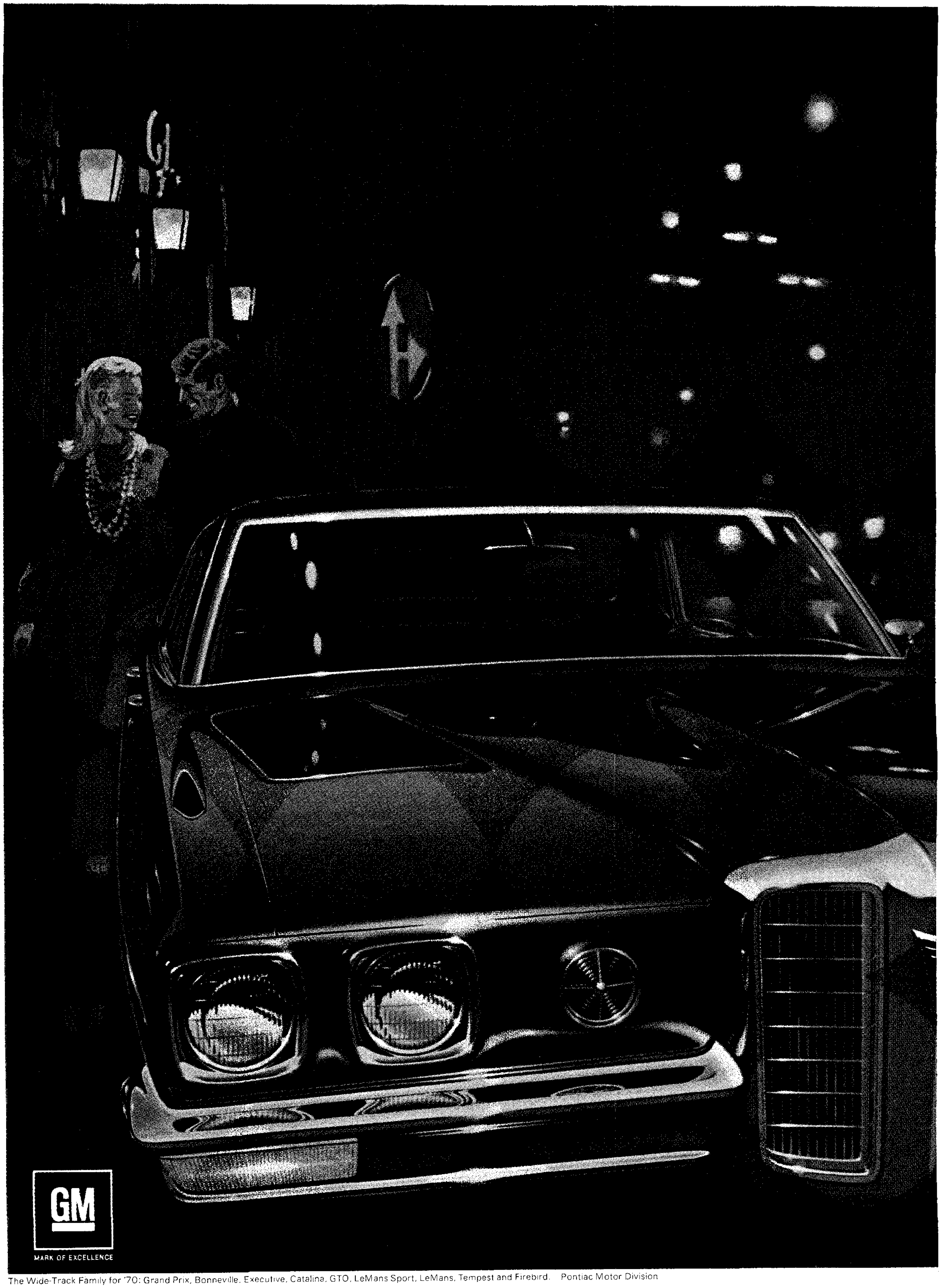
Try it and you'll know exactly how it feels to discover a star.

For a 30"x 40" color poster of this ad send $1 to Personality Posters, Dept. N-5, 74 Fifth Ave., NYC 10011. Void where prohibited.

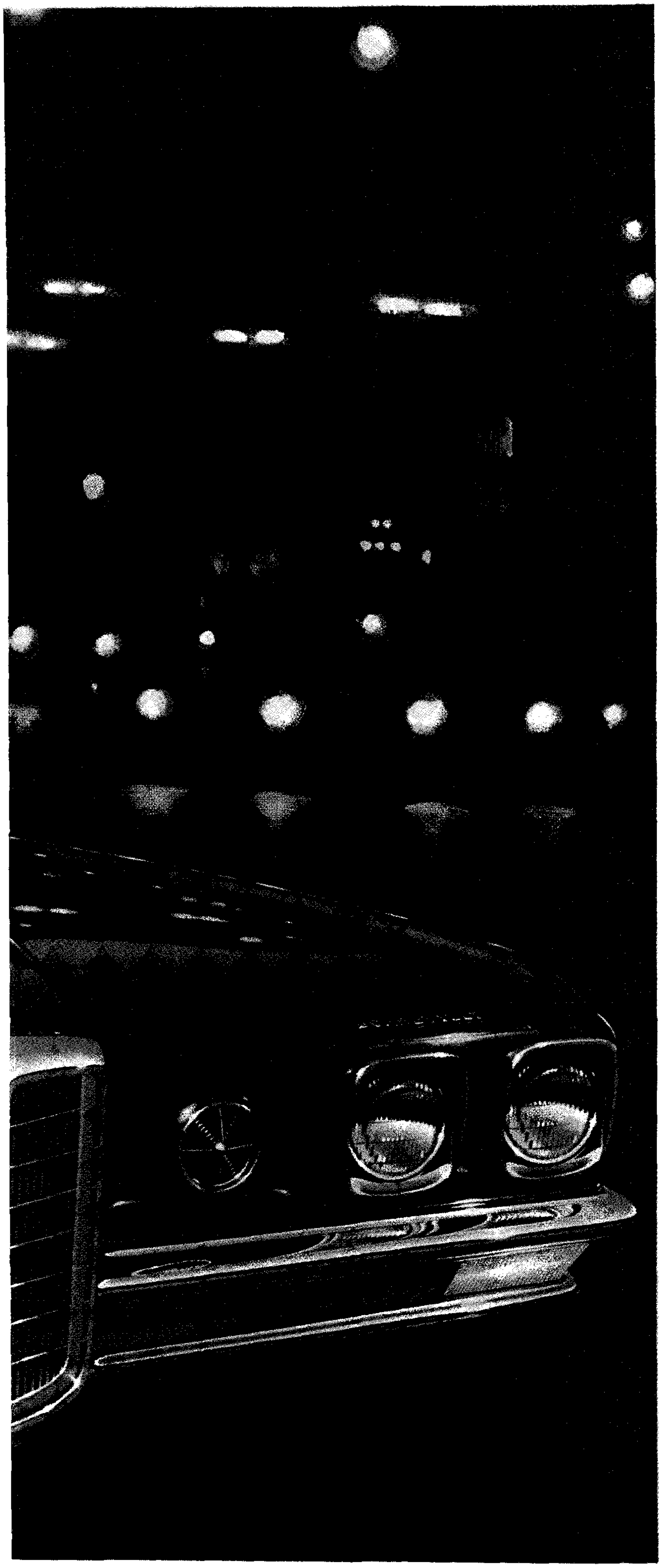
Ronrico. A rum to remember.

©GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NYC, 80 PROOF

RONRICO
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
PUERTO
RICAN
RUM


GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

The Wide-Track Family for '70: Grand Prix, Bonneville, Executive, Catalina, GTO, LeMans Sport, LeMans, Tempest and Firebird. Pontiac Motor Division



# Pontiac's 70's

## This is the way it's going to be.

Pontiac does it again. Again.

Take that 1970 Bonneville. Big, bold, stylish. Looking every bit like it owns the next 10 years.

And it just might.

What with the out-of-sight looks and the 360-hp., 455-cube V-8 as standard fare, who's to argue? Especially if he opens a door.

Pontiac's plushest interior yet. A whole array of new fabrics and designs straight out of the fashion pages. Now, isn't that the way you want luxury to be?

But suppose this is your year to really fly high? Strap yourself into the cockpit of a '70 Grand Prix. Start the engine. (You can order up to a 370-hp. mover.) And prepare for flight. The ride. The handling. The performance. All there. And that's the way driving should be.

Then there's the way fun is going to be. Pontiac's new LeMans Sport. To look at it, you'd think we started from scratch. And you'd be darn near right. (Some of the gaskets and such are holdovers.) It's new on the outside. New on the inside. And wait'll you drive it. (Especially if you order the 400-cube V-8.)

GTO? Oboy! If the sight of it doesn't turn you on, the sound of it will. Order it with the new, low-restriction performance exhaust. And listen. Listen to the standard 400-cube V-8. Or the new 455-cube V-8 with automatic box you can order. Or specify the 400-cube, 370-hp. Ram Air IV. Sweet music. GTO. Now called The Humbler. For obvious reasons.

So if you want to see the way it's going to be, see your Pontiac dealer. There's no other way.

**We take
the fun of driving
seriously.**

# TEN YEARS AGO WE INTRODUCED THESE POTS IN RED, YELLOW AND BLUE. WE'VE JUST CHANGED THE COLORS TO RED! YELLOW! AND BLUE!

For ten years we've looked for ways to improve our famous pots. And all we could find to change was the colors. Only the pots have remained the same. There's not a curve or an edge we could change and in good conscience call an improvement.

We seem to be stuck with a classic.

More classics (more than seem likely) can be found in Dansk's latest catalog of 498 things for the tabletop. For your copy send 10¢ to Dansk Designs Ltd., Dept. W, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 10549.

DANSK DESIGNS LTD.

and the beaker, Tums was using the gorgeous girl, the cleavage, the diving board, the slow motion, and getting practically nowhere. Poor Tums! They had been No. 1. And Tums panicked. Which was predictable. Because the minute you begin to get a sales success with a commercial, you can always count on your competitors' helping you. They get panicky and start thrashing around, trying all sorts of new approaches, mostly bad.

"So you can see that the beautiful girl had no place in our blueprint. We never allowed ourselves to be distracted by sex unless there was a good reason, and in all my years at the Bates agency when we were putting on television commercials we found very few good reasons to be so distracted. That made us unique in the business. Everyone kept saying, 'Why don't you write more beautiful commercials?' And everybody in the business was astonished by the way our billings grew and grew and grew. We didn't start an agency in a little room and become the fourth-largest advertising agency in the world because our competitors loved us but because our advertising techniques worked like mad." Reeves paused, and then said in a triumphant tone that caused a couple of heads to turn at a nearby table, "Absorbs *forty-seven times* its own weight in stomach acid!"

IT must have been fortunate for Reeves that he was not dependent on the good opinion of his competitors in the advertising business; I was well aware that in the fifties and the early sixties many ad men were highly critical, even by the hardly demanding standards of the advertising industry, of the techniques the Bates agency used. Some of the commercials put out under Reeves—in praise of Carter's Little Liver Pills, for example, or of deodorants—brought seemingly endless minutes of sheer horror into the living room, and advertising executives of other agencies protested that what the Bates agency was putting on the air was reflecting adversely on the whole advertising business. These men also expressed fears that competitive pressures might force them into the same sort of thing. And, indeed, to a considerable extent their fears were soon realized. An item in the advertising column in the *Times* a few years ago quoted an advertising executive as saying that there were "two things wrong with American advertising—Rosser Reeves." As for the series of Anacin commercials put out under Reeves' su-

The freedom house

*Freedom from dull conventions.* Techbuilt's unreserved design invites a wholly new approach to living. *Freedom to express yourself.* Techbuilt is the unique pre-built house with custom built flexibility. Exclusive post-and-beam construction and modular walls give you total freedom in planning room arrangements. *Freedom from care.* Handsome modern materials which require only a minimum of maintenance.

*Freedom from the squeeze.* Generous rooms . . . open spaces . . . floor-to-ceiling glass walls . . . bedrooms plus . . . Techbuilt wins the space race. More than a score of contemporary Techbuilt designs are available. Send today for fascinating photo-and-fact-filled brochure showing vacation and year-round homes. Only $1.00. From Techbuilt, Inc., 585 State Road, Dept. N-927, North Dartmouth, Mass. 02747.

TECHBUILT®

Henredon's Officers Chest Collection . . . handsome simplicity . . . a perfect blend of beauty and practicality.
Shown here with the all-purpose chest from the exciting new Circa 75 Collection.
For brochures showing Officers Chest and Circa 75 Collections, send $1.00 to Henredon, Dept. NY-9279, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

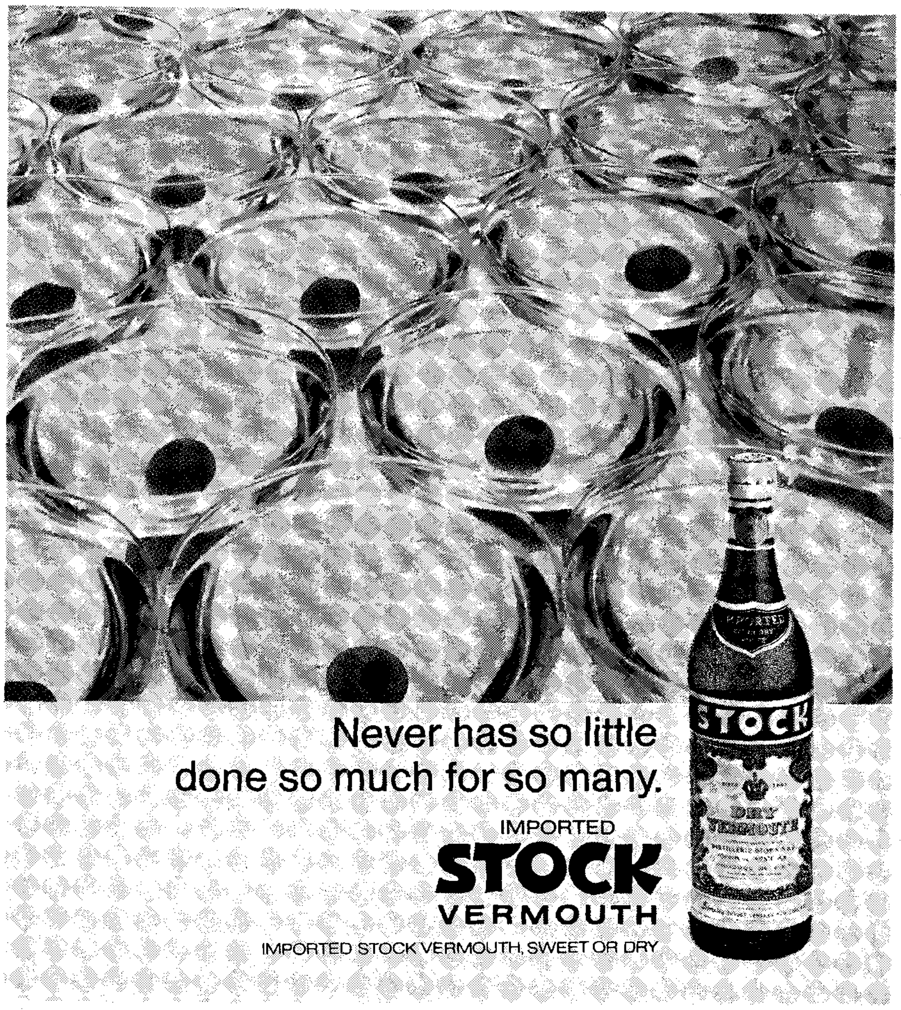
Henredon fine furniture

pervision, another item in the *Times* said that the commercials were "perennially voted among the worst [on television] by advertising people." At our lunch, I referred to some of the criticism that the Anacin commercials had drawn, and Reeves seemed almost pleased.

"They were the most hated commercials in the history of advertising," he said.

Reeves' work was subject to criticism not only from within the advertising profession—and, of course, from viewers—but also, every now and then, from the Federal Trade Commission, on the ground that some of it constituted false and misleading advertising. An example was a complaint that the F.T.C. made about a Bates commercial prepared for Palmolive Rapid Shave, a product of the Colgate-Palmolive Company. The commercial showed a "sandpaper test," in which what looked like sandpaper was shaved as clean as could be after an application of Rapid Shave while an announcer shouted, "To prove Rapid Shave's super-moisturizing power, we put it right from the can onto this rough, dry sandpaper! It was apply, soak, and off in a stroke!" Actually, the F.T.C. claimed, the sandpaper shaved clean in a stroke in the commercial was not sandpaper at all but Plexiglas to which some sand had been applied. The F.T.C. issued an order forbidding the Bates agency and Colgate-Palmolive to continue such practices. Bates and Palmolive protested that the use of the mockup was justified by the fact that real sandpaper didn't photograph like real sandpaper, and that mere "technical difficulties" were responsible for what was really an innocent substitution. The F.T.C. responded by producing evidence to show that real sandpaper would have to be soaked in Rapid Shave for an hour and a half before it could be shaved clean in the manner demonstrated in the Bates commercial. The case eventually went to the Supreme Court, which found against Bates and Colgate-Palmolive.

When Reeves wasn't actually fighting pitched battles with the F.T.C., he was often skirmishing with it, and he clearly considered the agency to be run by bureaucratic spoilsports. His difficulties with the F.T.C. are not surprising, considering the number of ingenious "tests," "demonstrations," and scientific-sounding "surveys" his commercials featured. In the work of Reeves, the hard-sell artist, the development of certain characteristic themes and devices is discernible through the

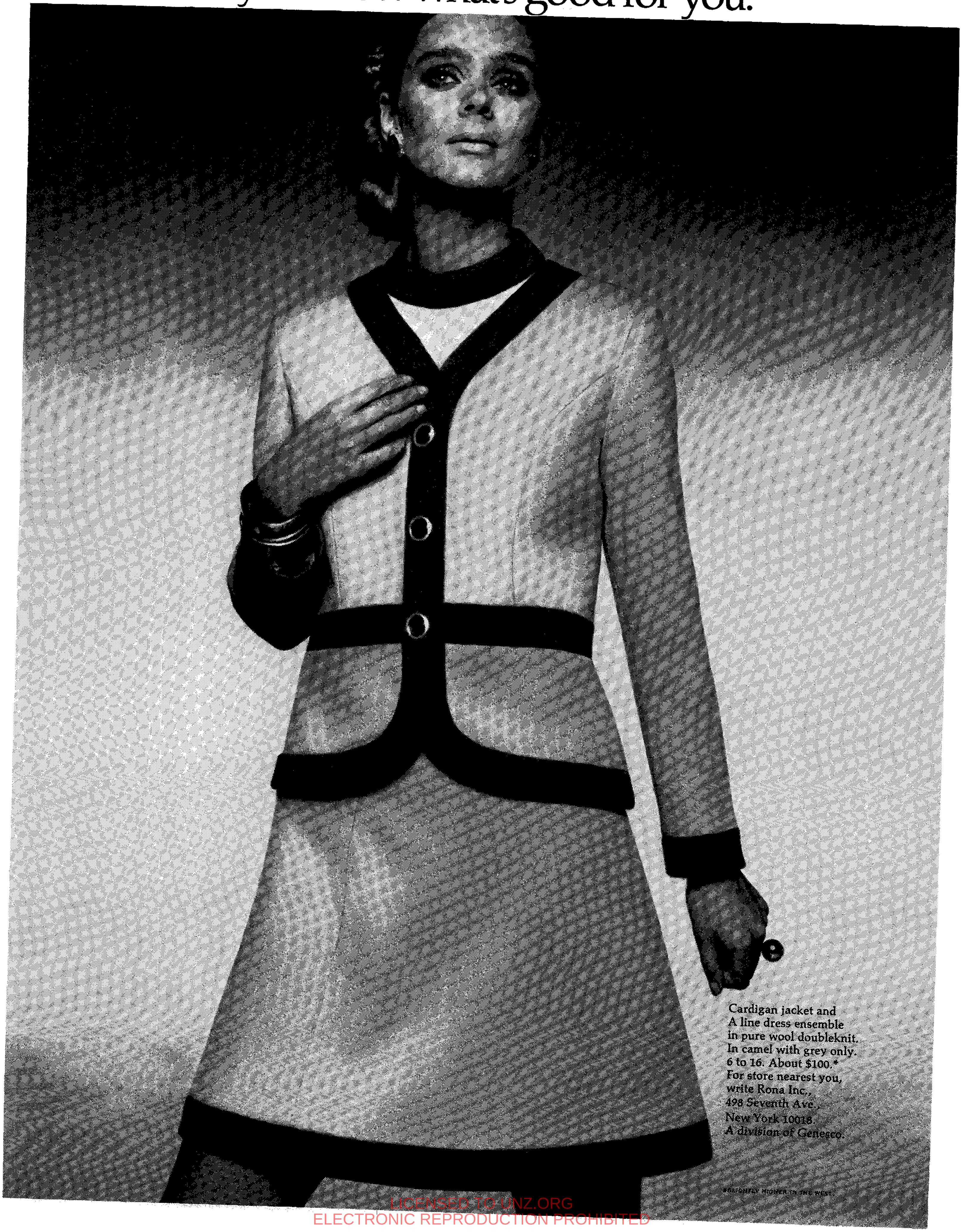

Never has so little
done so much for so many.
IMPORTED
STOCK
VERMOUTH
IMPORTED STOCK VERMOUTH, SWEET OR DRY
STOCK
DRY VERMOUTH

It's MM's big-game leopard pouch. All zipped up and leather strapped with a convertible handle. Two species. Tan/black Somali Leopard. Black/white Snow Leopard. Copy cats both. $90. Matching belt sized 24 to 30. $25. Carry off elegance from Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman-Marcus, Julius Garfinckel and all their branches.

MM
Morris Moskowitz

How to bag a Somali

Rona.
If you know what's good for you.



Cardigan jacket and
A line dress ensemble
in pure wool doubleknit.
In camel with grey only.
6 to 16. About $100.*
For store nearest you,
write Rona Inc.,
498 Seventh Ave.,
New York 10018.
A division of Genesco.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

THE BARTENDER'S GUIDE TO PARTY CHEESES...

**WISPRIDE® Sharp Cheddar Cheese spread lights up any manhattan with golden goodness. Toasted, served on crackers, or sharpening up the hors d'oeuvres, it refreshes any palate.**

WISPRIDE

**SWISS KNIGHT® A nut-like flavor makes this *fine imported* Gruyère a warming companion for a chilled martini. In wedges or slices, a great Knight for a party.**

SWISS KNIGHT

**HUM® *Holland's finest* Gouda and Edam to be sliced or scooped as a tangy complement for any drink.**

GERBER CHEESE CO., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

years, and as we lunched he touched on some of these with the élan of a Picasso dropping a passing remark on the existence of Mediterranean mythological themes in his work. Thus, in Reeves' creations over the years there run variations on the Speed Wash theme. Reeves described its initial appearance in his work.

"Before I started at the Bates agency," he said, "I had been working at Benton & Bowles. When I was there, I had a product called Supersuds. In trying to work out a campaign for Supersuds, I failed to find, from any research I could see, any unique reason that women should use Supersuds. I decided that the trouble didn't lie with the soap—it was the fault of the women who were using it. As a result, I sent a group of researchers up to Syracuse, New York, on washday and had them watch women in their homes as they washed their clothes in washing machines. They discovered that eight out of ten women wound up with dirty clothes—not because of the soap they were using but because they didn't use hot enough water, didn't use *enough* soap, or didn't rinse the wash properly. Or they might overwash. They might take more time than they needed to, and the soap they had been using would be exhausted and the dirt that had been washed out of their clothes would be washed right back in. All right! So we showed them the proper way, according to a methodology of washing we had the *Good Housekeeping* people work out for us. Then our investigators observed the same women washing again, with this methodology. And using Supersuds. And this time eight out of ten of these women got a cleaner and more dazzling wash. So I named this wash the Speed Wash with Supersuds. It was perfectly legal, ethical, and proper, in my opinion. Because the same methodology might not work with another soap." Reeves shrugged and said, "I don't know."

The Speed Wash theme reappeared a few years later, in somewhat different guise, and with more advanced scientific trappings, in Bates advertising for another Colgate-Palmolive product. This time, Reeves' research system was directed toward the use of Palmolive soap.

"The Palmolive account had been thrown open for solicitation by various agencies," he said. "I remember that the Esty agency spent a great deal of money preparing a very elaborate presentation. They hired a well-known photographer called Valentino Sarra and used what for that day were daring pictures of beautiful girls lying on white bearskin rugs. They were doing 'image' advertising—it was designed to create a feeling around the product. It never really said anything about the soap, but I assume the Esty company was figuring that some of the lush treatment would rub off and stick to Palmolive.

"At the Bates agency, Ted Bates and I did three days of thinking about ways to get that Palmolive account. I decided to go out and talk to doctors and skin specialists. I approached a doctor called Dr. Sam Peck—who is really a skin scientist as well as a practitioner. I asked Dr. Peck, 'If I were a beautiful woman and I wanted to keep my skin beautiful, what would I do?'

"Dr. Peck said, 'You should wash your face three times a day with soap and water. Science has never discovered a better way to cleanse the skin than with soap and water.'

"I said, 'Does it matter what soap I use?'

"He said, 'It matters a great deal. Some soaps are too harsh.' He said that I should use a very bland, neutral soap.

"I said, 'Dr. Peck, if I had a bad skin because it was an unclean skin, what you are saying is that I would have a better, healthier, prettier skin if I washed my face two or three times a day with soap and water.'

"He said, 'That's right.'

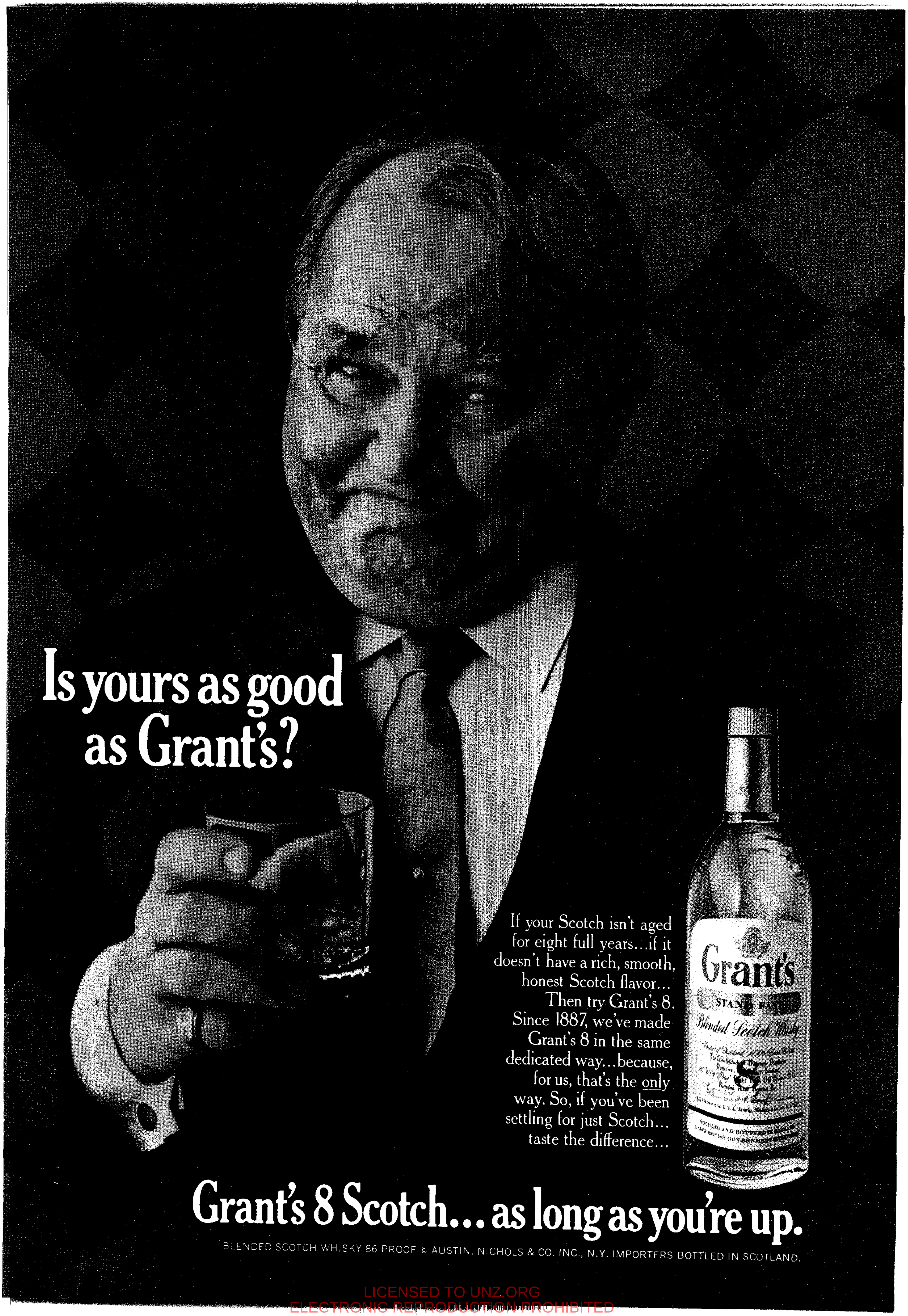
"I said, 'Can you cite any experiments to prove that to be true?'

"He said, 'Nobody has ever thought to do the experiment, because it's so obvious.'

"I told Dr. Peck that it might never have been proved but that we at Bates had to give heed to a group of bureaucratic doubting Thomases [the Federal Trade Commission] and that before I made that statement it was necessary that it be proved.

"Dr. Peck said, 'It's easy enough to prove, but it would cost a great deal of money and take a lot of time.'

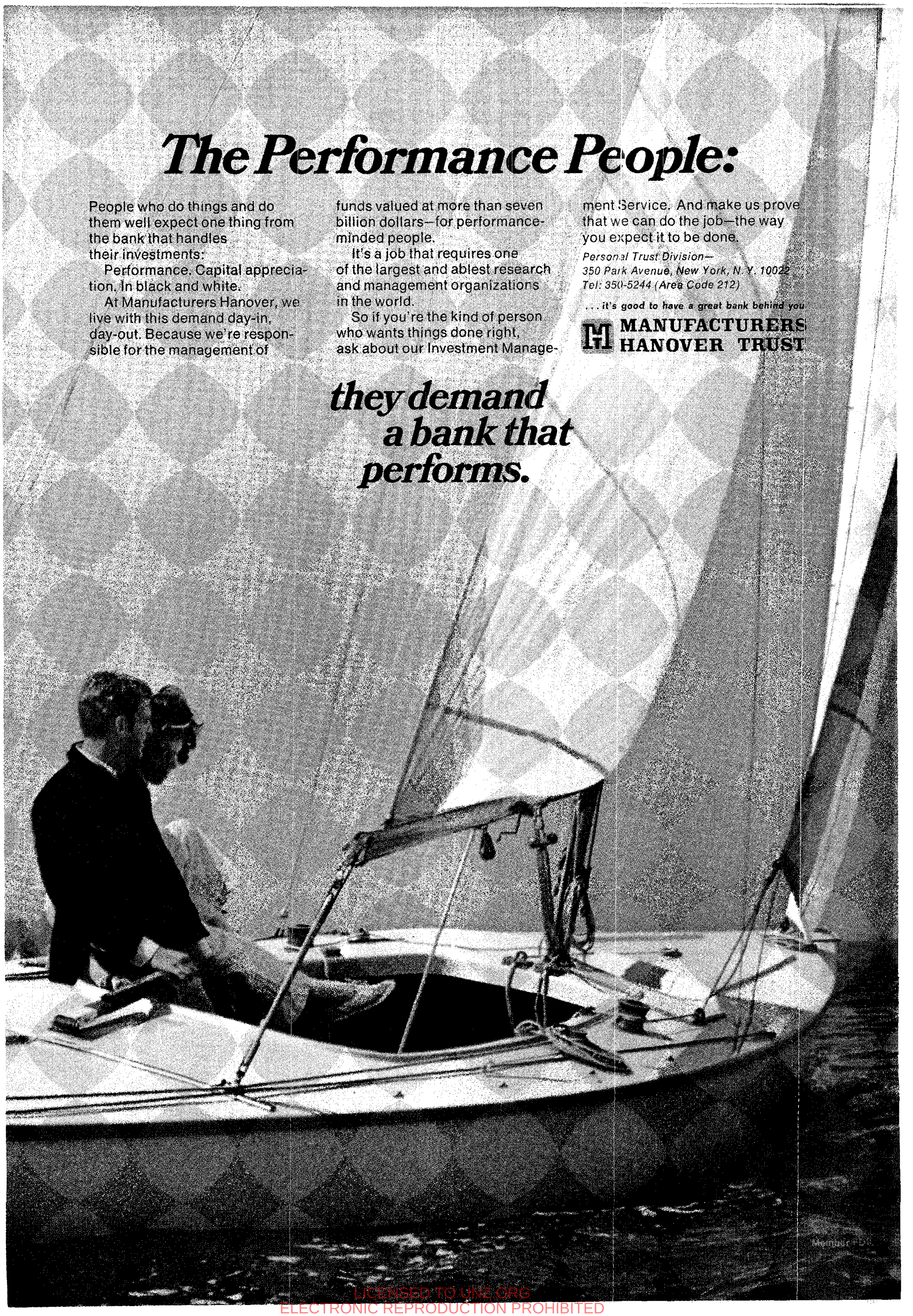
"Bearing that in mind, Ted Bates and I went to work on a sample ad. It was in longhand on a big yellow pad. 'Doctors Prove You, Too, May Have a Lovelier Skin with Palmolive Soap.' We went to E. H. Little, who was the president of Colgate-Palmolive, and showed him the proposed ad. Now, let me tell you something about Edward Herman Little. He was always ready to spend money to get a good copy story. And when we


Is yours as good as Grant's?
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky

If your Scotch isn't aged for eight full years...if it doesn't have a rich, smooth, honest Scotch flavor... Then try Grant's 8. Since 1887, we've made Grant's 8 in the same dedicated way...because, for us, that's the only way. So, if you've been settling for just Scotch... taste the difference...

Grant's 8 Scotch... as long as you're up.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO. INC., N.Y. IMPORTERS BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.



**The Performance People:**

People who do things and do them well expect one thing from the bank that handles their investments:

Performance. Capital appreciation. In black and white.

At Manufacturers Hanover, we live with this demand day-in, day-out. Because we're responsible for the management of funds valued at more than seven billion dollars—for performance-minded people.

It's a job that requires one of the largest and ablest research and management organizations in the world.

So if you're the kind of person who wants things done right, ask about our Investment Management Service. And make us prove that we can do the job—the way you expect it to be done.

*Personal Trust Division—*
*350 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022*
*Tel: 350-5244 (Area Code 212)*

**. . . it's good to have a great bank behind you**

**MANUFACTURERS**
**HANOVER TRUST**

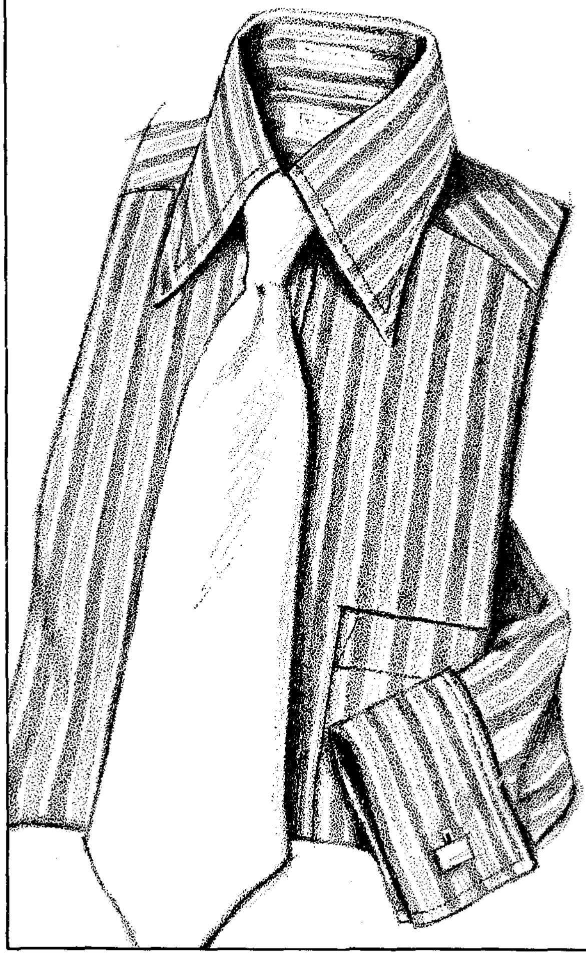
**they demand a bank that performs.**

Member FD

showed him that ad and explained to him what we had in mind, we got the account. We set up thirty-six separate Palmolive skin clinics, in thirty-six cities. We took twelve hundred and eighty-five—I remember the figure: twelve hundred and eighty-five—women. We had their skin examined. Photographed their skin. Made charts on their skin—whatever doctors do. We had them wash their faces three times a day with Palmolive soap and water and made them massage the lather into the skin—a slow, deliberate, good washing. I will hazard a thought. It was probably the first time some of those women had had really clean faces in their lives. Because we got all the makeup, the cold cream, and all those other concoctions off. And when we got the reports, our headline was 'Doctors Prove That Three Out of Four Women Can Have a Lovelier Complexion with the Fourteen-Day Palmolive Plan.' We ran that campaign in print and on spot TV for something like thirteen years."

The next variation on the Speed Wash theme in Reeves' work, as far as I can determine, was in his commercials for Minute Maid orange juice. This time, fuller resources of medical science were marshalled to support the claim of the television announcers, who shouted, "Doctors prove Minute Maid orange juice is better for your health than oranges squeezed at home!"

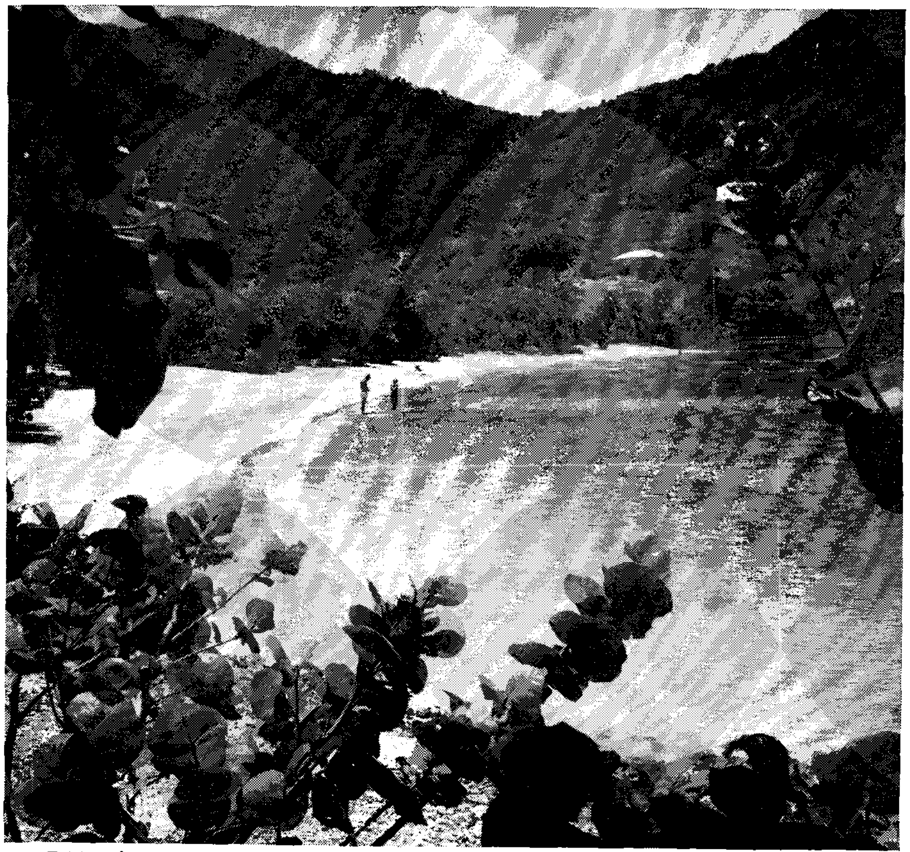
"In looking at the Minute Maid situation," Reeves said, "I was impressed by the fact that the company, in preparing its frozen orange juice, was getting consistently higher averages of ascorbic-acid content—Vitamin C—than housewives might get by buying fresh oranges with an ascorbic-acid content that might vary from season to season. Also, I discovered that if a housewife crushed her fresh oranges too hard, she was apt to get peel oil in the juice. The peel oil being toxic, you give enough of it to a baby, you might make him ill. Then again, fresh oranges kick around the stores for a while, and before they get to your wife's kitchen they may be dirty compared to the condition of oranges taken right from the orange grove to the freeze-processing plant. Dirt means bacteria! All right! We sent people out to twenty cities in the United States. They bought fresh oranges. At the same time, they bought Minute Maid orange juice. We had the fresh oranges squeezed and we had their juice and the Minute Maid juice analyzed separately by a team of doctors. Do you know that in the fresh orange



**suave satin-striped cotton** is the new highlight in men's shirting. All cotton broadcloth, tailored by Hathaway specifically for the new body line suits. Note the new higher Clifford Street collar with longer points, and French cuffs. Blue stripes on blue; tan or rust stripes on cream. 12.00

**wallachs**

Fine stores for men in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut.
Mail orders: 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
Add 75¢ outside Met. N.Y.

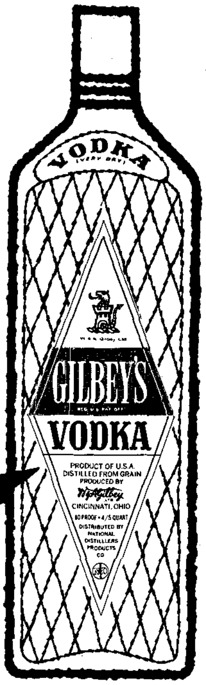


*We have seven lovely, lonely beaches. Try one this fall.*

*Ask your Travel Agent about our special rates for September/October vacations or call our Reservation Offices: New York, (212) 246-4699; Chicago, (312) 372-4489; Washington, (202) 347-4951.*

**CANEEL BAY PLANTATION**
VIRGIN ISLANDS NATIONAL PARK
ST. JOHN, U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
OPERATED BY ROCKRESORTS, INC.

You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.



Gilbey's® Vodka

VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.

Go with Jerold, baby!
You'll have it made!

The Shirtwaister by Jerold

Rain or shine, Jerold's your man. You'll love him for this manly-tailored coat, from the "Outer Banks Collection." Of 65% Dacron® polyester/35% cotton, zip-lined, ZePel® treated. A half dozen colors, 6-18, about $28.00. You and Jerold. So great together..Where is he? At J. Bacon, Louisville; McAlpin Co., Cincinnati; Root Dry Goods, Terre Haute; Castner, Knott Dry Goods, Nashville, or write Jerold, 512 7th Avenue, N.Y.C. 10018.

DUPONT ZEPEL RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

®TM Du Pont

juice the doctors found *thir-ty-seven different kinds of bacteria*? 'Minute Maid orange juice is better for your health than oranges squeezed at home'—when we first proposed using that copy line, the F.T.C. climbed a tree. We showed them the research, and they shut up."

One fact seems to have eluded all the Bates research. Orange-peel oil, whether it is potentially toxic or not, happens to be the main flavoring ingredient that frozen-orange-juice processors routinely add to their product to restore a fresh-orange taste.

The most expensive reincarnation of the Speed Wash theme in Reeves' work seems to have come about during his promotional efforts for Colgate Dental Cream, in the early fifties. As usual, a fundamental problem was to anticipate and handle the almost certain objections of those bureaucratic doubting Thomases the commissioners of the F.T.C. At the time—before the introduction of the fluorides, and as a result of toothpaste-advertising claims on television and in print which the federal government had considered misleading and deceptive—all major manufacturers and advertisers of toothpastes had signed stipulations with the F.T.C. not to make claims that their products were capable of reducing dental cavities. Reeves decided to find a way of circumventing this ban, which he thought was a rotten thing to have been put in the way of ad men who were helping crank up an affluent economy. In the Speed Wash tradition, research—in this case, several hundred thousand dollars' worth of medical research—was made to come to the rescue. Reeves now recapitulated for me the course of events.

"I reasoned that just as the doctors had acknowledged, before we came up with the Fourteen-Day Palmolive Plan, that a clean skin should be healthier than a dirty skin, they would acknowledge that a cleaner tooth is a healthier tooth," he said. "And I felt that if they would acknowledge that, we could demonstrate the advantages of using Colgate Dental Cream. Looking into the thing, I discovered the incredible fact that in the whole history of dentifrices *nobody* had ever demonstrated that toothpaste ever did any good outside of giving a subjective feeling of a fresher mouth. You had *millions* of dollars being spent on toothpaste, every dentist was recommending that you brush your teeth, but nobody, absolutely *nobody*, had ever done any scientific work to prove that using toothpaste *was* good for your teeth. So

One in a Series

# The shutterbug's guide to Paris.

### le Voyage par Air France

We not only permit photographers, we encourage them. Bring your camera aboard any one of our daylight flights to Paris. Take a seat by the window for some fabulous aerial shots from one side of the Atlantic to the other. Get some beautiful still lifes of an elegant meal framed by Limoges china and Christofle silver. Focus on a brimming glass of fine French wine. Try your hand at a human interest shot: ask one of our charming stewardesses to pose for you. She specializes in human interest. Or, have her take a picture of you. Title it: "I never had it so good." Air France knows where you're going.

### les U. S. Customs

If you're taking a camera that was made abroad, be sure to register it with the nearest U.S. Customs office or at the airport before you leave. If you don't, you may have to pay 15 to 20 per cent import duty when you try to bring it back.

### les Douanes françaises

It's the custom of French customs to be particularly lenient with visitors. Especially visiting cameramen. The following photographic concessions are allowed: two still cameras, one movie camera, a total of 10 rolls or 12 plates of film (20 rolls of color film) for each still camera, a total of 10 rolls of film for each movie camera.

### Paradis pour les photographes

Paris is the photographer's paradise, the city that made picture post cards famous. And, Paris has everything you need to make your pictures perfect every time. To have film developed, drop it off at: Central Color 10, rue Pergolèse. Arphot 3-bis, rue des Beaux Arts. Inter-Phot 20, rue de Maubeuge. If you have movie film you can have it developed and see it free in the projection rooms of Kodak-Pathé, S.A. 37-39, ave. Montaigne. Need a model? Beautiful mannequins can be obtained from Agence Servane Régine 129, rue de la Pompe. Want some celebrity shots? Just contact Celebrity Service 12, rue de Port Mahon. For any kind of help, information, or inspiration drop by the Société Française de la Photographie 9, rue Montalembert.

### les Grands clichés

Paris has more beautiful photographic subjects than you can shake a light meter at. Try your own unique treatment of some of these famous landmarks: Eiffel Tower. On a clear day you can shoot forever. Panoramic shots are best done an hour before sunset. Try your hand at different angles of the tower itself.

Sacré Coeur. If you climb to the top of the dome you can get some wonderful pictures of 30 miles of surrounding countryside.

Musée Rodin. The statues of Balzac and the Thinker inspired Edward Steichen's photographs.

Arc de Triomphe. You can get some nighttime shots of the 12 avenues that radiate from the Etoile to form the star.

### "J'ai cassé mon Brownie"

Don't despair if something goes wrong with your camera, Brownie or otherwise. You can have it repaired at any one of these: Bisch 41, rue Pierre-Nicole. Chambeaux 16, rue J.-J. Rousseau. Brouard 7, rue Flatters. Or get a new one from Vendôme Flash Studio 12, Place Vendôme.

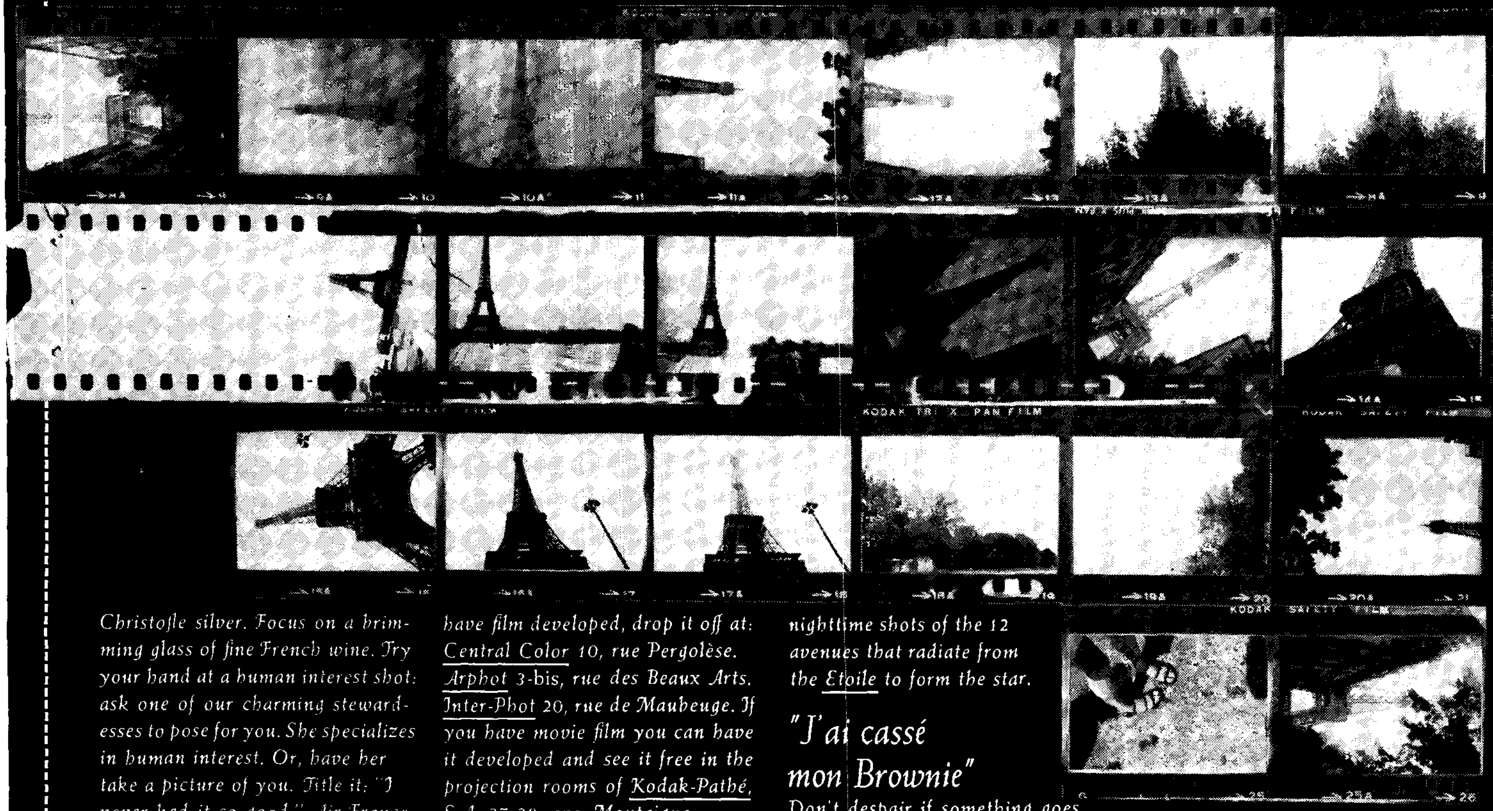
### Vocabulaire

*lens:* un objectif
*exposure meter:* le posemètre
*black and white film:* la pellicule blanche et noire
*color film:* la pellicule en couleurs
*of course I put film in the camera:* bien sûr j'ai mis la pellicule dans l'appareil.
*where can I buy film for my camera?* où puis-je acheter des films pour mon appareil?
*just take three steps backwards:* faites trois pas en arrière.
*would you like to be on the cover of every major magazine?* voudriez-vous être sur toutes les couvertures des grands magazines?

### Numéros de téléphone

Got the picture? Just load your camera, pack your bags and call your travel agent or Air France:

New York, (212) 759-9000
Boston, (617) 482-4890
Chicago, (312) 782-6181
Washington, (202) 337-8711
Los Angeles, (213) 625-7171
Philadelphia, (215) 735-8585
San Francisco, (415) 982-7150
Miami, (305) 379-6444
San Juan, (809) 724-0500



**AIR FRANCE**
le bon voyage.

Découpez ici

The Suit Scene

*Texture it tweed, label it current and enter it now with this splendid Scottish woollen—one of Tailorbrooke's trendsetter classics in a stunning collection priced from $65 to $140. At fine stores including:*

Bloomingdale's, New York
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia
Hutzler's, Baltimore
Lazarus, Columbus
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago
Roos/Atkins, San Francisco

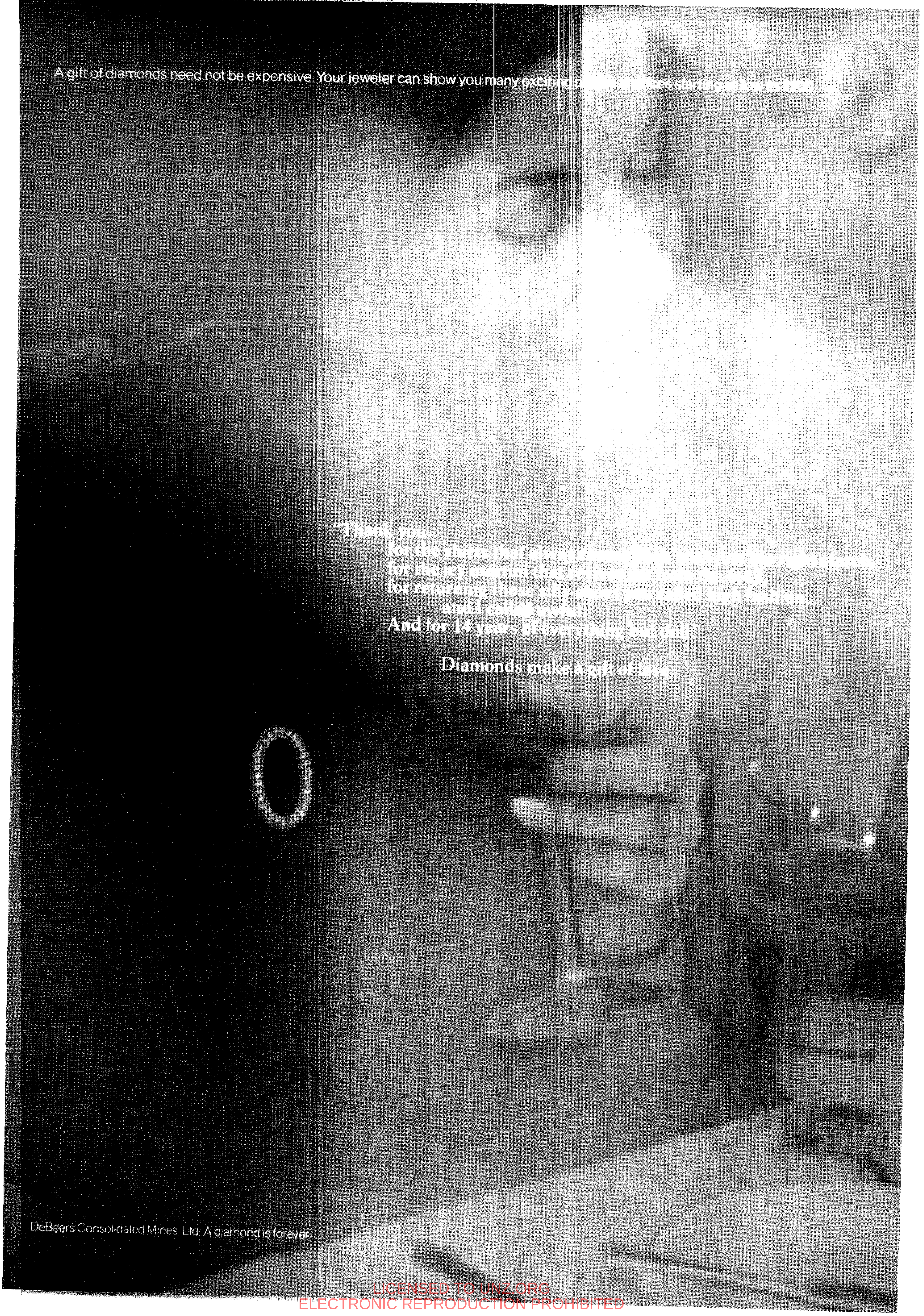
Impeccably
Tailorbrooke
Tailorbrooke Clothes, Inc.
533 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y.

we went to Edward Herman Little again. And he signed the check that gave us a huge appropriation for medical research on Colgate Dental Cream that would take three or four years. Then we had this research done at five universities, under the leadership of Dr. Leonard S. Fosdick, who was the chairman of the Department of Biochemistry at Northwestern University Dental School. The research was done on students. We divided the students into two groups. One group did what they had been doing—brushing once a day, or however often, with whatever toothpaste they had been using. We made the other group brush, after eating, with Colgate Dental Cream. The teeth were inspected in advance. The amount of decay and the number of cavities were noted periodically. Three years later, we discovered, to nobody's amazement, that just as a clean skin is healthier than a dirty skin, a clean tooth is healthier than a dirty tooth. The people who always brushed their teeth after eating had fewer cavities than the people who didn't always brush their teeth after eating. So we drew up an advertising campaign based on that. We took the story boards of our commercials to the F.T.C., along with all the Northwestern scientific data, and the F.T.C. permitted an exception to the stipulation against mentioning tooth decay and allowed the Bates agency to run the commercials. I remember that when we started doing so a very fuzzy-minded man from an advertising trade publication attacked me at lunch. He said, 'What you have demonstrated about clean teeth is actually true of all toothpaste, and not just Colgate, and therefore your commercial should state that you can keep your teeth clean and healthy with *any* toothpaste.' I told him, 'You would make a *terrible scientist*. The tests with such positive results that we talk about in our commercials were conducted with Colgate Dental Cream. It is wishful thinking to say that the same thing would work with another toothpaste. I know only that these findings are true for Colgate Dental Cream. And I am entitled to advertise the fact.' And I did. And my doing so was one of the great victories in the history of advertising. It also helped save the brand, because we were working at the time in a very disturbed market. The fluorides had just hit by then, and Gleem and Crest had come in to provide terrific competition for Colgate Dental Cream. We found ourselves in the middle of one of the bloodiest package-goods battles in history. The new Colgate research story gave us a chance to hold the line against the fluorides. Eventually, an anti-decay ingredient was discovered and added to Colgate. We ran a TV-spot campaign in which we called the new ingredient Gardol. We illustrated how it worked with something called the Invisible Shield. We demonstrated the Invisible Shield by having a sports announcer named Ed Herlihy stand in front of the camera while a baseball was hurled toward him and the lens. There was a moment of fright on the part of the audience watching the commercial. You saw the baseball getting bigger and bigger. But then, just when it looked as though it might hit Herlihy, it hit a sheet of glass you didn't know was there and bounced away. And Herlihy turned back, rapped the glass with his knuckles, and said, 'Just as that invisible shield protected me from the baseball, so this invisible ingredient in Colgate Dental Cream helps protect you from tooth decay.' It was an incredibly effective commercial."

Or *was* an incredibly effective commercial, until—as Reeves neglected to add—Leon R. Gross, an examiner for the F.T.C., ruled that the Invisible Shield device prepared by the Bates agency for Colgate-Palmolive was "a false, misleading, and deceptive portrayal of the true properties of Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol." With that, the F.T.C. prohibited further use of the claim. Nonetheless, the Invisible Shield did have a valuable function. It helped protect Colgate-Palmolive against sales inroads by Procter & Gamble, the makers of Crest and Gleem. In the toothpaste wars of the fifties, that was a matter of survival itself.

AS Reeves and I were talking—the remains of his lamb and Esterhazy sauce had long since been removed—Reeves spotted an acquaintance coming into the restaurant and invited him to sit with us for a few minutes. The man turned out to be a former colleague of Reeves' at the Bates agency. I'll call him Johnson. He is now a director of a big advertising agency.

After Johnson had sat down, the two men exchanged some casual gossip about the agency business. Johnson remarked that he had heard along Madison Avenue that the Bates agency, that very morning, had managed to get three new product accounts from Mars Incorporated—for Milky Way, Snick-



A gift of diamonds need not be expensive. Your jeweler can show you many exciting [illegible] ces starting as low as [illegible].

"Thank you...
for the shirts that always come back with just the right starch,
for the icy martini that revives me from the 6:42,
for returning those silly shoes you called high fashion,
and I called awful.
And for 14 years of everything but dull."

Diamonds make a gift of love.

DeBeers Consolidated Mines, Ltd. A diamond is forever

## 1970:

# YEAR OF THE GREAT BIRDS.

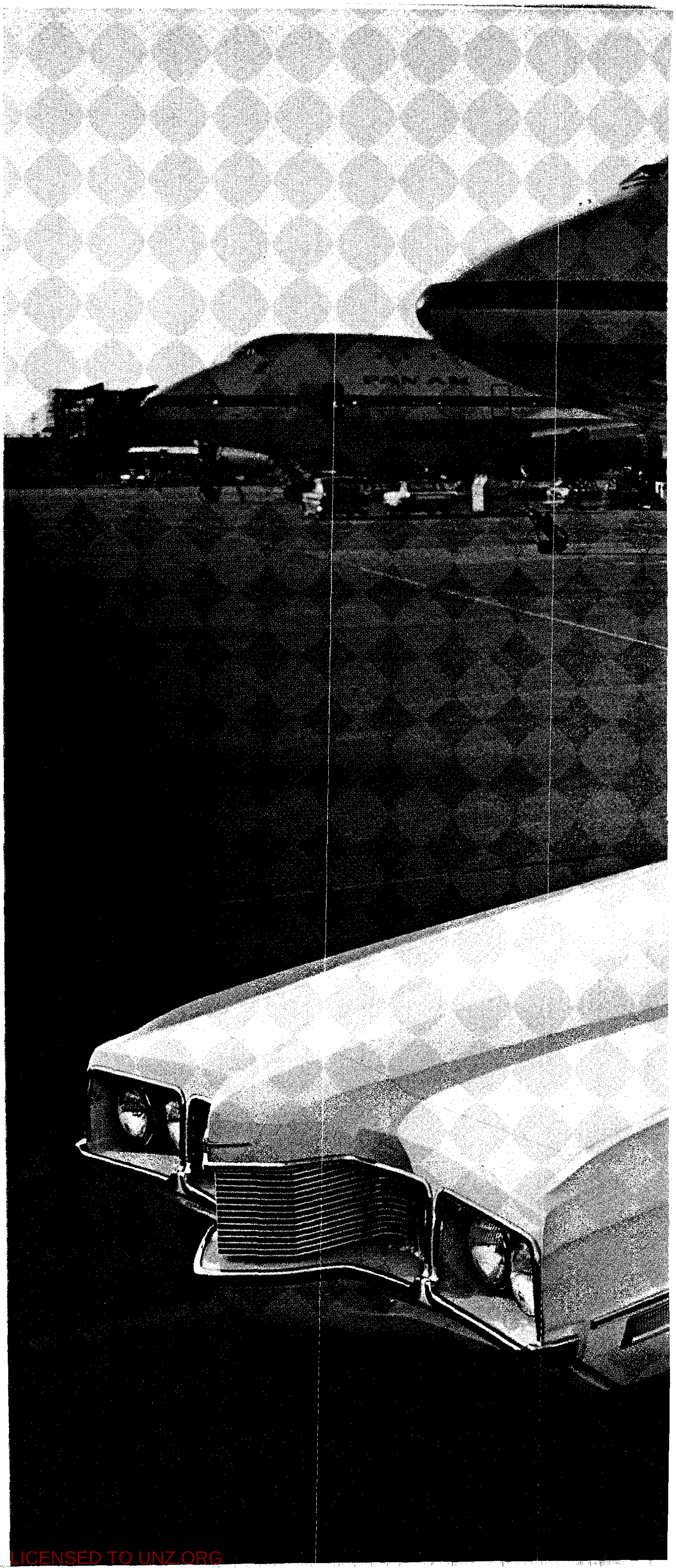
Soaring into the '70's far ahead of the rest . . .
A new flight of Thunderbirds!
New in beauty. Size. And aerodynamic grace. With dramatic new front-end styling, shaped to slice the wind. And a powerful 429 V-8 so smooth you wonder if you're really on earth at all.

Inside, every luxury and convenience you've ever wanted. Power steering. Power ventilation. Power front disc brakes. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission. New long-life radial-ply tires. Even AM radio and electric clock. All standard.

Plus a wide choice of Bird options like a push-button sun roof. Tilt steering wheel. Highway Pilot automatic speed control. And more!

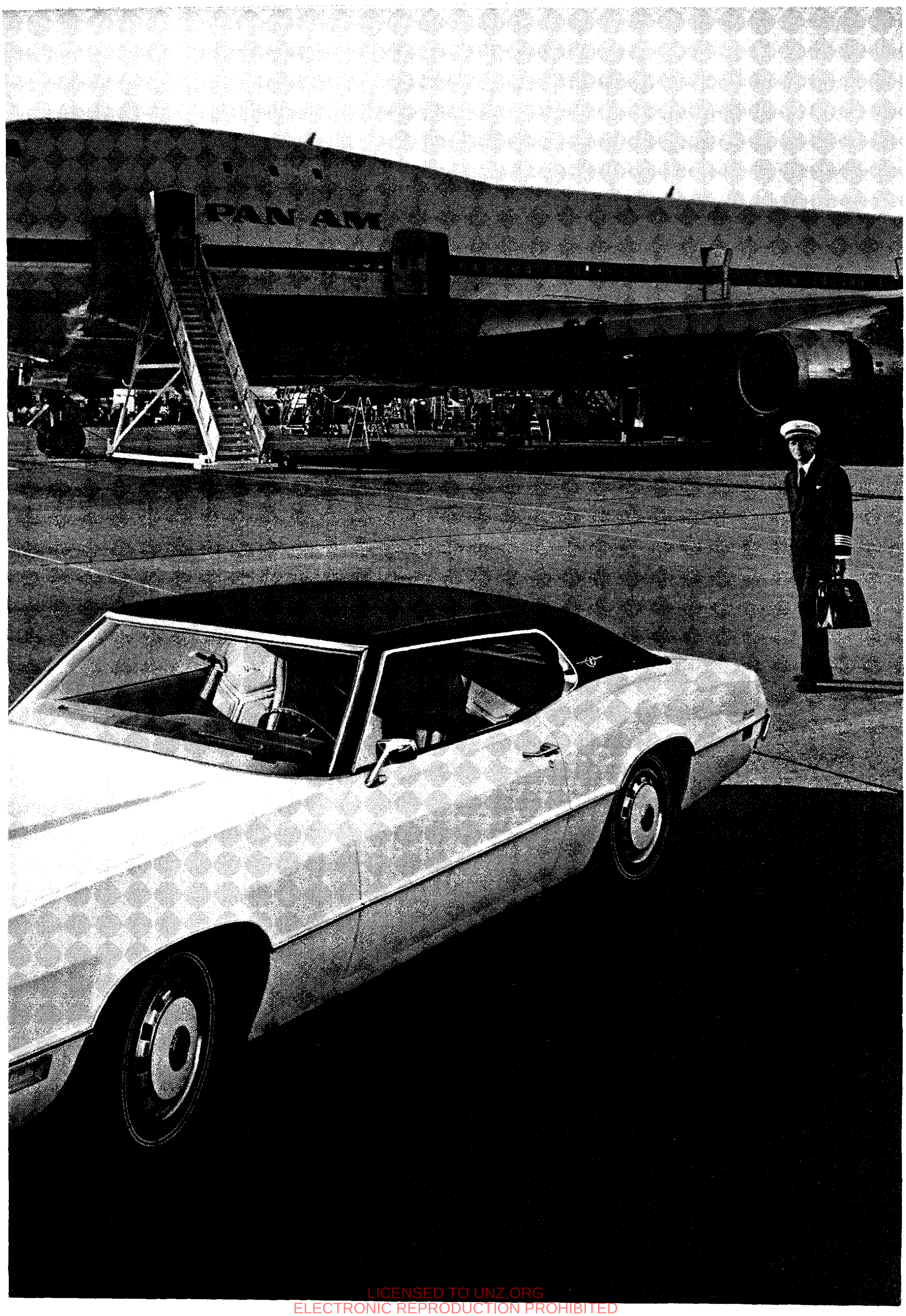
This year, Bird quality runs deep. In a computer-designed ride. Printed circuits. New space-age techniques that set standards of quality as unique as the Bird itself.

Choose Hardtop or Landau, two doors or four. And launch yourself into the space age in the 1970 Bird. A very rare species.



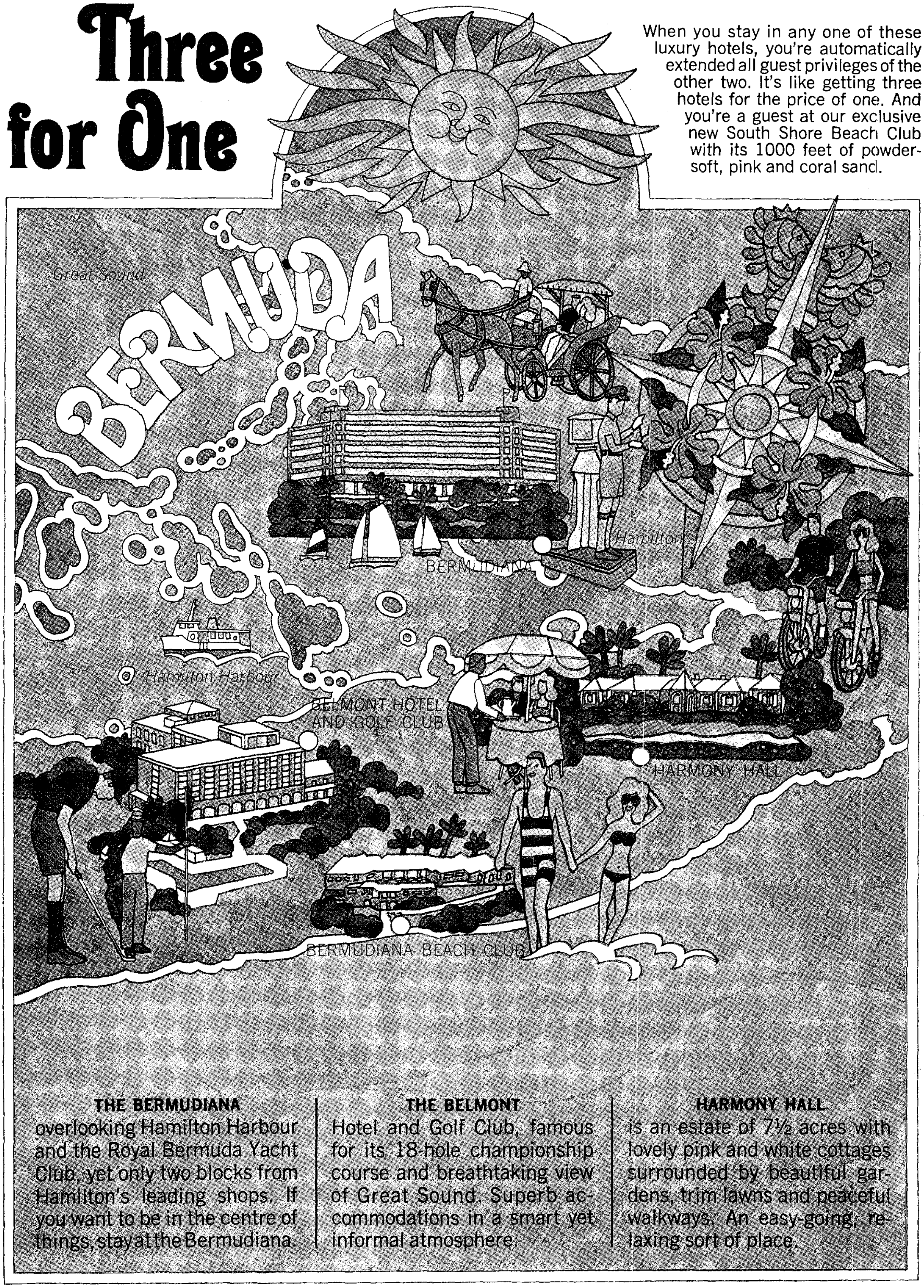
Two beautiful new ways to fly! Pan Am's® Boeing 747 Jet and the 1970 Thunderbird Special Brougham Two-Door Landau.

**THUNDERBIRD** Ford


PAN AM

# Three for One

When you stay in any one of these luxury hotels, you're automatically extended all guest privileges of the other two. It's like getting three hotels for the price of one. And you're a guest at our exclusive new South Shore Beach Club with its 1000 feet of powder-soft, pink and coral sand.


BERMUDA
Great Sound
Hamilton
BERMUDIANA
Hamilton Harbour
BELMONT HOTEL AND GOLF CLUB
HARMONY HALL
BERMUDIANA BEACH CLUB

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ers, and Sprint Chocolate Wafers. He and Reeves agreed that this constituted a nice morning's work for the Bates agency. The new accounts, which totalled four million dollars a year, had been handled for some time by Ogilvy & Mather, David Ogilvy's agency.

"I understand that David had some sort of a great McLuhan presentation for the Mars accounts. He wanted to do a lot of fancy decorative stuff," Johnson said.

"From what I know of Forrest Mars, he is not interested in McLuhan. Nor is he interested in fancy decoration," Reeves said. "David runs a fine agency, and runs it very professionally. When he gets up a full-page ad for a Mercedes-Benz and tells you how many times they grind those valves at the factory, he has you in his grip. But Milky Way and Snickers are another matter."

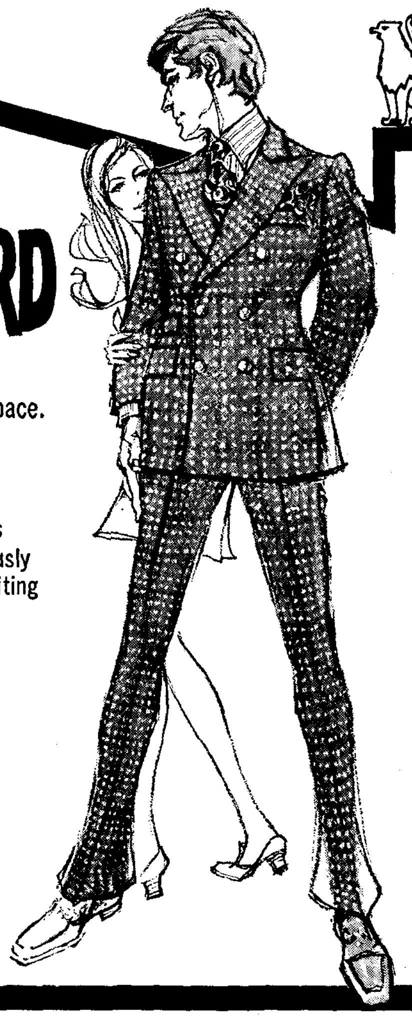
"What Forrest Mars wants is 'The Candy with the Milk.' Or, 'It's Got More Nuts.' Or, 'If It Had More Milk, It Would Moo,' " Johnson said.

"Forrest Mars, when he puts out Milky Way bars, is giving milk to kids in a form they can enjoy. That is his Unique Selling Proposition, and he is utterly single-minded about it," Reeves observed.

The gossip continued for a couple of minutes more, and then the maître d'hôtel approached and told Reeves that he was wanted on the telephone. Reeves excused himself, and while he was gone I chatted with Johnson about his experiences with Reeves at the Bates agency.

"There's no question about the fact that Rosser took the lead in the early days of commercial television. He completely changed the creative game with his ideas on spot advertising of drugs and other package goods with high-velocity turnover," Johnson told me. "He was always pushing ahead, always stirring things up, and in a tough field. In the package-goods business, if you can accumulate a lead of five per cent over the other guy you can put him out of business. Even if your product is really very little different from his. You may be dealing with the president of a beer company who can't tell his own beer from a competitor's by its taste. Rosser sought out what competitive differences he could and made the most of them. Working like mad at it.

"Of course, to hear Rosser talk, he was the *only* creative man at the agency. He often felt that if an idea was good, it just *had* to be his own. As for me, personally, now—I like my work, I pay those orthodontist's



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for the set that sets the pace.

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At fine stores everywhere.

Pear-shaped jam jar, 4¾" high. Golden or silvery finish, top and spoon. $8.

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to go 'round the town, the continent, or the world...knowing that this one coat will always look just great! Crisply shaped in Du Pont Antron® nylon* with ZEPEL® rain and stain repellent finish. Black, emerald, beige, navy. Sizes 6 to 16. About $65. Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago and branches; Dayton's, Minnesota; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

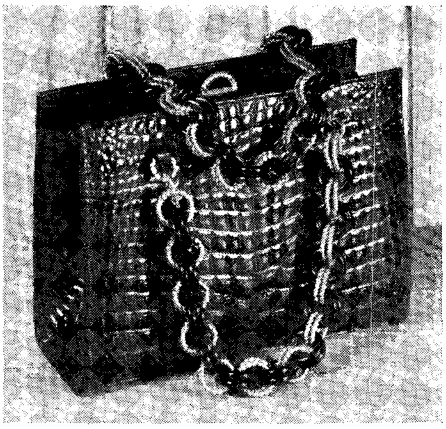
*DACRON FILLED
® REG. T.M.

COUTURE SPECIALTIES
a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue, New York

and college bills, and I have no desire for immortality. No desire to have three streams of bubbles engraved on my tombstone. But Rosser really was *proud* of his Anacin commercials. He'd say to agency men who were afraid to get the attention of the audience as brutally as he was prepared to, 'There's my *drug* stuff. And here's your *nice* stuff.' It was the Bluebirds versus the Men from Iron City. At the agency, Rosser worked practically around the clock. A real bonecrusher. And he had an adrenal cortex the size of a *baseball*. Pouring out ideas. 'The Nicotine and Tars Trapped by the Exclusive Viceroy Filter Cannot Reach Your Nose, Throat, or Lungs.' He had that sign, in huge letters and forty feet long, stretched out at medical conventions throughout the country. When Rosser went to work on prospective clients, his enthusiasm swept everything before it. He was perhaps at his best in easel talks. He had one easel talk on the Unique Selling Proposition that had an overwhelming effect on clients. People in the agency used to call it his Cross of Gold speech. Rosser had a way of making the clients agree with him, *out loud*, from the moment he started to talk. 'Green is a color, right?' 'Right.' '*Right!*' The clients' intellectual capacity for resisting what Rosser said just seemed to disintegrate as he talked. 'Do you gentlemen realize that in your present advertising you are spending a *million dollars a word* and getting *nothing* for it?' And then he would lead them down the syllogistic path. Citing case history after case history of wasted money, until he had the clients irresistibly in agreement with *his* solutions to their problems.

"As for Rosser's handling of his copywriters, he wound them up until the springs were ready to break. The Minute Maid campaign, now—that was pure Reeves. When one of Rosser's men found that if a housewife was economy-minded and squeezed her fresh oranges too hard she could get peel oil in the morning orange juice and that the peel oil not only didn't taste good but might be toxic, Rosser reacted like a shot. 'Wait. What? What did you say? Peel? Peel oil? Peel oil isn't good for kids? Toxic? My God, man, what you're *really* saying is that if you give a woman a fresh orange and she squeezes it too hard in her kitchen you could *kill a baby!*' And, that afternoon, the guy who had told him about the peel oil was a man of genius. Of *incandescent* genius."

I asked Johnson whether his period



THE NEWS IS OUT!

Fashion's best kept secret now the talk of the town. Meeting place for women in the know 669 Madison, home of famous Don Lester originals! Bag shown here a Don Lester Original with versatile interchangeable chains. Turns one bag into a many-purpose fashion accessory! All colors—get several—a must for the well dressed woman. $59.50* including chain. Send for illustrated color catalogue—or come in and pick one up.

*Add 95¢ postage outside delivery area. Add 6% N.Y. State Tax on delivery in NYC. Add N.Y. State Tax where applicable in your area.

LESTER BAGS, INC.
669 Madison Ave. at 61st Street
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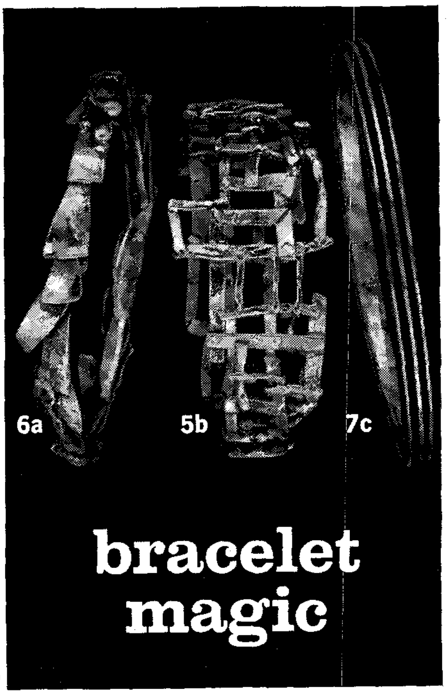

Unique, handwrought designs...in gold or silver, each with a mystical beauty of its own.
6a. In silver $27.50; gold $125.00.
5b. In silver $37.50; gold $235.00.
7c. In silver $30.00; gold $225.00.

Add $1.50 for shipping and insurance beyond regular delivery area.

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# OCTOBER 1969 AUCTIONS

## RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.

**Auctioneers and Appraisers**
**Hyannis, Massachusetts**

### OCTOBER 4, 1969 – 10:00 AM

At Our Galleries, Hyannis, Massachusetts

Liquidating a private collection of American antique furniture, rare china and glass, oriental rugs, paintings, etc.

Exhibition: Friday, October 3 from 10 AM to 5 PM and Morning of Sale from 8 to 10 AM

Illustrated Catalogue
$2.00 per copy (By Mail $2.50)

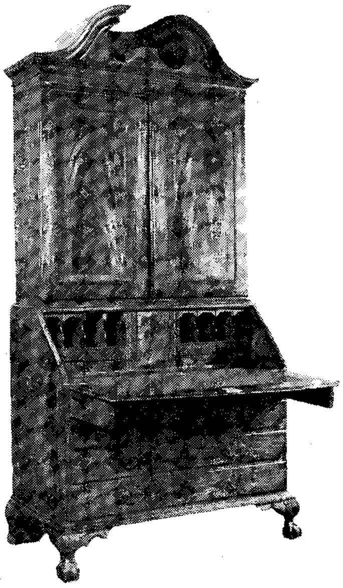
### OCTOBER 17, 1969 – EVENING SESSION, 7:00 PM
### OCTOBER 18, 1969 – 10:00 AM

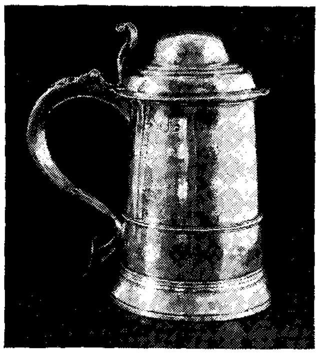
Auction to benefit the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston, Mass., To Be Held at Horticultural Hall, 300 Massachusetts Avenue, Boson. A superb and varied collection of objects of art, antique furniture, paintings, silver, pewter, porcelain, rare tapestries, etc., which have been donated by members and friends of the Museum throughout the country.

Exhibition for both sessions will be Friday October 17 from 10 AM to 5 PM.

There will be an admission charge to the exhibition and each session of the auction.

Illustrated Catalogues for Each Session
$3.00 per copy (By Mail $3.50)





### OCTOBER 25, 1969 – 10:00 AM

At Our Galleries, Hyannis, Massachusetts

Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton furniture; paintings; Georgian silver; firearms, etc.

Exhibition: Friday, October 24 from 10 AM to 5 PM and Morning of Sale from 8 to 10 AM

Illustrated Catalogue Available October 10, 1969
$2.00 per copy (By Mail $2.50)

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Corporation Street, Hyannis, Massachusetts
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Telephone (617) 775-0797
Mail: P. O. Box 141, Hyannis Port, Mass., 02647

## *The Stadium*

*Our country coat of heavy cotton corduroy, fully lined with one hundred per cent Trevira Polyester, including collar and lapel*

*Two lower pockets, plus two upper handwarmer pockets. Single breasted, may be worn with or without the belt*

*A separate detachable hood makes this the perfect coat for those cold days ahead*

*Sizes:* 38 *to* 46

RICH WOOD TAN COLOR

$75

PLEASE ADD $1.00 FOR MAIL ORDERS

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
*Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes*
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of service at the Bates agency extended as far back as Reeves' management of the famous national radio-and-television-spot campaign for General Eisenhower in the Presidential election of 1952. Johnson said that it did, and that he had actually done some work for Reeves on the spot campaign. "Rosser loved the bigness of the idea, which was really new in politics at the time," he said. "With a man called Michael Levin, who had brought the basic plan to him, Rosser worked out the political pressure points around the country—what districts the Republicans would need if they were to win. Rosser organized the spot campaign so as to come as close to commercial market saturation as possible in these key areas during the final two weeks of the Eisenhower campaign. To understand that political-advertising campaign properly—in fact, to understand what made Rosser's commercial advertising techniques so madly effective in that early hard-sell period—you have to take into account the relative novelty of TV. Television was a more powerful medium then than it is now, in the sense that what television presented was accepted by the audiences with such faith. In those days, people were dazzled by television. We were dealing with a relatively simple relationship between the boob tube and the human brain. Since then, I guess, people have become more sophisticated about television—more blasé about it, anyway. Well, as part of the spot saturation for Eisenhower that Rosser had in mind, he wanted to expose the General to some of the big political issues. At the time, one of the men at Bates happened to be handling the advertising for the Adlai Stevenson campaign. I remember Rosser going into a huddle with this man. Rosser told him, 'I want you to help me write the Eisenhower campaign.' The man said, 'But, Rosser, I can't! I'm handling work on Stevenson.' Rosser said, 'I'll tell you what to do. You put all your Stevenson campaign material in your desk and lock the desk. You help me write the Eisenhower campaign and I'll help you write the Stevenson.' And that's the way it happened.

"The Eisenhower campaign was to be a tremendous thing. As part of it, camera teams were to be sent all over the country to have lumberjacks, dairy farmers, and housewives ask Eisenhower questions, which the General would answer. That was going to cost a huge sum. Then someone brought a great idea to Rosser, which was 'Why send all these camera crews out *there*, when right here you have Rockefeller Center, where people come from all over America?' And there, sure enough, were your lumberjacks, dairy farmers, and housewives from all over. So, first of all, Rosser wrote out a whole set of questions and answers and had the General in a studio for a whole day reading the answers. We shot the questions later on, when we got a lot of these people from Rockefeller Center to come to a studio. We had all the written questions put on idiot cards, and then the people read them before the camera. Still later, we matched the questions and answers. The shots didn't always match very well. A lady would hold up a parcel of groceries and say, 'General, how come the cost of food is so high these days?' Cut to Eisenhower. The General would supposedly be looking at the place where the grocery bag was. He would say, 'Well, my Mamie has been complaining about the same thing. And one of the first things I'm going to do when I become President is . . .' Of course, a great howl went up in the liberal press about merchandising the Presidency like toothpaste. The fact is that Rosser started something that every Presidential candidate since has used, and the organization of spot-TV campaigns aimed at specific audiences in critical areas has become a permanent part of American national politics."

SOON, Reeves, having completed his telephone call, returned to the table and resumed chatting, and in the course of his remarks he touched on a number of subjects, including his rare use at the Bates agency of image advertising; the problem of increasing the consumption of canned soup; the success (helped along by Reeves' advertising efforts) achieved by one Henry H. Hoyt, a client of the Bates agency; and the comparative dimensions and conveniences of the private estates owned abroad by him and by David Ogilvy, his formal rival in the advertising business. I relay some of Reeves' observations.

On image advertising:

"About the only piece of image advertising I did at Bates was for the Chase Manhattan Bank. They came to us in 1959 and said they were very puzzled about what to do about Chase Manhattan's image. They'd been spending three and a half to four million dollars a year around town on

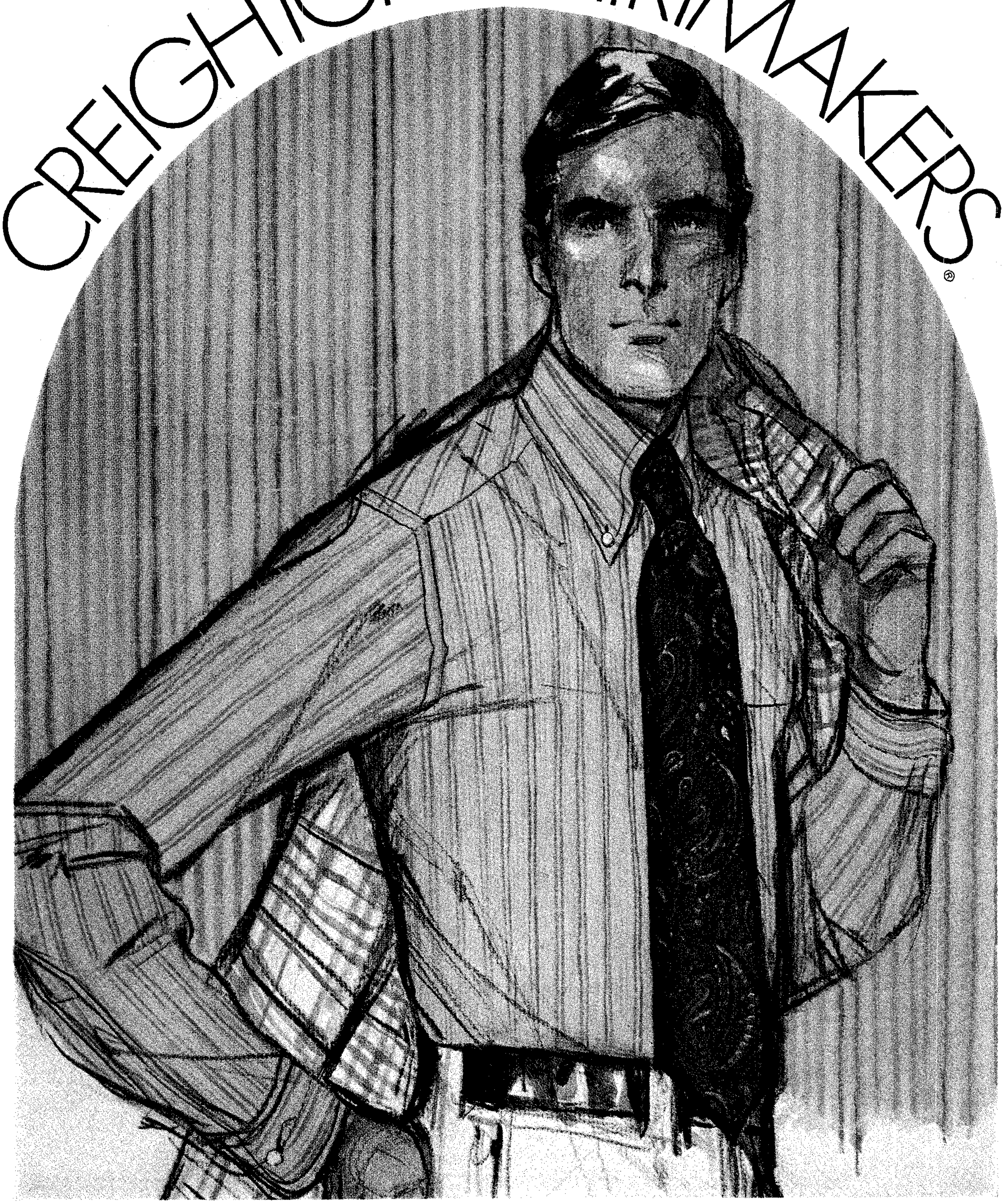
Luxury,
Italian
Style.
IMPORTED
V.S.O.P.
BRANDY
STOCK
QUART
80 PROOF
IMPORTED
STOCK '84
BRANDY
DISTILLED AND AGED IN ITALY BY
Distillerie Stock Ltd.
TRIESTE
PRODUCT OF ITALY

**Seductively priced at about $5.** Let yourself be lured just once and discover how to enjoy imported brandy the way brandy lovers do. The taste of Stock '84 is pure 10-year-old luxury. An experience in pleasure whether straight, on-the-rocks, in your favorite cocktail or with soda.
Try Stock Imported Brandy today. It's luxury, Italian-style.

**That's why it's the world's largest-selling brandy.**

**STOCK**
**IMPORTED BRANDY**

# CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS®



**A NEW POINT OF VIEW IN FORTREL.®** The Undertoned Oxford. Creighton feels that every now and again a man needs an oasis, so we've created this subtly striped oxford shirt of 50% Fortrel® polyester and 50% cotton in soothing colors that remind us of the ocean breaking over a coral beach. And Creighton's exclusive "Due Process" Perma-No-Press is a break for you; this shirt never needs ironing. With our deeply rolled Brookside button down collar and barrel cuffs, its only about $8.50 at B. Altman, N.Y.C., Paramus and Radnor; Roger Kent, N.Y.C., Philadelphia and Boston; Princeton University Store; J. W. Knapp Co., Lansing; Marshall Field, Chicago; Donaldson's, Minneapolis; Goudchaux's, Baton Rouge and Leven's, Provo or write:

CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS, REIDSVILLE, N. C.

**Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®**

© 1969 CREIGHTON SHIRT CO.

advertising and they were unsatisfied with the results. I had our people go out and make a survey of what people thought of Chase. Most people thought it was one of those lofty imperial marble palaces inhabited by cold-blooded guardians of big money—as distinct from, say, the Chemical Bank, which they thought of as somewhat warmer. The Chemical Bank, in its advertising, had gone to the people, so to speak. So David Rockefeller and George Champion and I had a meeting. I got them to agree on having us use the slogan 'You have a friend at Chase Manhattan.'

"Well, a sea change took place. Three years after we began hammering that thought home, Chase Manhattan was considered the warmest, cuddliest, friendliest bank in New York."

On increasing the consumption of canned soup:

"Take the problem of handling Campbell's Soup. The problem there is not to increase Campbell's share of the market. They've already got ninety per cent of the market anyway. What you have to do in this situation is to get someone here and there to eat *one extra bowl* of soup a week. And you will make *millions and millions* for Campbell."

On Henry H. Hoyt, the chairman of the board of Carter-Wallace, Inc., the makers of such products as Carter's Pills, Miltown, and Rise Instant Lather:

"Harry Hoyt is as hard-nosed a businessman as I ever knew, and I've known a lot of them. Hoyt started, in 1930, with Carter's Little Liver Pills, and with a little company that would just about support an apartment and enough food for a family. He built up the business, and later his company went public through Eastman Dillon, to the tune of twelve million dollars. Now it grosses between eighty and a hundred million dollars a year. I remember Hoyt buying a little company that made a low-calorie salad dressing called Frenchette. I put Hoyt into TV with Frenchette. I took two women in leotards and put them on weighing scales, which we called calorie scales. The scales were marked off in calorie counts. When the women stepped on the scales, the caloric count on the scale marked 'Regular Dressing' jumped up to a hundred and two. The other, marked 'Frenchette Dressing,' stopped at *one*. Well, I mean! I knew it was a great commercial when the secretaries in the Bates office switched to

From the people who put William B. in a cube: Johann S. in a cube.

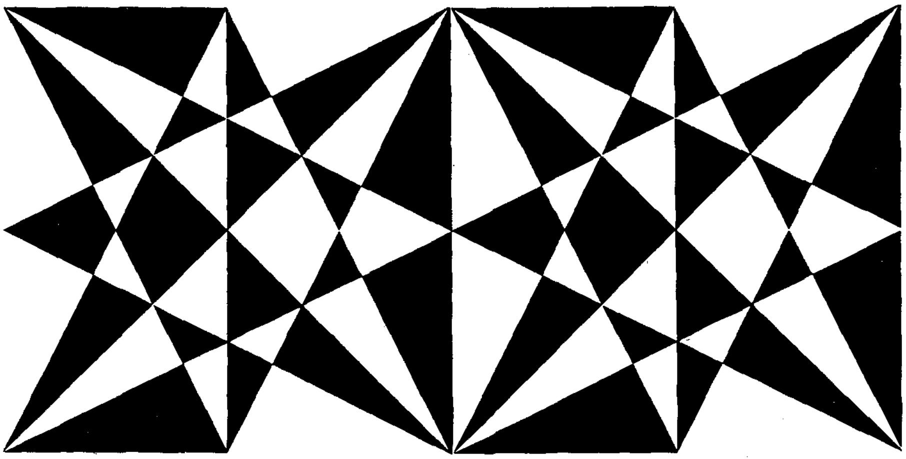
Sony now makes an FM version of its original little AM cube radio, in white or avocado plastic, that you can set aside in 3¾ cubic inches of desk, table, or (with its built-in slot) wall.

It's $19.95*. Lock, stock, and Bach.

**The Sony TFM-1837W FM Radio.**

SONY
SOLID STATE FM

*Mfr.'s suggested retail price. © 1969 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



**The Museum of Modern Art**

**Christmas brochure**

An illustrated, 40-page brochure announcing new Christmas cards and constructions, books, posters, reproductions, and a wide selection of distinctive gifts from The Museum of Modern Art is now available. Cards and constructions — 10 to 75 cents — reproduce favorite works by artists in the Museum collection. Others have been specially commissioned from such artists as Victor Vasarely, Mon Levinson, and Robert Indiana. Attractive gifts include *The Museum Frame* by Kulicke; *Multiplications,* Betty Thomson's cubes of clear acrylic; *Perrygons,* Charles Perry's beautiful rhombic hexahedrons of transparent plastic; *The Jekyll Glass,* a fascinating mirror-object by Stanley Landsman; the Appointment Calendar; full-color posters designed by Ellsworth Kelly and Yokoo; recent publications; and the Trova Kaleidoscope—an unusual version of a classic Christmas toy.

The Museum of Modern Art 69-02-010
5300 Lenox Hill Station
New York, New York 10021

I enclose 25¢ for Christmas brochure.

Name ________

Address ________

Oleg Cassini
rainfashions

Elegant cut velvet with satin lining. Treated with **ZEPEL*** to resist rain and stain. About $80.00.
At Gimbel's, New York; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Neusteter's, Denver; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stewart's, Louisville & Lexington; The Blum Store, Philadelphia; L. L. Berger, Buffalo; Dayton's, Minneapolis, or write:
Oleg Cassini Rainfashions, 512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018.
A division of Botany Industries, Inc. *DuPont's Reg. T.M.

Frenchette before we even ran the ad."

On a large house that Reeves bought at Montego Bay shortly after his resignation from the Bates agency, and which he still uses regularly:

"The place is called Pimento Hill. It has fifty acres, over which peacocks roam. There are twenty-six servants. I have the only automatic telephone switchboard on the island of Jamaica. When you wake up there in the morning, you dial '5' and order breakfast. There is a butler on duty twenty-four hours a day. You can have breakfast in bed or, if you want a magnificent view of the Caribbean while you eat, by the pool or on the terrace. You can have it up in a *tree* if you so desire."

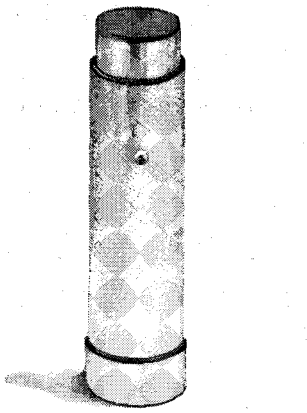
Reeves said he thought that his Pimento Hill residence was more convenient than the place David Ogilvy had acquired for *himself* out of the country.

"David has bought a château in southern France, with thirty-six bedrooms," he said. "And a moat. It's like his buying Windsor Castle or something. I don't know how often he sets foot in the place."

Soon, after some more shop talk between Reeves and Johnson, which revolved around the high cost and the complexity of producing television commercials ("I can remember when the jingle writers would come in to the agency with an idea and just *whistle*. Now nobody would dream of submitting any musical expression without full orchestra," Johnson said), Johnson took his leave.

Reeves ordered coffee for the two of us, and I took up a subject I was curious about—Reeves' attitude toward the kind of deliberately offbeat commercials (often put out by comparatively new agencies) that, making use of humorous devices, have constituted a noteworthy departure from the classic hard-sell approach.

Reeves seemed to feel strongly about these. "Ah, yes, the *nouvelle vague* in advertising," he said. "The boutique business. With a lot of young guys wearing long sideburns. Well, what the *nouvelle vague* amounts to, as far as I am concerned, is vampire video. Just consider some of the commercials that have been going on the air lately, supposedly for the purpose of promoting airlines. Here's an example. The commercial consists of an airline stewardess welcoming a succession of celebrities aboard an airliner. There's Zsa Zsa Gabor, there's Super Joe Namath, there's Salvador Dali, and as each one comes in he or she utters the words

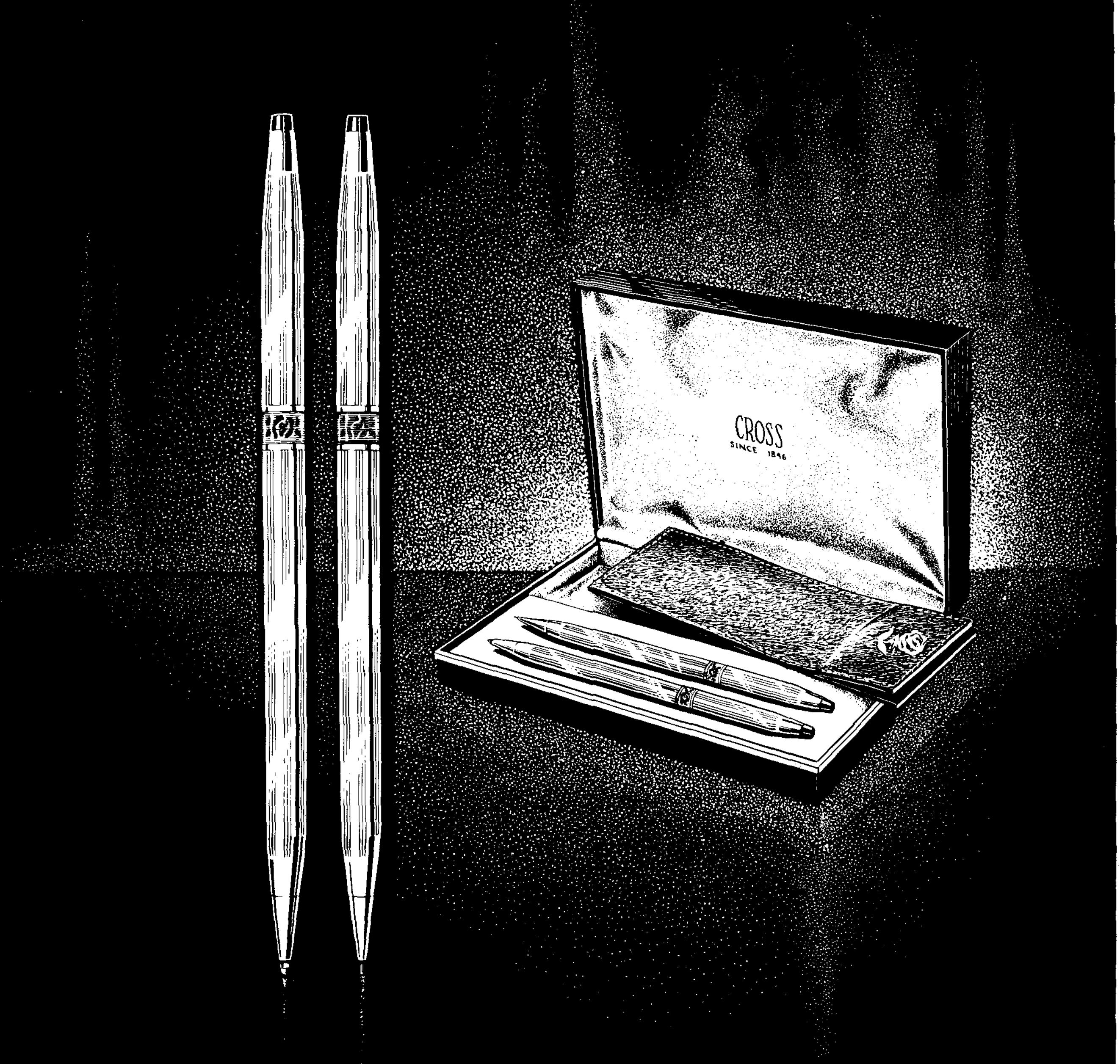


STEP
PERFUME DISPENSERS
GIVE YOU MORE
FRAGRANCE
FROM YOUR
PERFUME.

The Secret—A unique patented mechanism actually transforms each drop of perfume into 20 or more sprays of fragrance-laden mist. Perfumes stay fresher, last longer. Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed, imported from France. Beautiful styles for purse and table. As shown in Florentine gold finish (2¾" high) $6.50. Others from $3.50–$35.

Step
5 E. 57th St., N.Y. | At fine stores

17" tote bag $175.00 Whip di Roma at Abercrombie and Fitch only.


Creating a better impression
CROSS
SINCE 1846

Decidedly Feminine Cross Writing Instruments — Classic beauty in 14 Kt. Gold Filled or Sterling Silver with top grain leather Pen Purse.*
The ideal feminine gift for a lifetime of writing pleasure.
Pen or Pencil $12.00. The Set $24.00 At Better Stores Worldwide.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

©1969 A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R. I. 02865 *TRADEMARK

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

The longest, softest sweater is really our dress of purest cashmere. Buttoned up the front, drawn in at the waist and made for marvelous at-homing. In wine red for 6 to 14 sizes, $110. From our Sport Separates Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

'When you got it, flaunt it.' The slogan must be repeated six times in the commercial. By pushing that slogan the agency is probably trying to cash in on the sex revolution or something. Well, I've seen that commercial *thirty-three times*, and there's only one thing wrong with it. For a *million dollars* I can't remember the name of the airline they were advertising.

"Here's another example of the new way of dramatizing the product. In this one, I remember the name of the airline—United. 'Fly the friendly skies of United.' A bunch of kooks are loading up the plane. People in Hawaiian costumes, hippies, an Indian in a headdress, a guy dressed up like Theodore Roosevelt, a prospector leading a donkey. The concept is all wet! It never relates to anything! I don't want to associate an airline with planeloads of kooks. Flying is a serious business. I fly a hundred thousand miles a year and I still feel I don't *belong* up there.

"I remember watching 'The Late Late Show' a while back. I saw a one-minute commercial. It opened with black-and-white shots from very old movies. It said, 'The Four Greatest Takeoffs in History.' Takeoff No. 1 showed the Wright Brothers taking off. Takeoff No. 2 I can't remember. Takeoff No. 3 showed a man being shot from a cannon. Takeoff No. 4 showed an ancient astronaut with whiskers going up in an absurd 1890 balloon. And the announcer said, 'And now for the *most* famous takeoff in history.' By this time, they've used up practically the whole sixty seconds. And at the end they throw on something about 'Colt 45, the new malt liquor.' Period. And they're off the air.

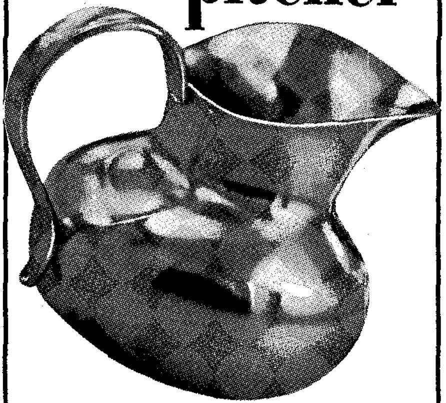
"My boy, all this isn't *selling*. It is entertainment. The account men and the copywriters of the *nouvelle vague* in advertising have forgotten what they're there to do. Instead of being salesmen, they have become performers. They seem to feel they are there to amuse, to seek applause. *Nobody* ever bought anything from a *clown*. These people have forgotten their true role, which is to be pedagogues. Salesmanship is a form of teaching. I do not believe that the great salesmen sing, dance, and play golden flutes. They are usually very earnest men who are absolutely single-minded about their product." —THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

BABY BORN USING FLASHLIGHT
—*Headline in the Albert Lea (Minn.) Tribune.*

Smart kid.

perfect pitcher


It's Norway Pewter with the gleaming, never-tarnish satin finish. Perfect for everything from martinis to milk. For brides, hostesses, happy families (yours?). Four sizes: 8 oz., $10; 13 oz., $13.50; 27 oz., $21; 1⅓ qt., $25

On mail and phone orders add correct Sales tax plus 75¢ for shipping.

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114 East 57th Street, New York 10022 • PL 2-3111
SILVER • JEWELRY • CRYSTAL • PORCELAIN
PEWTER • TEAK • RUGS

Furniture for Gracious Living
Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.
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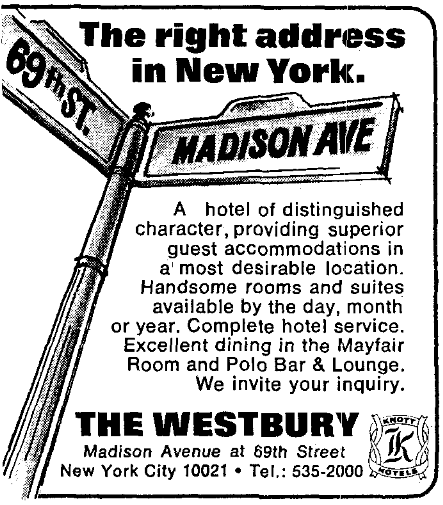

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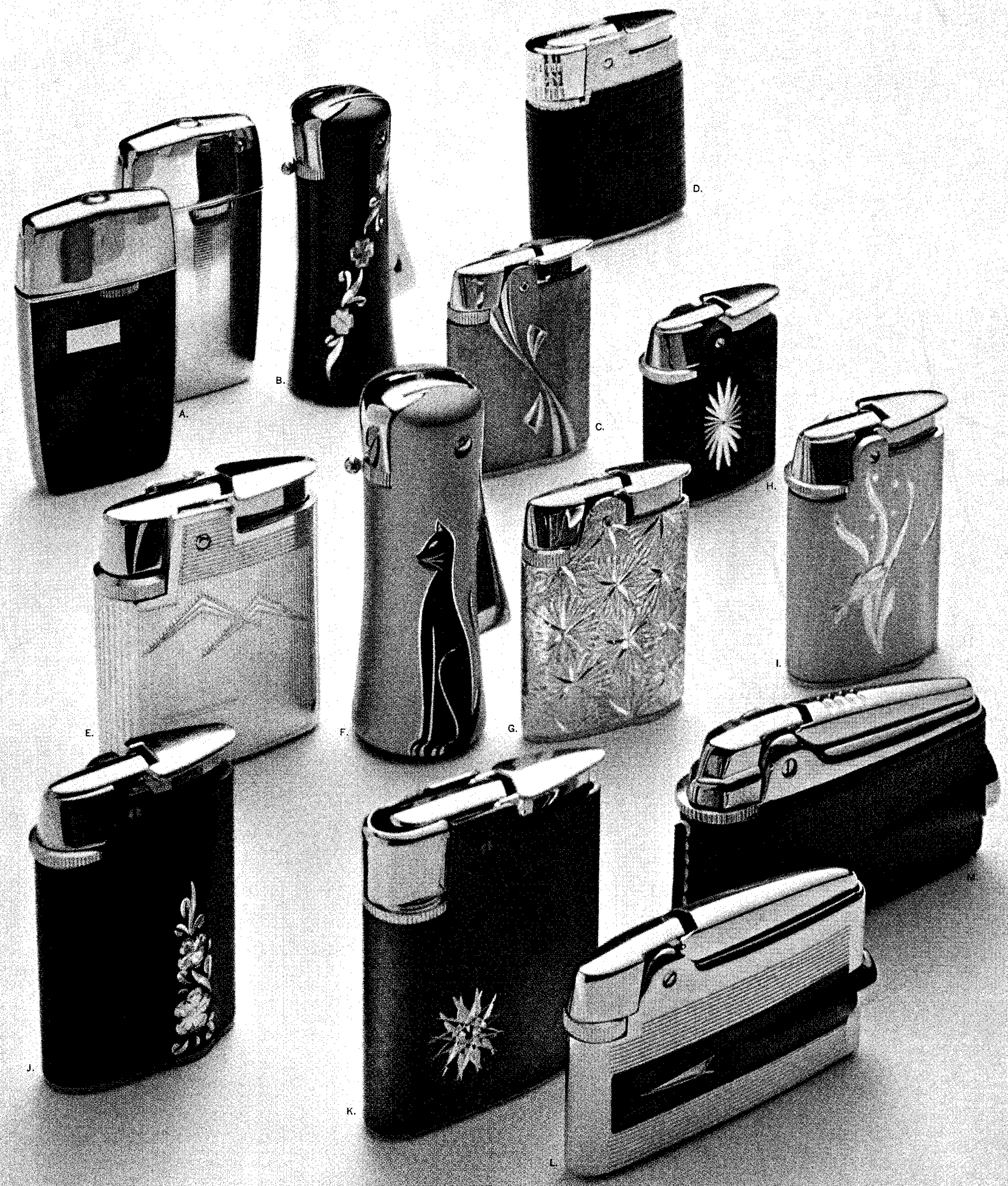

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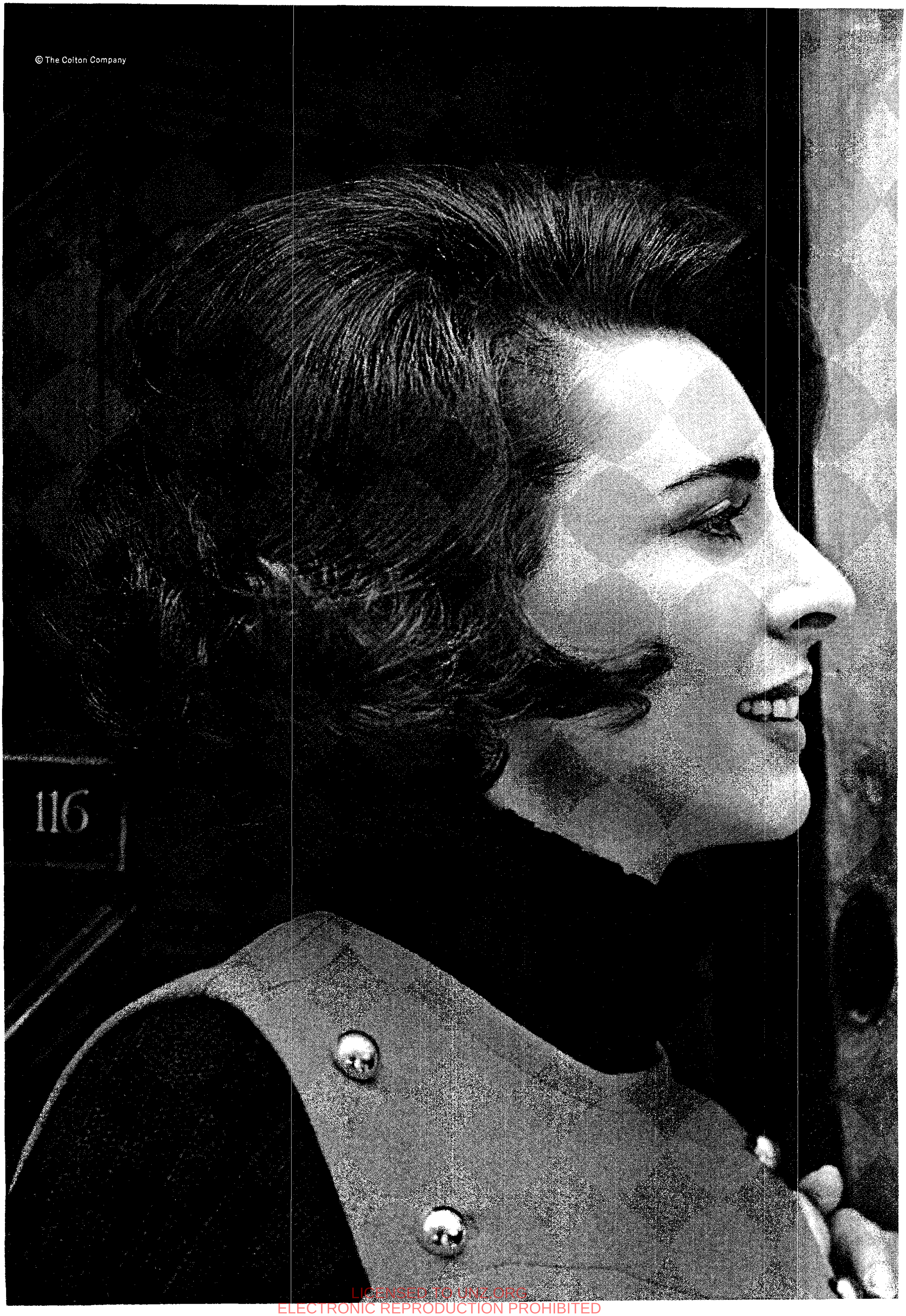

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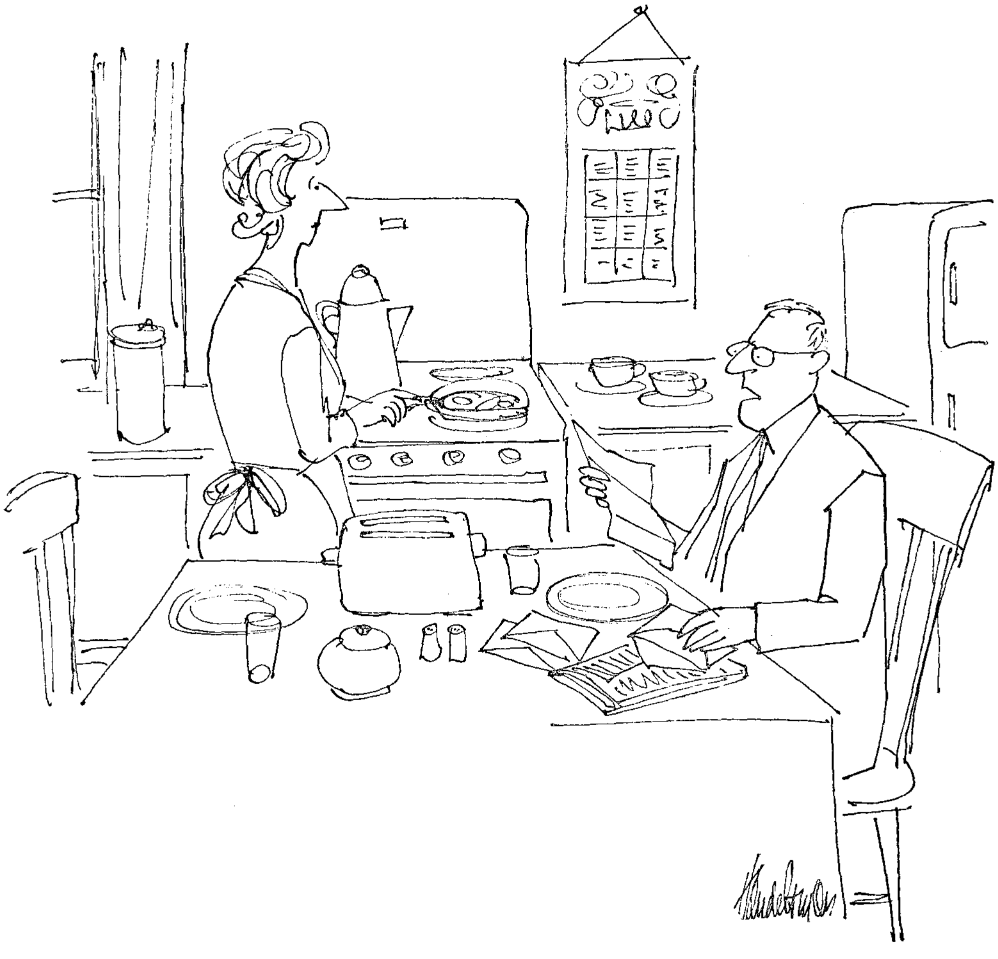
# THE THEATRE

## OFF BROADWAY

“Hello and Goodbye” was written by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, whose “The Blood Knot” was one of the best, and one of the best-performed, plays ever to be done Off Broadway. The new play’s two stars (and complete cast) are Colleen Dewhurst and Martin Sheen, both good actors. The setting was designed by William Ritman, who, with his usual magic touch, has transformed the tiny stage of the Sheridan Square into an appropriately squalid but certainly roomy-looking farmhouse. The entire production—the producer is Kermit Bloomgarden—represents the most serious effort by everyone concerned, but the show is not successful. “Hello and Goodbye” (a jaunty title for a sombre work) is about the reunion, after fifteen years, of an Afrikaner brother and sister at their awful family house in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. The brother, by far the younger of the two, has been living there and looking after their crippled father, a tyrannical, Bible-ridden miser, who has recently died. The young man, victim of every kind of emotional and physical deprivation, is almost out of his mind with grief and loneliness and rage. The sister has been earning a meagre livelihood, principally by whoring, in Johannesburg. She is broke and tired, and, unaware of her father’s death, she has come home to claim a share of the money he is supposed to have been paid as compensation for an accident. (The play is haunted by the ghost of “Anna Christie” and other works by O’Neill, and it is also haunted, I’m afraid, by the ghost of “Cold Comfort Farm.”) The brother keeps the death a secret almost to the end, and, after making her promise that if he gives her whatever money they can find she will leave and never return, he starts bringing out of the old man’s room carton after carton that turns out to be full of just old clothes and newspapers—the usual miser’s hoard. As the brother and sister unpack the boxes, they pick over and act out the details and events of their terrible childhood—their jealousy and resentment of each other, and the poverty and cruelty that sent her out into the streets and killed their mother. The brother is much given to long, frenzied monologues. The emotion is occasionally relieved by a modicum of humor—bitter on her part, hysterical on his.

These characters are revealed in all the depth of their misery and complexity, but they are never moving, or even touching. Everything that goes on seems far away, and it shouldn’t, in spite of the distant setting. After all, hateful skinflints around every corner drive their wives to early graves and destroy their children. The play fails, I think, not because it is remote or awkward—awkwardness is the most forgivable of flaws—but because it never seems to stand on its own. Mr. Fugard’s hand is always apparent. To take just one example, there is no reason that I can see for the brother to conceal the father’s death until far along in the second act, except that there would be no dramatic structure if he didn’t. When it comes to that, I don’t think the play has enough substance for two acts, anyway. Nevertheless, as performed, it is probably more interesting than a lot of tidier shows.

There is considerable talent and accomplishment on display in Frank Cucci’s “The Ofay Watcher,” which opened last week at Stage 73. The play, a comedy with menacing overtones, turns slowly, and not without warning, into gruesome melodrama. It is a fable or parable about a black man and a white man and the white man’s black girl, and, considered as such, it doesn’t seem to me to cut very deep or amount to much. Considered as a satiric fantasy, though, it works quite well, almost to the end. It opens on a square in the East Village at five-thirty in the morning, with a young white scientist named Bruce trying to persuade a tattered Negro named Rufus to come to his nearby apartment and be a guinea pig in



*“Dear Mommy and Daddy: Today we marched around the Administration Building with bad words painted on our faces because they won’t let us hire and fire the faculty. It was fun. Love, Sonny.”*

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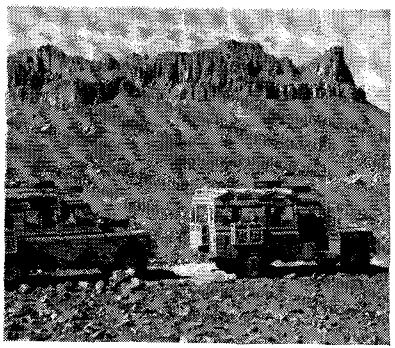

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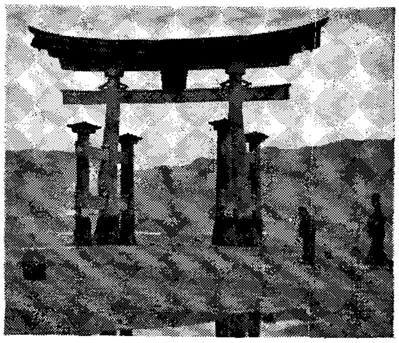

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an experiment. Bruce has concocted a powder that can turn the skin of a man (or the fur of a mouse or the scales of a goldfish) white, and, if taken regularly, can keep him white. The persuasion takes some doing—in the form of very funny talk. Rufus looks like a bum, but who is he really? His conversation is an unceasing put-on, and he is as mysterious at the end of the play as he was at the beginning. Or in a sense he is. Bruce is an innocent. Or in a sense he is. At any rate, he feels that he has solved the race problem—everybody white and nobody sore. ("Why not everybody black?" Rufus asks.) Bruce accepts Rufus—mockery, mystery, and all—but Bruce's Negro girl does not, and her antagonism is more than just the simple matter of jealousy it originally seems to be. "My baby is a genius," she tells Rufus, and she herself wants to be the first black he turns white. So there are the three of them in that apartment, and there is where I leave the plot.

The writing is sharp and clear and funny, and the menace is always underneath. I wish that Mr. Cucci had had more confidence in his gift for suspense and satire, and hadn't felt that he had to resort to melodrama at the end in order to make his point. The performances, under Jerry Adler's direction, couldn't be better. It is heartening to see three young actors capable of such firm, interesting characterizations and so adept at comedy and comedy timing. Cleavon Little—subtle, elusive, deadpan—is Rufus, whose every speech is part of a verbal camouflage that we never penetrate. Terry Kiser is Bruce, the eager, fanatical simpleton, as pernicious as he is charming. Billie Allen plays Bruce's girl, in love with him and proud of him, and immediately on to Rufus, sensing that there is something terribly wrong, and that her man is in danger. Miss Allen, who was so good a few years ago in "Funnyhouse of a Negro," brings intelligence and feeling, as well as beauty, to the part. Dahl Delu's witty, effective setting of Bruce's East Village apartment, with all its furniture and all its retorts and tubes, gives Mr. Cucci's fantasy the solid, realistic background it needs.

An idiotic revue called "The American Hamburger League," which also opened last week, is almost too depressing to mention. Bill Hinnant, Jane Hoffman, and Dorothy Lyman were stuck in it—often, it seemed, to their own bewilderment. —Edith Oliver

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Futurity Blues*

FUTURITY DAY isn't what it used to be. In these changing times, the race was bound to lose some of the gaiety and enthusiasm it stirred up in Native Dancer's year, or Bold Ruler's, or Citation's, or, going way back, the year Whichone rolled home ahead of Hi-Jack and Gallant Fox, or when High Strung and Roguish Eye, carrying the colors of those two Chicago Old Boys, Marshall Field and Bathhouse John Coughlin, finished a head apart, or when Kerry Patch beat Ladysman. The old atmosphere may have been missing at Belmont Park last Saturday, but the eightieth running of the classic for two-year-olds was thrilling from start to finish, with Mrs. Ethel Jacobs' High Echelon winning by a head from Joseph Roebling's Tepee Rings. The Wheatley Stable's Irish Castle, the favorite, was third, three lengths away. There were twelve contestants (twice as many as this fallible department had guessed would run), for no apparent reason other than that every stable having an eligible colt in training with a turn of speed and four good legs under him decided to take a chance. As a matter of fact, two of the starters had never won a race, and five of them, including the winner, had won only once. I doubt whether such a mediocre lot ever went to the post in the Futurity before.

I thought Irish Castle looked good and moved particularly well in the paddock. High Echelon didn't stand out—unless it was by the color of his coat, which looked to me more gray than roan. The hot horse in the betting was Tepee Rings, who had won for the first time a fortnight earlier and was made second favorite on the strength of that. He almost clicked, too, catching the leaders on the turn for home and going into the stretch lengths to the good. But High Echelon, who began slowly, came bearing down, and passed him a few strides before they went under the wire. Rotz, who has seldom ridden in better form than he has lately, rates full marks for his handling of High Echelon, who was his second Futurity winner; his first was Bold Hour, in 1966. It was also No. 2 for Mrs. Jacobs; her first was Priceless Gem, in 1965. Like all the horses Hirsch Jacobs trains, High Echelon hasn't been idle. The Futurity was his fifteenth start. His next will probably be in the Cowdin, on October 1st. He's also in the Champagne Stakes, ten days later.

Colonel Martingale wonders if the change to cooler weather upset form at Belmont last weekend. The first seven favorites on the card were beaten, among them not only Irish Castle, who kept too close to the rail in the Futurity, but Dike, who failed in his first test on the grass.

IT was a long time between trips to the winner's enclosure for Chompion. He hadn't won a thing since last year's Travers at Saratoga, but he has won two stakes at the current Belmont meeting. He's always liked soft going, and the Brighton Beach Handicap over the turf course three weeks ago was duck soup for him. The footing was fast for the Stymie Handicap on the main track the other afternoon, but he beat a couple of good fillies—Obeah and Harem Lady—and eight of his own sex, with something to spare. There were those in the stand who said the way he ran reminded them of Stymie himself, that darling of Saturday horseplayers twenty years ago, for he waited off the fast pace of Misty Run and Harem Lady for more than a mile, and came surging up with a sweeping run at the end. No doubt he'll have a go at the Woodward Stakes this weekend.

I COULDN'T imagine looking beyond Arts and Letters for the winner of the Woodward. Though he hasn't raced since August, when he galloped off with this year's Travers, even the most critical observers find no fault in the way his trainer, Elliott Burch, has handled him. Jim Conway, who trains Verbatim, says his horse has never been better. Nodouble is all wound up, too. Looks like a good show.

AND, for the record, the Cragwood Stable brought off a double last week, Mr. Leader winning the hundredth running of the Jerome Handicap at Belmont in a photo finish with Oil Power and Hydrologist, and Hawaii taking the Sunrise Handicap, at a mile and a half, on the grass at Atlantic City. Nice going. —AUDAX MINOR

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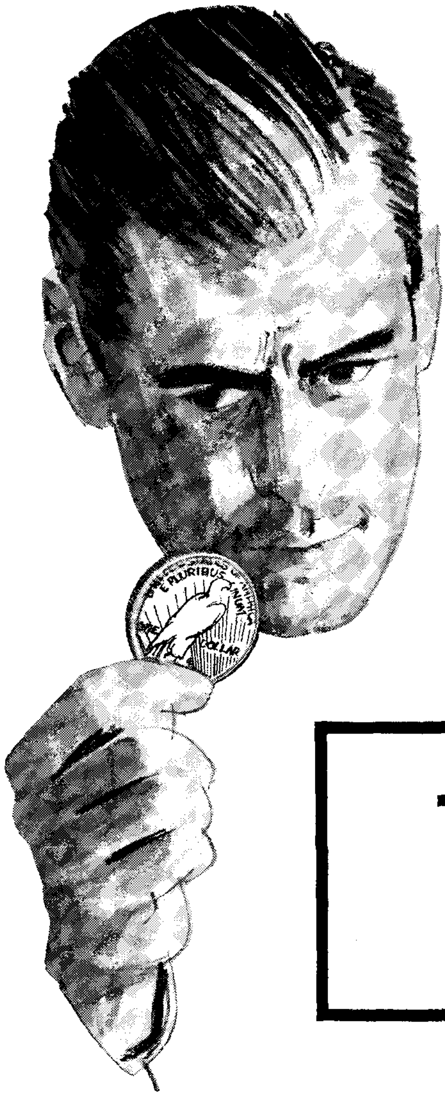
7:00—(2) News. Mudd color.
—*The Post.*

It so often is.



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# THE ART WORLD

## *Moma's Napas*

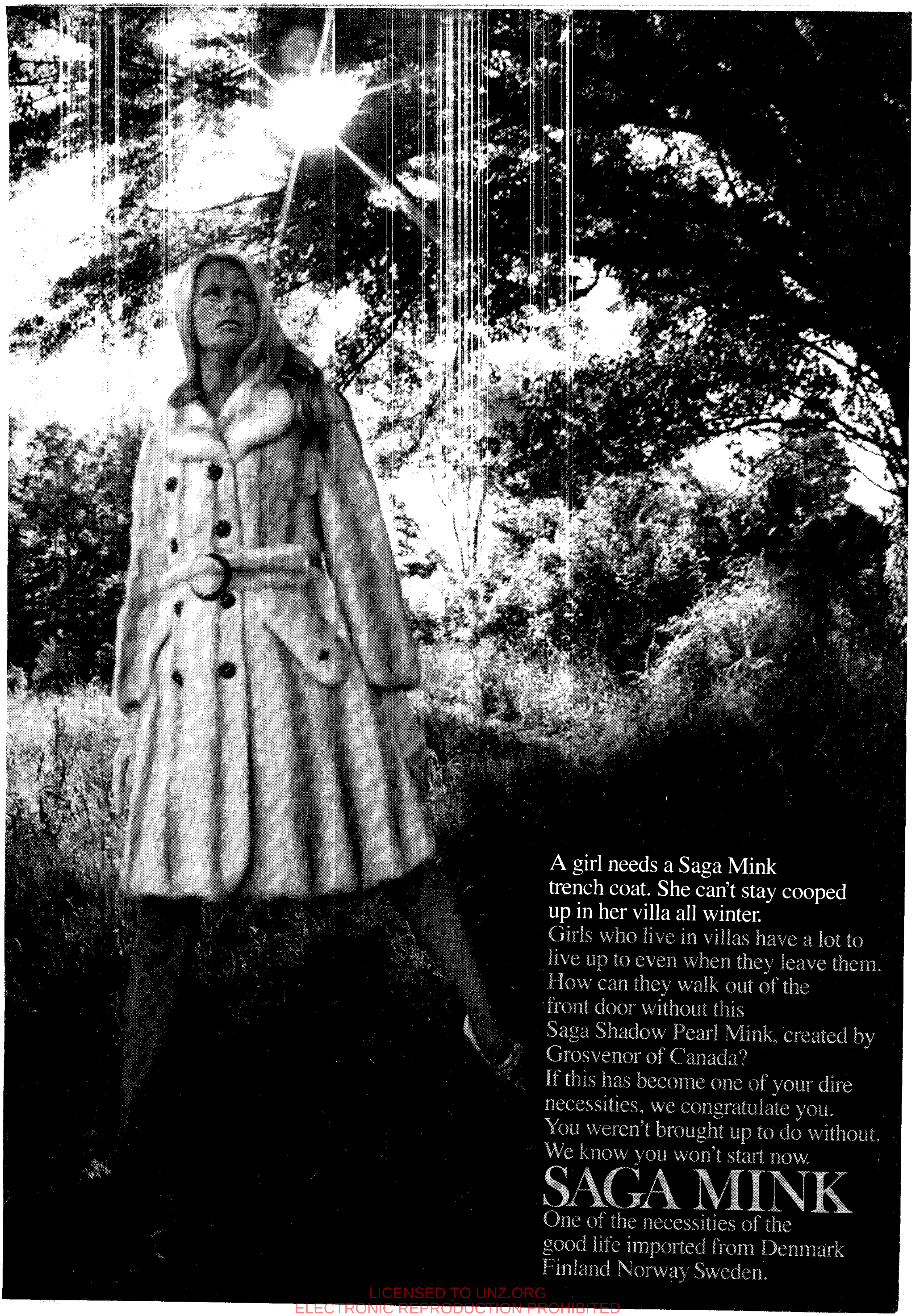
A REPORT in this column last year closed with the following: "In the Dada-Surrealist exhibition, the Museum of Modern Art has become a kind of corporate artist, using other people's pictures to produce its own collage and parody." A new exhibition, "The New American Painting and Sculpture: The First Generation" (NAPAS), which has been on view at the Museum since June, is a similar effort to refashion already existing art. NAPAS presents works, hitherto classified as Abstract Expressionist and Action painting, by such artists as Gorky, de Kooning, Pollock, Hofmann, Still, Motherwell, Newman, and David Smith. In reshaping Dada and Surrealism, MOMA retained their original names and contented itself with draining off their ideas in order to expose a hidden Cubist skeleton. MOMA's approach to postwar American art is bolder, perhaps because the labels are newer, hence more easily detached, or because, like every artist, MOMA has gained confidence through engaging in the arbitrariness of creation. In any case, part of the process of appropriating something, whether a parked car or a period in history, is to remove its marks of identification and affix new ones. So Abstract Expressionism and Action painting have been done away with at MOMA and replaced by "The New American Painting and Sculpture: The First Generation."

Abstract Expressionist art has never been in particularly good standing at MOMA, except to the extent that this new American art was, in the language of Dr. William S. Rubin, who organized both the Dada-Surrealist exhibition and the current NAPAS, a "revival of the main line of European abstraction"—that is to say, to the extent that it was not new at all and consisted of neither expression nor action but only of extensions of the history of forms. Indeed, the long-term chilliness of MOMA toward America's innovating art is responsible for deficiencies in its collection of the postwar period, and one of the aims of the present exhibition has been belatedly to fill gaps by soliciting gifts and promises of major works from, among others, artists chosen by the Museum to represent the first generation. (The tactic of urging contributions from artists or their survivors resulted in an attack on MOMA by a group called the Art Workers' Coalition, which I shall discuss later.) Compared to MOMA's past depreciation of the Abstract Expressionist/Action-painting movement and of leading personalities in it, the title "The New American Painting and Sculpture: The First Generation" is, for all its evasiveness, an honorific designation almost amounting to an about-face, in that it hails these artists as innovators and as representative of their nation, and, in the phrase "First Generation," foreshadows their connection with generations to come (though Pollock and de Kooning might well have preferred to decline the honor of being ancestors of Noland or Judd).

In a "Check List" of the exhibition, MOMA offers theoretical justifications for changing the name of America's postwar art and appropriating the Abstract Expressionist/Action-painting period on its own terms. "Abstract Expressionism," MOMA argues, has the fault of implying a common style, while "Action painting" is defective in implying "a common method or posture." In MOMA's view, to suggest the presence of these common qualities impedes appreciation of the individual character of works by the artists involved. Pitting the uniqueness of each artist against shared modes is, of course, a hoary device for disposing of bothersome ideas—a device that MOMA attempted to exploit in the Dada-Surrealist exhibition by setting masterworks by Miró, Giacometti, Ernst, and Arp in opposition to the shock, radical politics, "black humor," and rancor of First World War art movements. If MOMA took seriously its objections to titles representing a common style, method, or "posture," it ought to shun survey shows, which have inevitably "militated against an appreciation of the individual nature of the contributions." In fact, however, MOMA shows no intention of repudiating art movements or dissolving them into their individual components but only of recasting them in its own image. The "Check List" of NAPAS admits that "common qualities of spirit and attitude unite" de Kooning, Pollock, and Newman, three Abstract Expressionists who are as far apart as any three artists in the movement. The real purpose of the argument against the terms "Abstract Expressionism" and "Action painting" is not to deepen an understanding of Pollock, de Kooning, Rothko, and others but to dissociate their works from ideas and values that might interfere with the Museum's curious enterprise of recomposing the art of the past.

The title "The New American Painting and Sculpture: The First Generation" has, MOMA avers, two advantages over the earlier names. The first is that it is based on "The New American Painting," the title of an exhibition circulated by MOMA ten years ago—in other words, NAPAS is in line with the history of the Museum of Modern Art, if not with the history of styles or the history of ideas. This remarkable claim to intellectual superiority is followed by another, still more remarkable—that the "virtue" of the title "The New American Painting" lay in the fact that "it alluded to certain essential aspects of the work while avoiding the dubious connotations that adhered to other names." The only "aspects" that I am able to discover in the words "New American Painting" are the assertions that the works are new and that they are American. That these qualities should be considered "essential" to paintings seems unbelievable, especially in a time when the claim of being new is attached to every stylistic modification, no matter how trivial, and when the appeal to national identification is a last resort of intellectual emptiness. "The New American Painting" might be understandable as the description of an exhibition travelling abroad. But to revive this title a decade later as preferable to names in use for twenty years forces the conclusion that it represents MOMA's actual thinking about art, and that the Museum was seeking these "essential aspects" in Abstract Expressionist paintings when it failed to acquire works by such artists as Gorky ("There's nothing new in his painting") and Hofmann ("He's not really American").

IT is ironic that after MOMA's expression of concern about appreciating the individual characteristics of the first-generation Americans the Museum should have produced in the NAPAS show a bland uniformity in which works by forty-two artists blend together as tasteful variations of a single mode. One critic—Mr. John Cana-



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day, of the *Times*—gained the impression that the first-generation exhibition could have been the creation of one artist. It did not occur to Mr. Canaday that the artist might have been MOMA itself, so his choice fell upon Robert Motherwell—not a bad selection, since no artist of the period is closer in spirit to MOMA. Mr. Canaday was, of course, continuing his old feud with Abstract Expressionism, but the conformity to Dr. Rubin's "main line of European abstraction" achieved by NAPAS mellowed his antagonism to the point of allowing him to discover his old enemies—for example, Newman and Motherwell himself—to be designers of pleasant wall decorations. All the disagreeable hullabaloo of the forties and fifties could have been avoided if only the artists and their supporters had modestly admitted that they were intent on painting as nicely as they knew how, instead of insisting on their dramas of anxiety and doubt. Totally absent from NAPAS is any hint of the difficulty experienced by the first generation in tearing itself away from the values that had dominated American art until well into the nineteen-forties. NAPAS has the appearance of a calm, logical evolution *backward* from the present decade. It is an arrangement of artifacts purged of the frustration, floundering, and defiance that inhere in the very notion of a "first generation." Passing from gallery to gallery, the spectator tends to respond to NAPAS as statements in a ready-made idiom unrelated to time, will, or circumstance. MOMA's indifference to the tide of energies out of which the new art arose is underlined by the inclusion in NAPAS of works by artists—for example, Morris Louis, Thomas Sills, Alexander Liberman—who were entirely removed from the environment in which the art under consideration was created.

Apart from all else, the image of America's aesthetic revolution is hopelessly distorted by the virtual omission of three of its most vital figures: de Kooning, Hofmann, and Kline. Fortunately for MOMA's campaign to create an Abstract Expressionism of its own, major works by de Kooning were on tour in a retrospective, and thus only one small painting was available under the terms of the exhibition. NAPAS was content to substitute this explanation for works by the artist most responsible for shaping the personality and visual features of the new American art. In regard to Hofmann there was no explanation, except the implied, culpable one that the Museum's collection contains to date only the four

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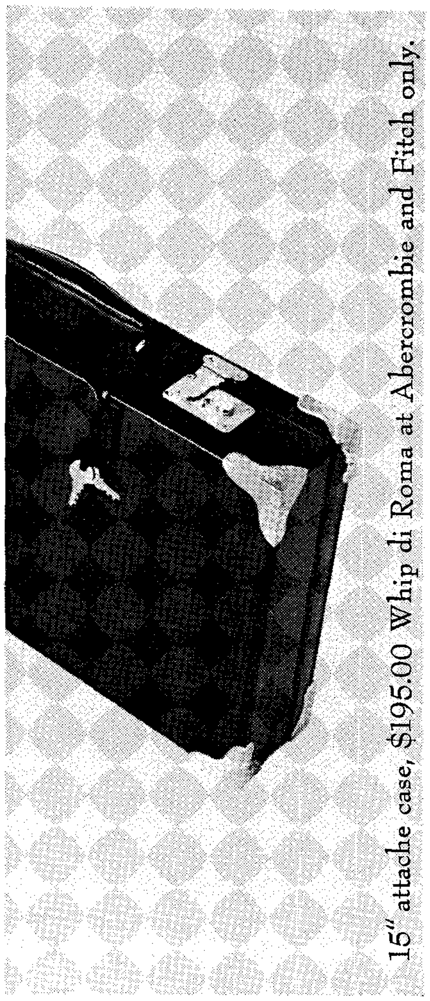
[Read about the personal Rolls-Royce on pages 26 and 27.]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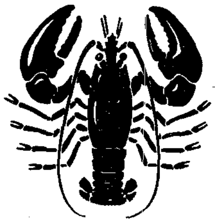

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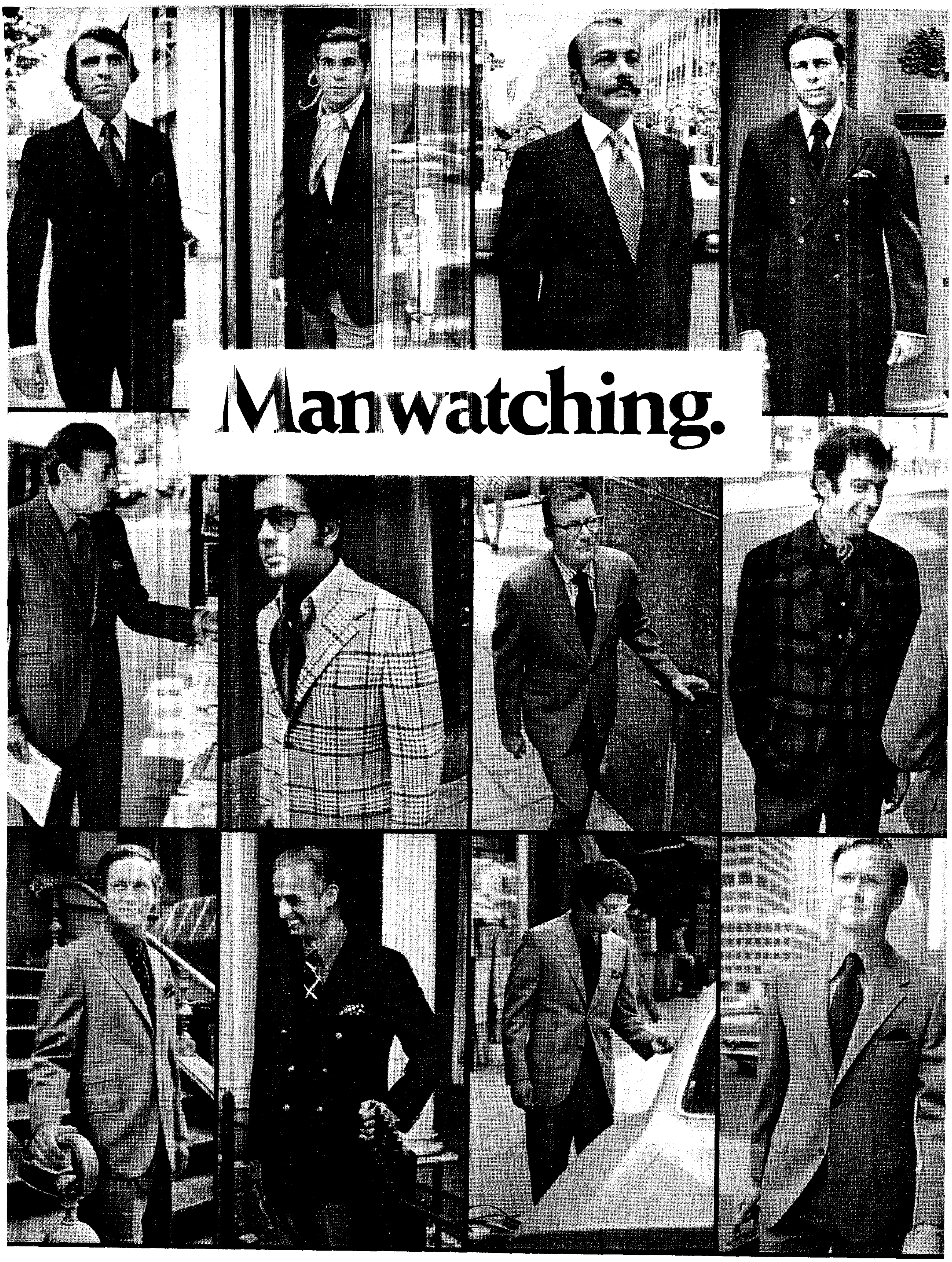

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paintings shown, three of them small, early works. The inadequate representation of de Kooning and Hofmann, accompanied by the reduction of Kline to five paintings, only two of which approximate this artist's power, is in itself sufficient to convert NAPAS into an anemic parody of Abstract Expressionism/Action painting.

"The works on view," the "Check List" promises, "will make it possible to follow the development of many individual artists over a period of more than a quarter of a century." The only artist about whom this statement is true in any sense is Motherwell, represented by ten paintings dated 1941 to 1968. Motherwell's "development" over those twenty-seven years all but subsumes the development of everyone else: his tasteful selections begin with the surprising disclosure that in 1941, when the artist was still a student, he had conceived a composition of vertical stripes in the manner of the nineteen-sixties; shortly thereafter he had experimented with areas of color, and then with white on white, white on black, and black on white, in anticipation of de Kooning and Kline; his curved strokes raining dots of color made him an elegant version of Norman Bluhm; and his 1968 specimens of contemporary color-area painting turn out to be a recapitulation of his earliest discoveries. But while Motherwell's visual vocabulary can be studied with a vengeance in the paintings supplied to NAPAS, all the other artists are available only in more or less suggestive groups of samples filtered by the sensibility of MOMA. Among the paintings of Jackson Pollock, the only artist with more entries than Motherwell, are such familiar masterworks from different periods as "The She-Wolf" (1943), "Full Fathom Five" (1947), and "Number 1" (1948), but this group of works hardly constitutes a basis for "following" Pollock's development, except for those who have absorbed MOMA's formulas concerning this artist. The spread of selections from Pollock over a period of twelve years thins out the effect of his work into a series of tentative tryouts, whereas the basic experience of Pollock, like that of other Action painters, was to build up, often through a succession of false starts and of triumphs mixed with failures, into a concentration of force that suddenly asserted itself in an absolute image. The study of an individual artist ought to take into account all his phases, but the presentation of the impact of an innovating historical movement ought to emphasize what was new and decisive. With Pollock, the

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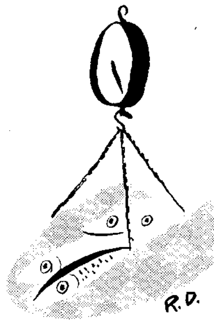
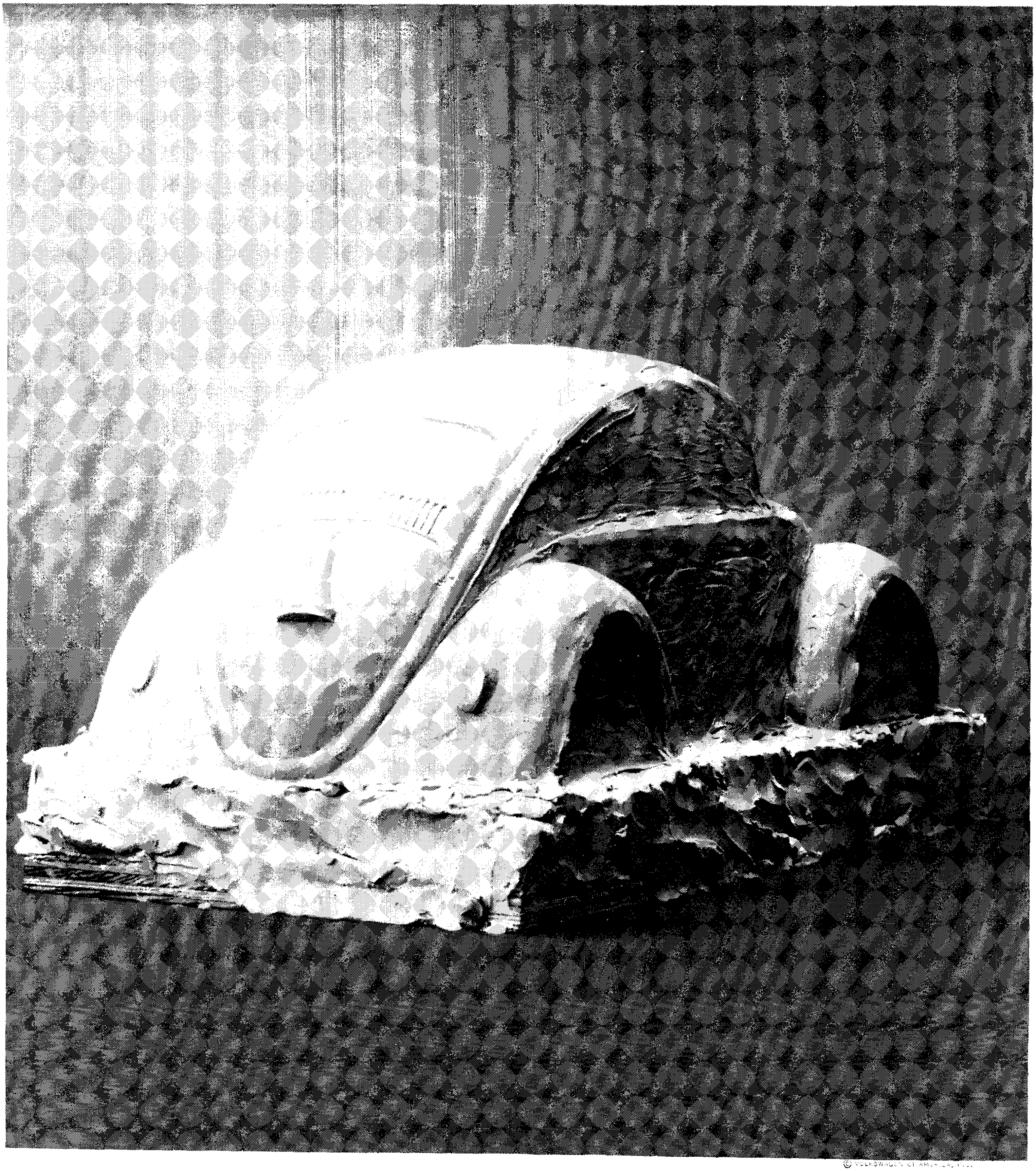
culmination of his free-hand and free-body evocations, his translation of painting into action, came in the canvases and drawings done between 1947 and 1954, but the eight of these in NAPAS are by no means the most revealing.

Gorky, Gottlieb, Rothko, and David Smith are "covered" in a similar manner—that is, by means of samples too disconnected and too few in number to provide an outline of the artists' aesthetic and intellectual physiognomies, and too diffused over their careers to convey their impact upon the art of the forties and early fifties. The only painters whose contribution can be said to have been fairly represented, allowing for the natural limitations of such an exhibition, are Clyfford Still and Barnett Newman, both with six works. I have never been greatly attracted to the Stills, which, with their towering bellicosity and non-resonant surfaces, are metaphors for a kind of withdrawn Zarathustrian romanticism. But the Stills in NAPAS, all but two of them from seven to nine feet high, are fierce and grand without subtraction, and are of a piece with the Stills that have been a presence, at once forbidding and inspiring, in American art since the war. Newman's paintings in NAPAS are concentrated within the two years (1949-50) when his measured expanses of color first became a factor in the quickened energies of the New York art world—they are, in sum, truly first-generation. "Vir Heroicus Sublimis" is one of Newman's masterworks; its huge dimensions and spaced verticals of red divided by bands of deeper red, white, brown-black, and buff, like intervals repeated beyond the senses, realize Newman's concept of the sublime, and over the years this canvas has continued to win spectators to an expanded vision of art in our time.

As for the rest of the exhibition, it reflects MOMA's vacillation among inconsistent motives. One would expect that a first generation would be presented through its generative creations. But, besides furthering its ambition to supply its own definition of American vanguard art, MOMA has wished to fill in its collections of outstanding reputations by obtaining specimens of their different "periods," as in the instances of Pollock, Gottlieb, and Rothko. In other instances—Newman, for one—it has renounced this approach and exhibits works of one or two years, augmented by a single recent example. Also, to keep the record straight, NAPAS nods to individuals whom it was apparently not eager to welcome but who could not be left off the historical guest list. Thirteen artists are recognized through a single work each, four through two works—among these are such foreground figures as James Brooks, Robert Goodnough, Giorgio Cavallon, Lee Krasner, Conrad Marca-Relli, George McNeil, Theodoros Stamos, Jack Tworkov, and Esteban Vicente. William Baziotes, a first-line imagination of the pioneer generation, has fallen into the category of a three-work artist, and it would be tedious to list artists of the postwar milieu who have been left out entirely—they include, to mention a few, Paul Burlin, Sam Francis, Landès Lewitin, Elaine de Kooning, Ludwig Sander, Perle Fine, and Burgoyne Diller (since Lieberman is represented). It is consoling that that sensitive synthesizer of Cubism, Romanticism, and calligraphy, the late Bradley Walker Tomlin, and three of the energetic sculptors of the period—David Hare, Ibram Lassaw, and Reuben Nakian—have not been forgotten, and that the small group of sculptures by Louise Bourgeois comprises the far-sighted "Quarantania III." But Hare and Lassaw are confined to pieces of no later than the early fifties, as if, in contrast to Motherwell, nothing they have done since were worth showing. This unevenness, like the one-apiece selections, amounts to a kind of grade marking of artists which is tantamount to public humiliation.



MOMA has lately come into increasing conflict with artists, though protests against its policies and programs go back to the thirties. Young radicals demonstrated against the Dada-Surrealist show, and last winter the Art Workers' Coalition was formed by artists and writers on art after an incident involving the right of an artist to remove his work from the Museum (usually the right claimed is to get it in). Original Coalition demands included, among many others, participation in control of the Museum, free admissions, and a gallery for black artists. In regard to the NAPAS show, the Coalition's objections were better focussed: considering the fact that inclusion in the MOMA exhibition/collection "guaranteed" to artists "a place in history," the Coalition contended that soliciting gifts of works from them con-



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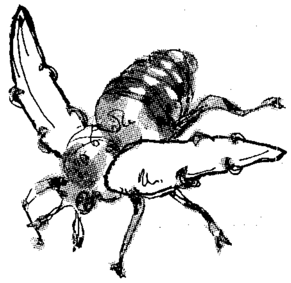
stituted "a subtle form of blackmail."

To this charge MOMA indignantly retorted that exhibitions drawn from its collections, as distinguished from its major loan shows, "in no way imply completeness in a historical sense," and that the catalogue of the NAPAS show, which is to be issued after the show is over and is "to serve as a general historical introduction to the period," will be illustrated by works in other collections besides MOMA's. In short, MOMA's defense is that NAPAS is not history—at least, not "complete" history—but that it will become history by additions not yet specified. MOMA seems to have conceived a historical limbo that is in the process of solidifying itself into real history but for which MOMA will not now assume responsibility. But since the works presented in NAPAS will be included in the catalogue that will serve as an introduction to the period, artists by contributing to the show/collection *are* being "guaranteed a place in history" and the Coalition's charge has not been answered by MOMA's distinction between the show and its catalogue.

Another answer to the Coalition came from nine artists and one artist's widow, all of whom are contributors of works to NAPAS. Asserting their rights as proprietors ("It seems to us that it is our privilege to give away our works where and when we please"), the letter of the ten, addressed to Dr. Rubin, expressed satisfaction with his program of "recognition for post World War II modern American art," and lauded him as "a strong advocate of modern American art." The ten did not seem at all irritated that this recognition and strong advocacy should have been so late in making its appearance. Also, oddly, the signers of the letter in praising MOMA praised themselves, too, as being, along with other American artists, "probably the best educated and the best supported contemporary artists in the world," and they indicated their belief that their works belonged in the Museum not because they were being donated but because they had already won a place in history ("It is only before history has given specific judgments that art exists as personal property"). In sum, the MOMA artists resented the Coalition's mistaking for "a subtle form of blackmail" what in their opinion was a process of natural selection, and its accusing Dr. Rubin of coercion when he was in fact acting as the St. Peter of art history.

It is indisputable that no one is compelled to seek a place in history, and



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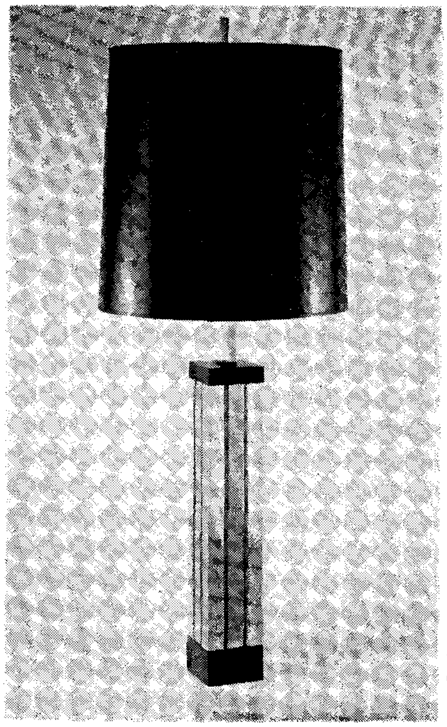

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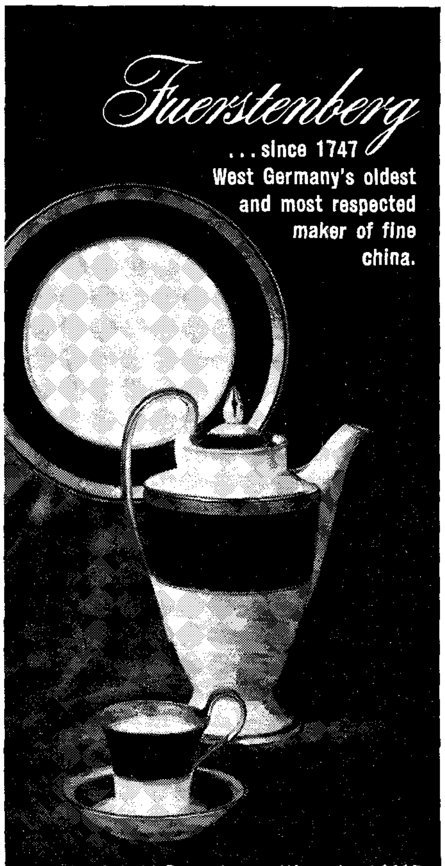
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that an artist, if he so chooses, can consign his work, and himself, to oblivion. Since each artist was free not to contribute to MOMA, "blackmail," even "subtle blackmail," was undoubtedly too strong an expression. On the other hand, most artists, like most people, are fearful of being cast into the darkness, and their relation to institutional honor rolls is an anxious one. A museum cannot "guarantee" a place in history—the discards in museum cellars are evidence of that—but it can supply reassurance that one is at least a candidate for such a place. Perhaps the right term would have been "seduction." There is, of course, nothing abnormal in the desire of a museum to build its collection, and if some of its exhibitions distort the past of art, correction is likely to come about through later exhibitions and through criticism. In the meantime, the public, or at least the public institution, has the pictures and sculptures. David Hare, in an independent letter on the Coalition issue, stated the practical case for the artist-donors—that they want the Museum to have their work and show it: "A museum presents and acquires works of art, provides a place where this work may be seen and studied. How the works are acquired is of secondary importance." Disregarding the odor of *Realpolitik* in this statement, one may assent to it on the basis of MOMA's indispensable role in making the art of our time available to Americans during the last forty years. A museum is by its nature a collector of objects and a collector of collectors.

The essential complaint against NAPAS, however, goes beyond MOMA's program of acquisitions—it has to do with the Museum's intellectual use of those objects and its responsibility to their creators and their *thinking*. The obsession with collecting art can get out of control and become an obstacle to creating art if institutions misapply their custodianship in furthering their own attitudes and interests. Unless MOMA clarifies to itself the limits of its role as a re-creator of art history and as a force in shaping the future, its conflicts with the world of artists seem destined to multiply. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

Mrs. Charles Payson (Joan Whitney), owner with her brother, Jock, of Greentree Stable and sole owner of the New York Mets Baseball Team, keeps one eye on the electric tally board at the auction and one glued to a transistor radio listening to the game.—*Washington Post.*

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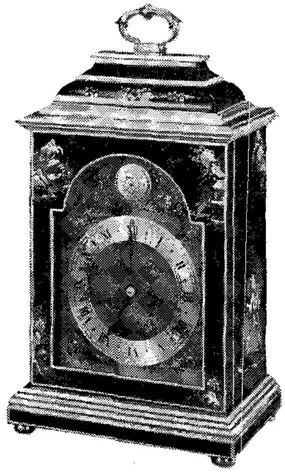

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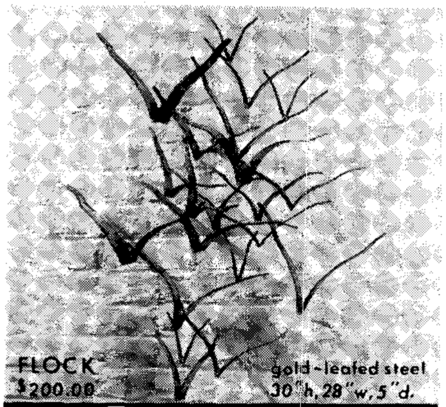

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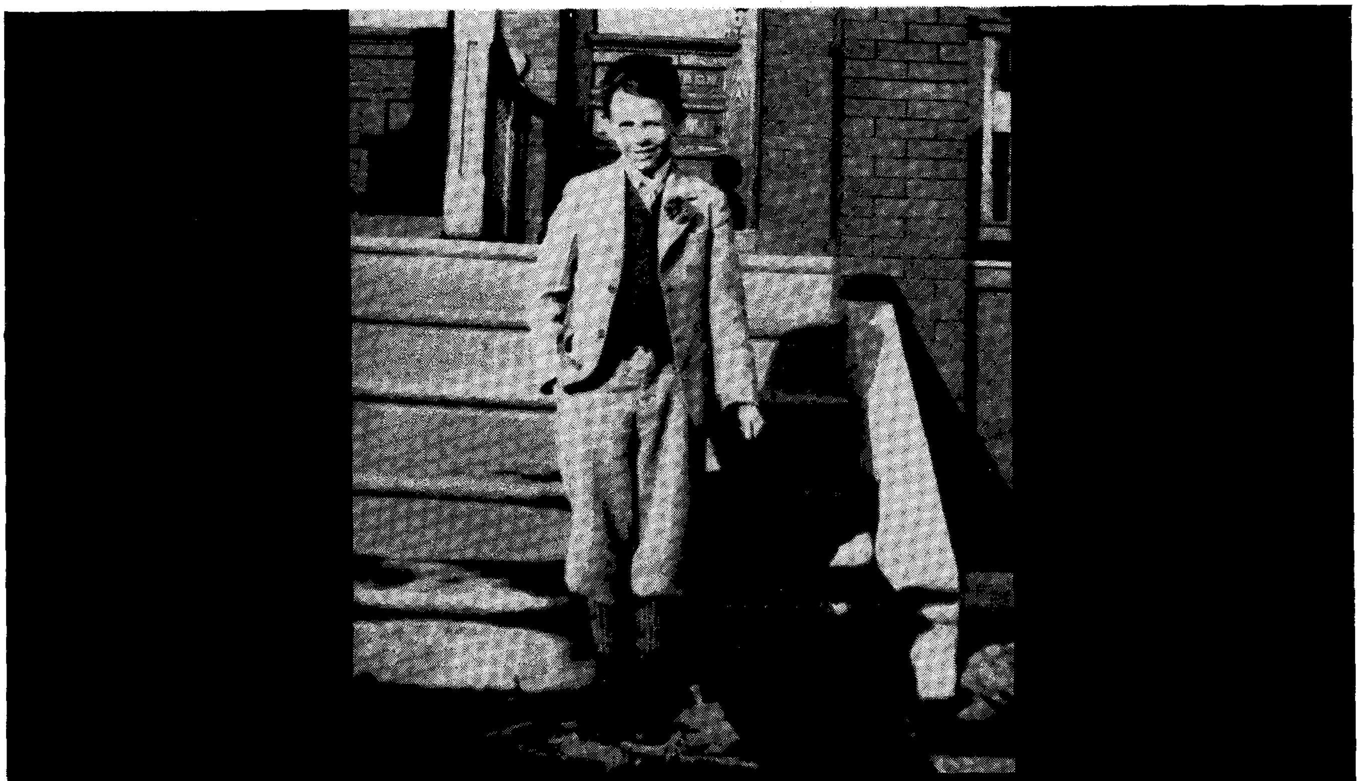

# When you were 12, what did you know?

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The fact is, today's kids know more than we did. Which is a nice bit of news for anyone concerned about the future. And they found out about a lot of it right at home, watching television.

For an indication of what they're going to learn about next month, here's a partial listing of October's highlights. Take a look. It could help you catch up with the kids.

**Discovery.** Exploring the Valley of Mexico; The Lost World of the Mayans; The Remarkable World of Seals and Sea Lions; Louisiana Purchase. Sundays, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 Noon).

**Wild Kingdom.** Land of the Condors; Summer of the Badger; Beneath Kilimanjaro. Sundays, Oct. 5, 12, 26 (7-7:30 pm).

**The Wonderful World of Disney.** The Three Loves of Thomasina—Parts 1 and 2; The Feather Farm. Sundays, Oct. 5, 12, 26 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines.** Film comedy based on historic 1910 London-Paris air race, with Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Sarah Miles, Red Skelton and Terry-Thomas. Sunday, Oct. 5 (9-11:45 pm).

**From Here To The Seventies.** In-depth study of the United States as it is now and what it may be in the next decade. Paul Newman, guide. Tuesday, Oct. 7 (8:30-11 pm).

**Appalachian Autumn.** CBS Playhouse—Original play set against a background of economically depressed coal-mining area. Starring Arthur Kennedy, Teresa Wright, Estelle Winwood. Tuesday, Oct. 7 (9:30-11 pm).

**World Series.** The national sport's annual high spot. First game: Saturday, Oct. 11.

**The Mystery of Animal Behavior.** National Geographic Society—Animals' greatly varied behavior patterns as seen by Heinz Sielmann, renowned photographer-naturalist. Tuesday, Oct. 14 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**Heidi.** Johanna Spyri's classic, starring Maximilian Schell, Jean Simmons, Sir Michael Redgrave, with Jennifer Edwards in the title role. Sunday, Oct. 19 (7-9 pm).

**Football's Golden 100.** Celebration of the 100th anniversary of football. Tuesday, Oct. 21 (10-11 pm).

**Tom Jones.** The film of Henry Fielding's novel, with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Diane Cilento, Edith Evans, Hugh Griffith. Saturday, Oct. 25 (8:30-11 pm).

**Dedication-Concert at Juilliard School.** Concert marks opening of Juilliard School at Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 26 (5:30-7 pm).

**It's The Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown.** Charlie and friends celebrate Halloween. Sunday, Oct. 26 (7:30-8 pm).

**The Desert Whales.** Jacques-Yves Cousteau's crew sails down the California coast to trace migration of the gray whales. Tuesday, Oct. 28 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**Regularly Scheduled Programs**
**Monday through Friday:** Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo

**Tuesday:** First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

**Saturdays:** The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/G-E College Bowl/ABC's Wide World of Sports

**Sundays:** Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Guideline/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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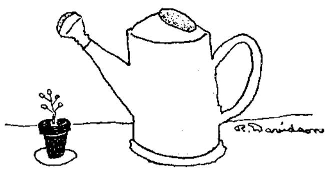
# GASTRONOMY RECALLED

## A PROVERBIAL MATTER

MEAT as such is a gastronomical cliché, perhaps because it has been a part of human nourishment even longer than the proverbs about it, from "One man's meat is another man's poison" to the lesser quoted but equally obvious "God sends meat and the Devil sends cooks." It seems to me that no single part of our so-called daily diet has been treated with more studied carelessness mixed with an almost hysterical dependence, and this is why I myself feel freed from any compulsion to eat it unless it be of fine quality and in cunning preparations. As a cook, I risk playing the Devil's advocate, but I confess that most meat, sent to nourish us for one reason or another by one force or another, is mistreated to the point of inedibility almost everywhere, from top to bottom of our kitchen world. It may be that it is best when most simply grilled or roasted, as prehistoric men discovered soon after they learned to make fire their sometime servant, and as we still try to prove on our back-yard barbecue equipment. In any era, it must be healthy firm meat, to be suitable for the caveman in us.

The longer it has run on the hoof before the arrow or lasso hits it the longer it must wait before it is cooked, to relax tense muscles and calm down the flesh. Quiet pasturage, canny feeding, not too much capering about in seasonal excitements—these will make for tender and flavorful flesh in almost any snared animal. African tribesmen, and Argentinian and Texan ranchers, have their own tricks, but probably the most tempting for four-legged and even human consideration are played in Japan. There, in Matsuzaka, the famous animals are stall-fed, and plied with beer to make them hungrier. They are massaged by hand every day, to distribute the resulting fat evenly in their flesh, so that when it is served it is both lean and rich. In winter there are large hot-water bottles to keep the stalls cozy, and in summer fragrant joss sticks burn to stop mosquitoes from interrupting the quiet, beery munchings. It sounds like a good life, in a cowish way, and despite contradictions from several other meat-raising countries, Matsuzaka beef is considered with gastronomical awe by the knowing.



I have never tasted it. And as for awe itself, when faced with a piece of charred animal flesh my emotion has to be tempered with either voracity or plain clinical interest. I felt the latter a while ago, when I was invited to a long Sunday luncheon in the garden of a stylish restaurant in Southern France. A bonneted cook and two assistants carved from sizzling carcasses of lambs hung by their heels before a wall of glowing charcoal as high as a little house. The French are deservedly reputed to be clever; instead of losing all the juices as they dripped from the meat, which happens when it is laid flat, as on our barbecues, they had placed pans below the slowly turning bodies to catch every drop. Some of it was swabbed up again by the two panting helpers, but some of it was brought to table just as it had materialized, pungent with fresh herbs, to be spooned over the rough slices of meat and the small fresh white beans served with it. It was probably the most delicious lamb I have ever tasted. My interest remained clinical, for I felt innately bored by the chichi that seems necessary—at least, in that region and at that season—in order to serve a simple thing like roasted (grilled in this case) lamb with fresh white beans (*agneau rôti aux haricots blancs frais*). Fountains splashed. Flowers bloomed to the sound of a strolling musician. Bentleys and Ferraris purred to a stop on the road. A specially bottled local *rosé* was almost excellent, and the chef and all the others did their best—and somehow my interest remained clinical. It was my loss, not theirs.

The fact remains that I think lamb, and mutton, too, can be fine fare. Mutton tastes better in England than in America, except perhaps in a few chophouses in great cities. However, I detest the British habit of serving it with mint sauce, to cover its taste of raunchy wool. I used to have to pick mint leaves for a last-minute macerating with vinegar and sugar—a horrid douse—during my years as a part-time child of my English "aunt," while my mother was procreating, and I have a bad taste about it, being averse to subterfuge.

PORK is a tender and sweet meat when treated with respect. For instance, there is an eminently good way

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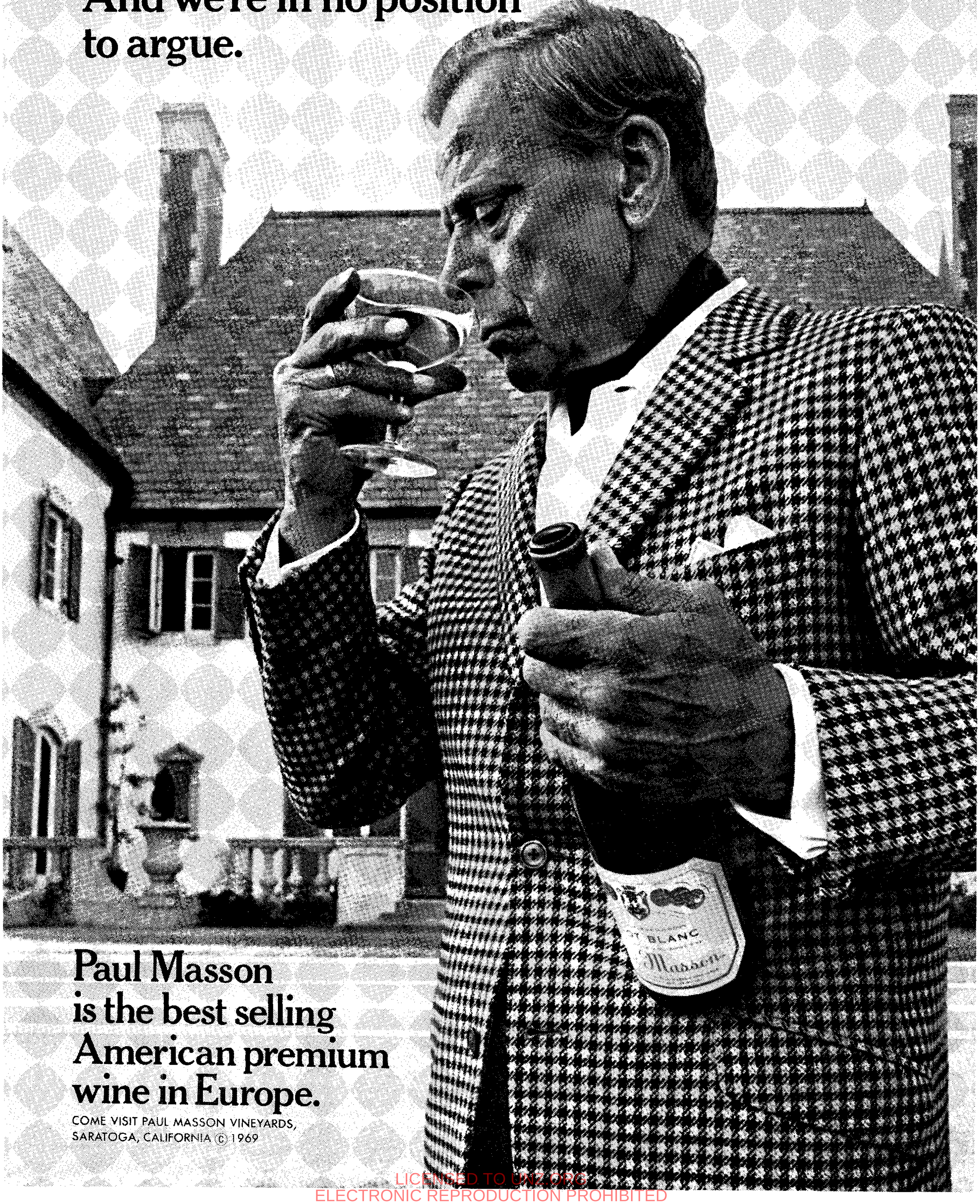

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to put nicely fried chops of it between many layers of thinly sliced potatoes and onions, with plenty of dry white wine and seasoning. I add some bay leaves and nutmeg, and cover the whole tightly until all is tender in a moderate oven. It makes a fine smell in the house, and pleases people in winter.

Of course, bacon and its porkish relatives are part of our national cuisine. I bow to them. I like them to be cooked slowly and well drained, to be crisp when that is indicated, and not to be omnipresent at Gentile breakfasts. This holds for sausages—the tiny-to-medium ones served dark and appetizing from morning until night in Germanic and Anglo-Saxon countries. They should be treated with care, once having been bought from an honest maker, and then presented as an important part or adjunct of a good meal instead of as a casual or dutiful garnish. They are good on top of a Minorcan stew or hot ratatouille, or laid generously on stuffed baked potatoes or alongside gently scrambled eggs. They are good from a chafing dish, on the end of what I once carelessly referred to as a "toothpick" to a clerk, who, with tact, changed it to "cocktail pick" on my bill. To cook them, I make sure they are at room temperature, prick each one with a sharp chopstick or other supposedly non-lethal instrument, and cover them in a shallow skillet with cold water. As soon as it comes to a full boil, I drain the pallid ugly-looking titbits and, in the same skillet, cover them with either a light beer or a mixture of half water and half red or white wine, and let them simmer until almost all the liquid is gone, turning them as they tell me to. They will be prettily glazed.

The best little sausages I ever ate were in Nuremberg, otherwise sadly infamous. They were made of beef, not pork. Between two flying buttresses of the great church now gone was a tiny restaurant called the Bratwurstl Glöcklein, and there Albrecht Dürer is said to have sat, which is why I did, too, convinced that we both ate the same kind of hot, small, tender little sausages on the same bitter-cold days, and drank the coolly warming floods of thin white wine.

As for beef itself, from Matsuzaka or perhaps Gardnerville, Nevada, it is like sex and politics, a form of religion here to stay—at least, as long as people can raise enough cattle to provide themselves with the red meat considered essential in their diets. Most of

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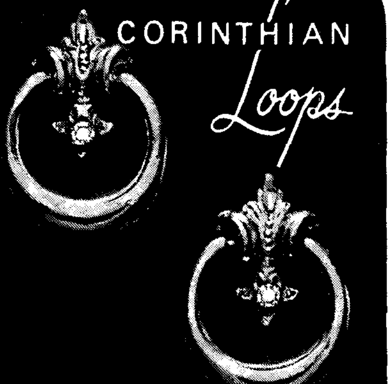

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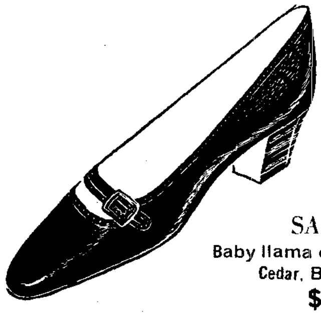

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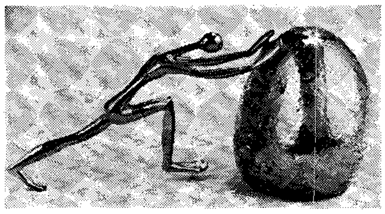

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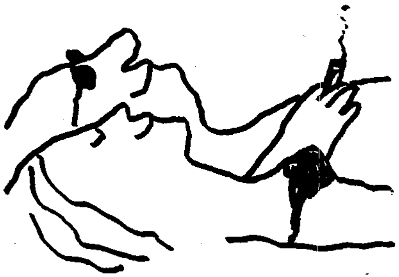

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them feel fortunate to be able to sit down as often as possible to a grilled steak, rare or "blue," and a baked potato split open in its foil wrapper and deeply soaked with a sauce of some kind of pasteurized cheese, commercial sour cream, and plenty of monosodium glutamate. As to my own approach to the general necessity for beef in our nourishment, I think the best way to buy it is to go to an honest farmer (or to Nevada) and buy a half or whole carcass and have it cut into the right morsels, and then store it. What I buy lately in the Bay Area seems to have been irradiated, infra-rayed, pumped full of mysterious coagulants and preservatives. I would be willing to testify to this uncoöperative and, indeed, unpatriotic statement. I have bought the best procurable cuts and have treated them like princes, and they have made a fool of me. I swear that if I wanted to go to the infinite bother of asking for a chemical analysis of some of my recent humiliating dishes, the respectfully cooked meat would be found to have traces of God-knows-what-substances in it. I am therefore waiting for the kind men in plain clothes who carry off subversives, and meanwhile making a few good things like stews, wherein I hope to outwit them. (The tough but flavorful meat cut up for stews seems less prone to petrification than more elegant parts of a slaughtered animal.)

Stews are a fine invention, and not a new one. A household that does not know how to construct a good old ragout is to be pitied. When I make one, I do it generously, to have plenty left. It tastes even better on the second day. The third day it is still highly commendable if it has been made with fine fresh things and treated sensibly from the start. Any honorable cookbook, from Larousse to the latest Whizzo-Presto Manual, holds a few good recipes, which should be reread occasionally to refresh the mind, and most cooks worth their salt and vinegar will gladly divulge their own inherited or acquired "secrets."

One man I know insists upon a first almost black browning of the cubes of beef, done with plenty of sugar. This gives the final product, hours later, a handsome color, which less dedicated people might achieve with a last cautious addition of Kitchen Bouquet. Another friend, who delights in remaking the simplest things as they have seldom been simplified before, thus spending much thought and many extra hours upon them, prepares the meat for a stew in one large piece, which is well

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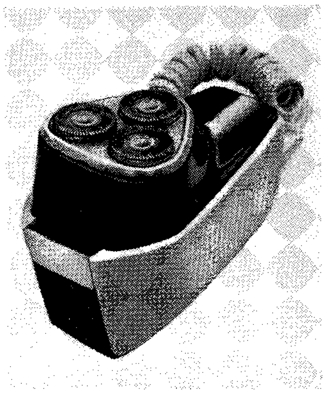

It's the Norelco® Tripleheader. Last year, more Americans bought Norelco men's shavers than any other brand.

It's not hard to see why. Norelco shavers are the only ones in the U.S. that shear whiskers off with a continuous rotary action, instead of chopping them off with a vibrating back-and-forth motion. The Tripleheader has 'floating' cutting heads that give a little to follow the curves of your face. And, perhaps most extraordinary of all, the shaving cutters actually sharpen themselves while you shave! Independent lab tests prove that the Norelco shaves as well as or better than a stainless steel blade for two out of three men.

A remarkable machine. And now that it's the leader in its field, it's easy to understand our enthusiasm for Norelco shavers. But cause for enthusiasm was less obvious when we sold our first Norelco shaver. At that time, Americans already had several shavers to choose from. Why should we decide to introduce a totally different type of shaver, one that looked and worked like nothing else on the market?

The answer to that question tells you something you might find worth knowing about North American Philips Corporation.

### Beguiling simplicity

We at North American Philips have characterized ourselves as sound but not stodgy, innovative but not wild. One look at the Norelco shaver convinced us that it had the very same characteristics. It was unorthodox, but its engineering had a beguiling simplicity.

Our marketing philosophy is equally uncomplicated. We find out what people want but don't have. Then we figure out how we can fill the need profitably.

Obviously, people wanted electric shavers; they were buying them briskly. In the Norelco shaver, we had a totally new kind of shaver that shaved better than competition; and it also had the enormous marketing virtue of being authentically unique. Having launched the Norelco shaver, our next step was to keep it competitive.

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Marketing acumen like this gives North American Philips a much better than average record for introducing successful new products. But successful selling is only part of the story. Product improvements and innovations are also important.

North American Philips Corporation comprises forty-six divisions and subsidiaries. One of them invented a way to show surgeons the action of a living heart on television. Another has developed a vaccine for German measles. Still another introduced a motion picture projector so extraordinary that it won an Academy Award.

And lab work is now underway at North American Philips on laser holography, which creates three dimensional pictures so realistic that viewers have tried to pick up the objects shown in a holographic image projected in mid-air. Holographic motion pictures have already been demonstrated in our laboratories. In the distant future, 3-D holographic television may be feasible for home entertainment. Closer at hand is holographic stress analysis, a way for industrial designers to find where machinery and large structures will break without actually breaking them.

These past successes and future prospects have made us a half-billion-dollar company, destined soon to be twice as big. If any of this sounds interesting to you as an investor, send for our annual report. Write to North American Philips Corporation, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

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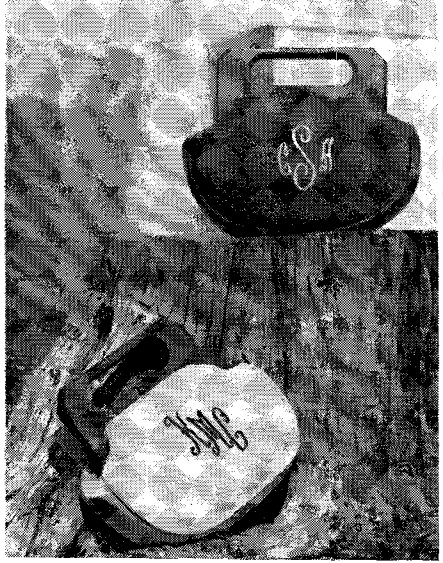
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browned and then covered with broth or water and some wine and simmered about a half hour to the pound. It is left in its juices overnight. The next day, it is meticulously carved into one-inch cubes, with all fat and gristle removed. The juices are the foundation for a generous gravy, in which blanched vegetables like carrots, onions, small potatoes, and little turnips, celery, slim green beans are heated and then allowed to marry for an hour or more. The meat is added for a quicker alliance at the end—enough time to make the whole thing logical. The result is as delicate as any decently hearty stew would dare be, with each ingredient keeping its own identity.

Myself, I seem to concoct stews by osmosis, and therefore one is sometimes better than another, but I find them edible and consistently interesting. Mostly, I cook them to please my eaters, so that if the non-onion member of the group will be present I use a judicious amount of garlic and leave out the offender. I like tomatoes, but can skip them when I know I should for other people's dietary or emotional reasons. Sometimes a stew, simple or complex, is good without potatoes. On the other hand, one made "white" instead of "brown"—an Irish stew, for example—is usually thickened only by potatoes and is relatively artless. Brown stews, *or* white, can rise as high as the highest haute cuisine, and unhappily sink as low as the foulest prison's depth.

VEAL, the pale child of ruddy beef, may at will be delicious, a fit meat for the eager cook to play with, because of its delicate flavor and texture and its beneficent acceptance of subtleties. I like the way it is roasted on a spit, braced with wild herbs, in Provence—long sprigs of fresh rosemary tied to its length here and there. I have seen more herbs thrown on the coals beneath, somewhat as fennel is blazed under a *loup*, the wolfish sea bass, at its last minutes on the grill.

Chickens, too, are best roasted on the spit—at least, when they have started out as real little good *chickens* and must not begin their private versions of suttee as long-dead, overchilled, drained and flabby wrecks. The best one I ever ate was in an apartment as high as one could climb, above the Cours Mirabeau, in Aix-en-Provence. Frantic July tourist cars sent up a filtered sound and smell through the tall plane trees below the windows. In the eighteenth-century kitchen, well modernized (there was

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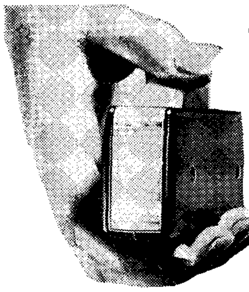
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Enough said. The entire subject is highly gratifying to us and we trust it will not be necessary to take further measures.

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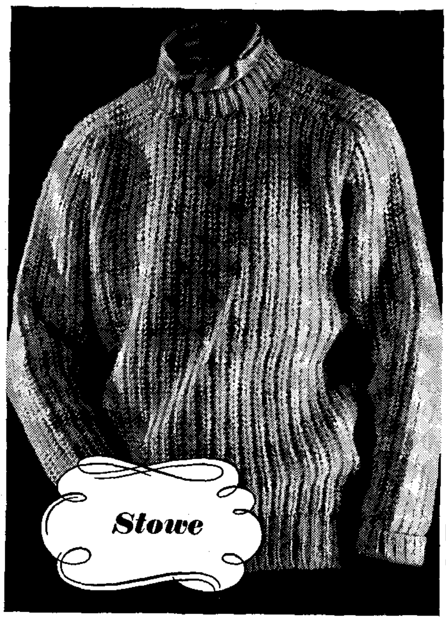

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a brace of electric iceboxes on the hearth of the huge chimney), two little pullets turned almost silently on an electric spit under an infrared grill, but my hostess still came every ten minutes, as she would have done several hundred years before, to pat them with hot butter and their own juices. They were roasted in the classic manner, which remains the best, and which is almost never tasted in its full fine simplicity. Sometimes in delicatessens and supermarkets one sees chickens sizzling and revolving slowly, and even sending forth fairly good smells, but they turn out to be coated with patented mixtures of chili powder and faked smoke flavor, to imitate barbecuing as it is commonly thought of in America. It is strange that people continue to ignore, or forget, the simplest method of grilling or roasting, on spit or in oven. There is good advice on all sides: Escoffier, Child, Rombauer. Heed it, lovers of plain ways and uncomplicated living! Unite, slaves of the steam kettle and the shakers of meat tenderizer and MSG! Read, and be rewarded! Eat two bites of a properly roasted chicken, and laugh at all the rest!

The rest can be very good indeed. Variations are limitless. Fortunately, so seem to be the recipes for them. I think a chicken hash, for example, is one of life's minor blessings when made with intelligence and good material. I do not care much for the over-battered "Southern fried" chicken, which should rightly be one of our national prides, but Arkansas Addie knew how to do it consummately, and for my father's seventy-fifth birthday she fried seventy-five drumsticks, because he had sometimes remarked mildly after carving at table that his favorite part was the leg but that it never came to him, thanks to his courteous custom of asking each of us what we would most like before he served himself. Father was amused in a remote way by the imposing pyramid of crisp golden legs, which a mixed group of his admirers pounced on and gnawed more or less genteelly from their fingers, but by that time in his life people interested him more than food, and although the number of perfectly fried drumsticks went down in our history as a minor culinary triumph, it was the cold dry champagne that flowed more easily through his probable ennui.

WE ate little game at home on the ranch in California, mostly because Father would not shoot things. Once, in about 1913, he went with

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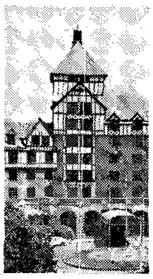

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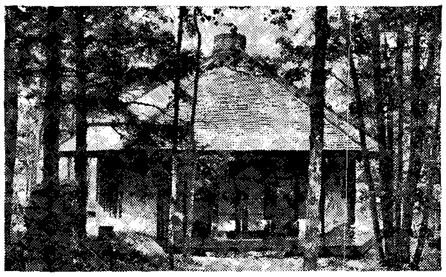

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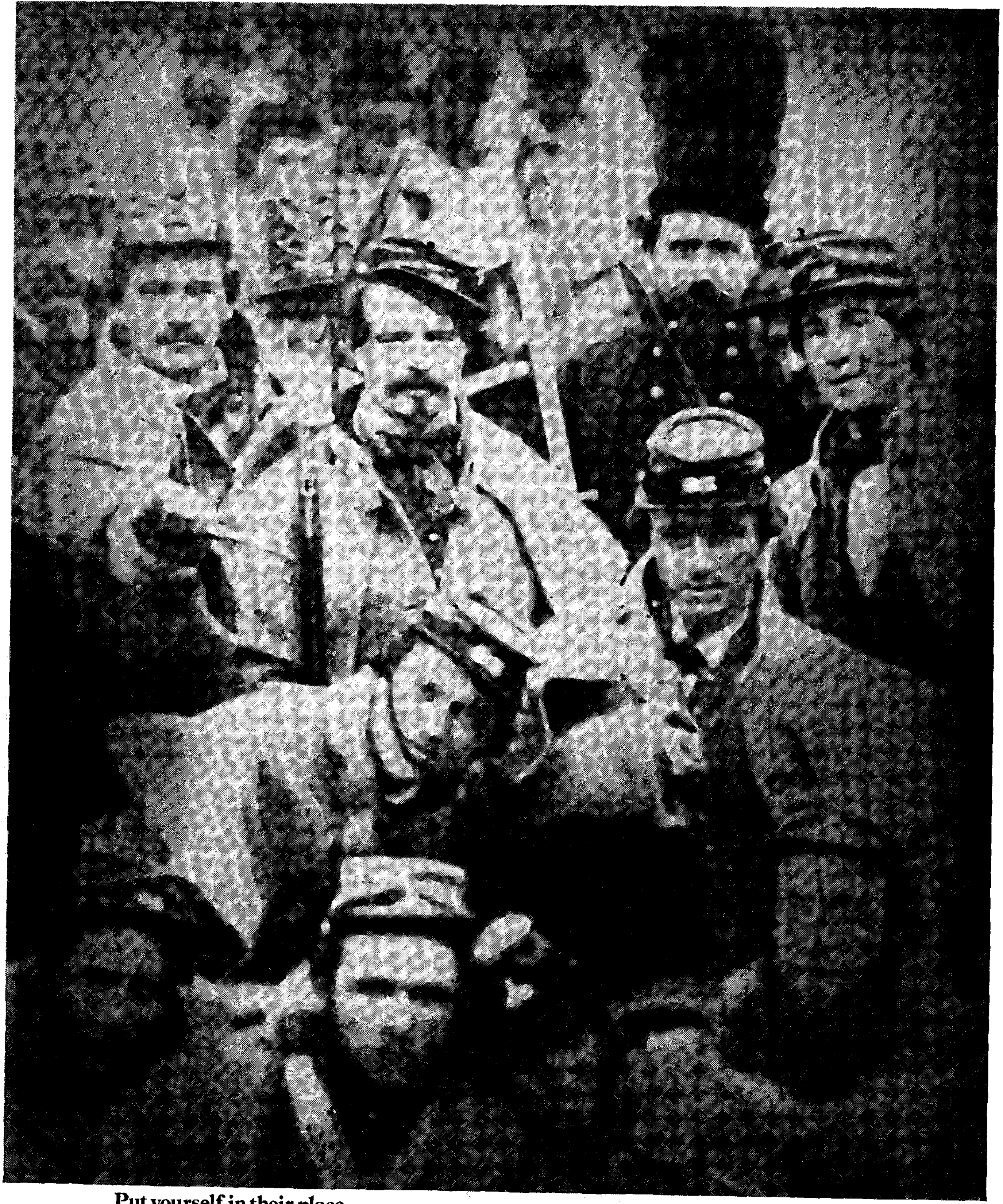

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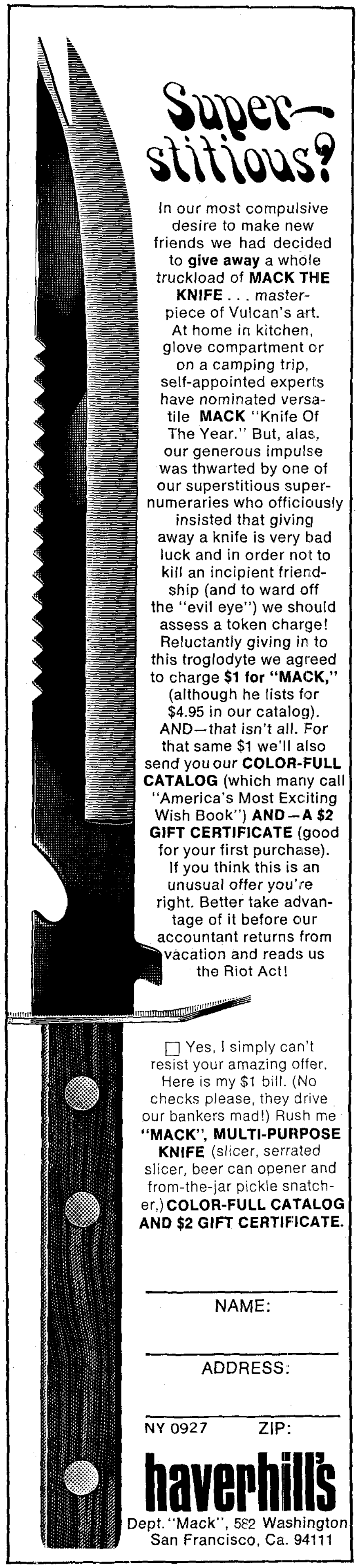

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Charlie Fay, a dashing friend, to hunt in Antelope Valley, now almost a Los Angeles suburb, but he returned sickened by the dreadful experience of seeing other hunters club down the trusting dainty beasts with their gun butts, and even with bottles and stones. He often carried a rifle when we drove through Laguna Canyon to the beach at night, because of the large cats—perhaps pumas or little mountain lions—we would see. But I never heard him fire it. He raised pigeons for several years at the ranch. He felt that they had a deep sense of parenthood as well as marital fidelity, as he had himself, and he deliberately spaced the nestings so that rarely would there be more than two edible squabs at a time, which would then be meticulously plucked and given to ailing friends, undoubtedly so that he would not have to watch us devouring his other fledglings.

Father seemed to feel less identification with rabbits, and we ate a lot of his barnyard products. I always liked to, and I still do. He played a little joke on an aunt who was believed by my mother to be somewhat flighty and who said firmly at the table that rabbit was disgusting, and, in fact, unfit for self-respecting Christians and/or nice people. While she stayed with us one spring, it was served many times, usually fried as knowingly as Addie ever fried chicken, and when Aunt Bess said that never had she tasted more delicious drumsticks, nobody smiled as Father served her with another and another. "Any idiot could see that the front leg of a rabbit has a definite bend in it," my mother scoffed later, for she did not love Aunt Bess for marrying her favorite brother. "She plays a good game of poker now and then" was my father's answer, and whenever we had fried rabbit he was especially careful to save at least three drumsticks for our anatomically ignorant but *gourmande* visitor, and we never even tittered.

Once, I went against all rules in cooking game that had been sent to me in California by our huntin'-shootin'-fishin' cousins in South Dakota. The birds arrived frozen, and I could not distinguish pheasants from ducks, much less a female from a male or an adolescent from an oldster. I laid them all out in a big pan, higgledy-piggledy, side by side and tail to top, and put them in the oven to thaw. I left the oven door open to make a mild draft, and set it at low-low, and I went away for several hours. Some helping hand apparently passed by and closed the door and turned the heat up to a cautious 325°, and by the time I got home the house was wafty with a fine perfume, and the game, whatever it may once have been, was the most delectable amalgam of perhaps pheasant and possibly duck that could be eaten by mortal man. There had been no seasoning on the stone-hard little shrivelled carcasses. They had never been basted or turned. But they grew crisp, plump, and succulent. They seemed reborn for a time, waiting with a quiet sizzle for us to be amazed.

THE innate horror of cannibalism is one I have never pondered seriously—for my own application, at least. This is probably because I would rather not eat meat than eat it for itself, even if it meant a slow and perhaps not too painful death to abstain. Two of my close acquaintances have died of starvation lately, diagnosed as deliberate malnourishment in one case, and they were far from miserable in their last sieges with life. Once, I read in an article about the Mbuti pygmies that if they are indeed cannibals, which they deny, it would be an ingroup matter. The writer added, "As an outsider, I wouldn't be worth eating." There are cultural as well as gastronomical limits to one's non-conditioned appetites.

In my files and in my thoughts, there are too many recipes about cooking our ever-present staple to stand review and selection. It is a fine thing that there are further fields—and let the Devil take his hindmost ally for neglecting what God may have sent to eat!

—M. F. K. Fisher

• •

Norfolk State Sen. Henry E. Howell announced the selections Thursday. Byrne, 49, is a general practitioner, Shoemaker, 42, is president of a chain of cleaning establishments and a restaurant chain, and Templeton, 40, is a professional football team.

—*Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Star.*

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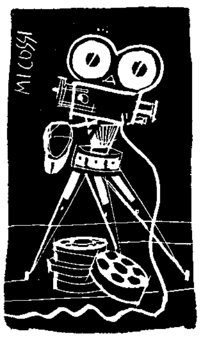
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *The Bottom of the Pit*



A College-Professor friend of mine in San Francisco who has always tried to stay in tune with his students looked at his class recently and realized it was time to take off his beads. There he was, a superannuated flower child wearing last year's talismans, and the young had become austere, even puritanical. Movies and, even more, movie audiences have been changing in the six months that I've been away. The art houses are now (for the first time) dominated by American movies, and the young audiences waiting outside, sitting on the sidewalk or standing in line, are no longer waiting just for entertainment. The waiting together may itself be part of the feeling of community, and they go inside almost for sacramental purposes. For all the talk (and fear) of ritual participation in the "new" theatre, it is really taking place on a national scale in the movie houses, at certain American films that might be called cult films, though they have probably become cult films because they are the most interesting films around. What is new about "Easy Rider" is not necessarily that one finds its attitudes appealing but that the movie conveys the mood of the drug culture with such skill and in such full belief that these simplicities are the truth that one can understand why these attitudes are appealing to others. "Easy Rider" is an expression and a confirmation of how this audience feels; the movie attracts a new kind of "inside" audience, whose members enjoy tuning in together to a whole complex of shared signals and attitudes. And although one may be uneasy over the satisfaction the audience seems to receive from responding to the general masochism and to the murder of Captain America, the movie obviously rings true to the audience's vision. It's cool to feel that you can't win, that it's all rigged and hopeless. It's even cool to believe in purity and sacrifice. Those of us who reject the heroic central character and the statements of "Easy Rider" may still be caught by something edgy and ominous in it—the acceptance of the constant danger of sudden violence. We're not sure how much of this paranoia isn't paranoia.

Some of the other cult films *try* to frighten us but are too clumsy to, though they succeed in doing something else. One has only to talk with some of the people who have seen "Midnight Cowboy," for example, to be aware that what they care about is not the camera and editing pyrotechnics; they are indifferent to all that by now routine filler. John Schlesinger in "Midnight Cowboy" and, at a less skillful level, Larry Peerce in "Goodbye, Columbus" hedge their bets by using cutting and camera techniques to provide a satirical background as a kind of enrichment of the narrative and theme. But it really cheapens and impoverishes their themes. Peerce's satire is just cheesy, like his lyricism, and Schlesinger's (like Tony Richardson's in "The Loved One" and Richard Lester's in "Petulia") is offensively inhuman and inaccurate. If Schlesinger could extend the same sympathy to the other Americans that he extends to Joe Buck and Ratso, the picture might make better sense; the point of the picture must surely be to give us some insight into these derelicts—two of the many kinds of dreamers and failures in the city. Schlesinger keeps pounding away at America, determined to expose how horrible the people are, to dehumanize the people these two are part of. The spray of venom in these pictures is so obviously the directors' way of showing off that we begin to discount it. To varying degrees, these films share the paranoid view of America of "Easy Rider"—and they certainly reinforce it for the audience—but what the audience really reacts to in "Midnight Cowboy" is the two lost, lonely men finding friendship. The actors save the picture, as the actors almost saved parts of "Petulia;" the leading actors become more important because the flamboyantly "visual" exhibitionism doesn't hold one's interest. Despite the recurrent assertions that the star system is dead, the audience is probably more interested than ever in the human material on the screen (though the new stars don't always resemble the old ones). At "Midnight Cowboy," in the midst of all the grotesque shock effects and the brutality of the hysterical, superficial satire of America, the audiences, wiser, perhaps, than the director, are looking for the human feelings—the simple, "Of Mice and Men" kind of relationship at the heart of it. Maybe they wouldn't accept the simple theme so readily in a simpler setting, because it might look square, but it's what they're taking from the movie. They're looking for "truth"—for some signs of emotion, some evidence of what keeps people together. The difference between the old audiences and the new ones is that the old audiences wanted immediate gratification and used to get restless and bored when a picture didn't click along; these new pictures don't all click along, yet the young audiences stay attentive. They're eager to respond, to love it—eager to *feel.*

Although young movie audiences are far more sentimental now than they were a few years ago (Frank Capra, whose softheaded populism was hooted at in college film societies in the fifties, has become a new favorite at U.C.L.A.), there is this new and good side to the sentimentality. They are going to movies looking for feelings that will help synthesize their experience, and they appear to be willing to feel their way along with a movie like Arthur Penn's "Alice's Restaurant," which is also trying to feel its way. I think we (from this point I include myself, because I share these attitudes) are desperate for some sensibility in movies, and that's why we're so moved by the struggle toward discovery in "Alice's Restaurant," despite how badly done the film is. I think one would have to lie to say "Alice's Restaurant" is formally superior to the big new Western "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." In formal terms, neither is very good. But "Alice's Restaurant" is a groping attempt to express something, and "Butch Cassidy" is a glorified vacuum. Movies can be enjoyed for the *quality* of their confusions and failures, and that's the only way you can enjoy some of them now. Emotionally, I stayed with Penn during the movie, even though I thought that many of the scenes in it were inept or awful, and that several of the big set pieces were expendable (to put it delicately). But we're *for* him, and that's what carries the movie. Conceptually, it's unformed, with the director trying to discover his subject as well as its meaning and his own attitudes. And, maybe for the first time, there's an audience for American pictures which is willing to accept this.

Not every movie has to *matter;* generally we go hoping just to be relaxed and refreshed. But because most of the time we come out slugged and depressed, I think we care far more now about the reach for something. We've

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simply spent too much time at movies made by people who didn't enjoy themselves and who didn't respect themselves or us, and we rarely enjoy ourselves at their movies anymore. They're big catered affairs, and we're humiliated to be there among the guests. I look at the list of movies playing, and most of them I genuinely just can't face, because the odds are so strong that they're going to be the same old insulting failed entertainment, and, even though I may have had more of a bellyful than most people, I'm sure this isn't just my own reaction. Practically everybody I know feels the same way. This may seem an awfully moral approach, but it comes out of surfeit and aesthetic disgust. There's something vital to enjoyment which we haven't been getting much of. Playfulness? Joy? Perhaps even honest cynicism? What's missing isn't anything as simple as talent; there's lots of talent, even on TV. But the business conditions of moviemaking have soured the spirit of most big movies. That's why we may be willing to go along with something as strained and self-conscious as "Alice's Restaurant." And it's an immensely hopeful sign that the audience isn't derisive, that it wishes the movie well.

ALL this is, in a way, part of the background of why, after a few minutes of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," I began to get that depressed feeling, and, after a half hour, felt rather offended. We all know how the industry men think: they're going to try to make "now" movies when now is already then, they're going to give us orgy movies and plush skinflicks, and they'll be trying to feed youth's paranoia when youth will, one hopes, have cast it off like last year's beads. This Western is a spinoff from "Bonnie and Clyde;" it's about two badmen (Paul Newman and Robert Redford) at the turn of the century, and the script, by William Goldman, which has been published, has the prefatory note "Not that it matters, but most of what follows is true." Yet everything that follows rings false, as that note does.

It's a facetious Western, and everybody in it talks comical. The director, George Roy Hill, doesn't have the style for it. (He doesn't really seem to have the style for anything, yet there is a basic decency and intelligence in his work.) The tone becomes embarrassing. Maybe we're supposed to be charmed when this affable, loquacious outlaw Butch and his silent, "dangerous" buddy Sundance blow up trains, but how are we supposed to feel when they go off to Bolivia, sneer at the country, and start shooting up poor Bolivians? George Roy Hill is a "sincere" director, but Goldman's script is jocose; though it reads as if it might play, it doesn't, and probably this isn't just Hill's fault. What can one do with dialogue like Paul Newman's Butch saying, "Boy, I got vision. The rest of the world wears bifocals"? It must be meant to be sportive, because it isn't witty and it isn't dramatic. The dialogue is all banter, all throwaways, and that's how it's delivered; each line comes out of nowhere, coyly, in a murmur, in the dead sound of the studio. (There is scarcely even an effort to supply plausible outdoor resonances or to use sound to evoke a sense of place.) It's impossible to tell whose consciousness the characters are supposed to have. Here's a key passage from the script—the big scene when Sundance's girl, the schoolteacher Etta (Katharine Ross), decides to go to Bolivia with the outlaws:

> ETTA (*For a moment, she says nothing. Then, starting soft, building as she goes*): I'm twenty-six, and I'm single, and I teach school, and that's the bottom of the pit. And the only excitement I've ever known is sitting in the room with me now. So I'll go with you, and I won't whine, and I'll sew your socks and stitch you when you're wounded, and anything you ask of me I'll do, except one thing: I won't watch you die. I'll miss that scene if you don't mind . . .
>
> (*Hold on Etta's lovely face a moment*—)

It's clear who is at the bottom of the pit, and it isn't those frontier schoolteachers, whose work was honest.

Being interested in good movies doesn't preclude enjoying many kinds of crummy movies, but maybe it does preclude acceptance of this enervated, sophisticated business venture—a movie made by those whose talents are a little high for mere commercial movies but who don't break out of the mold. They're trying for something more clever than is attempted in most commercial jobs, and it's all so archly empty—Conrad Hall's virtuoso cinematography providing constant in-and-out-of-focus distraction, Goldman's decorative little conceits passing for dialogue. It's all posh and josh, without any redeeming energy or crudeness. Much as I dislike the smugness of puritanism in the arts, after watching a put-on rape and Conrad Hall's "Elvira Madigan" lyric interlude (and to our own Mozart—Burt Bacharach) I began to long for something simple and halfway *felt*. If you can't manage genuine sophistication, you may be better off simple. And when you're as talented as these fellows, perhaps it's necessary to descend into yourself sometime and try to find out what you're doing—maybe, even, to risk banality, which is less objectionable than this damned waggishness.

"Butch Cassidy" will probably be a hit; it has a great title, and it has star appeal for a wide audience. Redford, who is personable and can act, is overdue for stardom, though it will be rather a joke if he gets it out of this non-acting role. Newman throws the ball to him often—that's really exactly what one feels he's doing—and is content to be his infectiously good-humored (one assumes) self. He plays the public image of himself (as an aging good guy), just as Arlo Guthrie plays himself as a moonchild. Yet, hit or no, I think what this picture represents is finished. Butch and Sundance will probably be fine for a TV series, which is what I mean by finished.

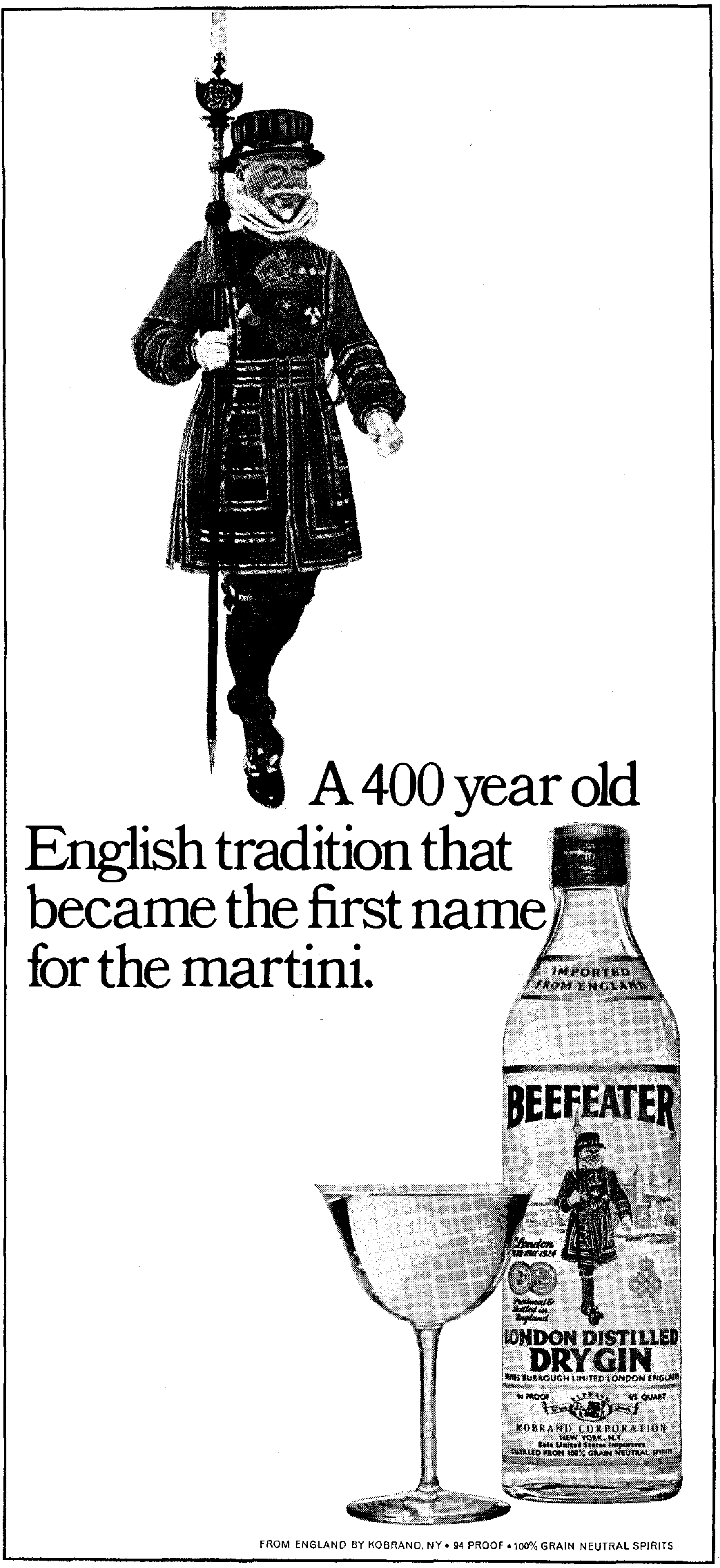
ONE can't just take the new cult movies head on and relax, because they're too confused. Intentions stick out, as in the thirties message movies, and you may be so aware of what's wrong with the movies while you're seeing them that you're pulled in different directions, but if you reject them because of the confusions, you're rejecting the most hopeful symptoms of change. Just when there are audiences who may be ready for something, the studios seem to be backing away, because they don't understand what these audiences want. The audiences themselves don't know, but they're looking for *something* at the movies. This transition into the seventies is maybe the most interesting as well as the most confusing period in American movie history, yet there's a real possibility that, because the tastes of the young audience are changing so fast, the already tottering studios will decide to minimize risks and gear production straight to the square audience and the networks. That square audience is far more alienated than the young one—so alienated that it isn't looking for *anything* at the movies.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

Mr. Volpe said that the popular image of highway boulders was largely unfounded.—*The Times.*

Yeah, but once you start dreaming about them, it gets you.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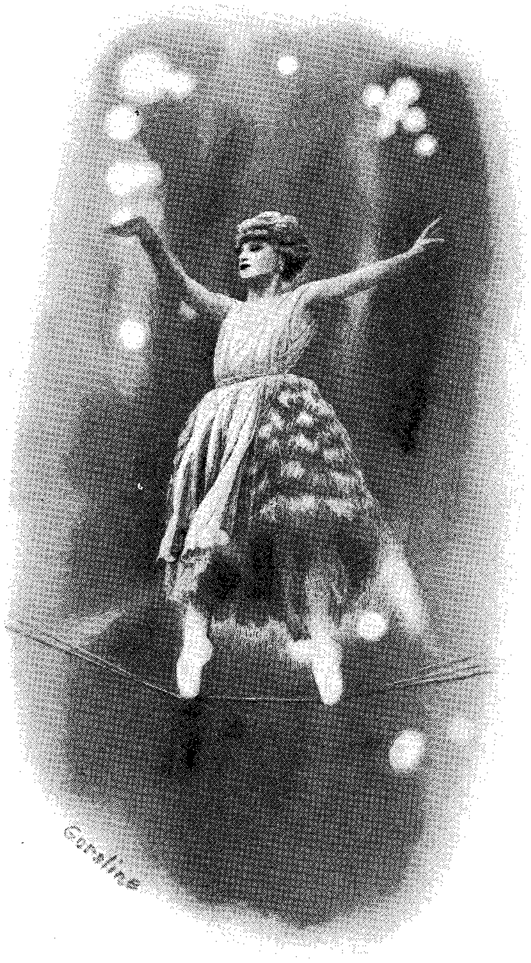
# ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

## AN ANGEL, A FLOWER, A BIRD



I HAD been told that most people flying from New York to Austin, Texas, are apt to be en route to conferences with either legislators or professors (Austin being both the state capital and the seat of the state university), and that my mission—to talk with a gentleman who had rocked the international vaudeville world in the nineteen-twenties and thirties with a trapeze act he did disguised as a girl, to the music of Wagner and Rimski-Korsakov—would not, even though he was Texas-born, be considered by Texans a sufficiently serious reason for visiting their state. I suspected at the time that my informant was not entirely correct, and my suspicion has since been confirmed. In Texas, there are quite a few vaudeville buffs, I have discovered, who are respectfully knowledgeable about the career of Barbette (as the gentleman I had come to see was known professionally). And since Barbette is the hero of one of the best essays on the nature of art written by Jean Cocteau, the French poet, novelist, dramatist, draftsman, and *cinéaste*—an essay not unknown in university circles—his name enjoys, thanks to that connection, academic prestige at Austin as well as elsewhere. It is true, however, that although some of those admirers knew that Barbette was Texas-born, it was generally unknown that he had returned to the state and was living in Austin.

It was in connection with Cocteau, whose biography I was writing, that I wanted to see Barbette, and the person who finally found him for me was a professor in Austin named Paolo Vivante—a Hellenist and Latinist I had once known in Tuscany—who had never heard of him before. I had obtained Barbette's address through friends of mine who spend the winter in Florida, near Sarasota. Someone had told me that Barbette was now associated with a circus, and although Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows moved its winter quarters some time ago from Sarasota to Venice, I knew that quite a few retired circus people continue to live in Sarasota, and my friends learned about Austin from one of them. (The retired performers aren't the only traces of the circus remaining in Sarasota, it seems. "The circus tradition lingers here in a delightful way," one of my friends wrote me. "The high school in Sarasota offers, as one of its forms of extracurricular athletics, circus training of almost every kind, including high trapeze, etc., and one of its graduates is now the current Lillian Leitzel with the big show. I forget her show name—something very fancy like La Gloriosa instead of her own wonderful name of Vicky Unus. She comes of a circus family. Her father was the man who stood on one finger—therefore 'Unus.' ") But when I wrote to Barbette in Austin (my friends' informant said that he used the name Barbette as a last name, and that his first name was Vander), he didn't answer, and, fearing he might not be there, I asked Vivante to drive over from the university and inquire. He found him there—"a very nice, delicate man," he wrote me, "rather reticent, and wondering whether or not to encourage you to come down"—and a few days later came a note from Barbette himself consenting to see me.

He was standing beside Vivante at the Austin airport when I arrived, one spring evening (I learned later that he had been nervous while waiting, and had remarked to Vivante, "I feel this is the arrival of the literary F.B.I."), and I was at once struck by his careful grooming. Almost everyone else within sight was dressed with the utmost casualness—there was scarcely a necktie to be seen—but Barbette was wearing a dark, well-cut suit, a white shirt, a striped tie, and a narrow-brimmed brown straw hat. When he took his hat off, his sandy hair was impeccably brushed. He was spare and very erect, with thin, almost pinched features. He looked like a very trim older-man fashion model, less than his age, which I knew to be a bit over sixty. But when he moved he seemed older; his gestures and his gait, which at first struck me as mincing, I saw were not quite that but curiously careful—stiff and a bit jerky. I had heard something about his career's having ended with an accident, and assumed I was seeing the result. Also noticeable were his irregular teeth and a white scar near his mouth. His first words after greeting me were about Vivante: "What a particularly elegant ambassador you sent me!" That startled me for a moment, for Vivante, classicist though he is, had adopted what was apparently the local style of dress in a big way, and had come to the airport wearing a rusty black T-shirt, blue jeans, and sneakers; the contrast between his appearance and Barbette's was striking. But Barbette put me right, and in a way that revealed his grasp of the authentic. "The most complete gentlemanly refinement I've met with in anyone since the Vicomte Charles de Noailles," he said. The French title rang out oddly in the Austin airport. Vivante, looking a bit abashed at the tribute to his manners, quickly suggested that we find my suitcase and get into his car. We did so, and at the Stephen F. Austin Hotel, after I checked in, we sat down in the coffee shop.

THE Vicomte Charles de Noailles, I knew, was the gentleman who in 1930 had given Jean Cocteau a million francs to make his first film—the now famous "Blood of a Poet," in which Barbette appears. The Vicomte and his wife, much interested in the artistic avant-garde, at the same time gave a million francs to Salvador Dali and Luis Buñuel to make a successor to *their* first film, "Un Chien Andalou." The new Dali-Buñuel work, "L'Age d'Or," which is nowadays often called the first Surrealist film, proved to be so anti-religious, anti-military, and generally shocking that after riots had broken out in the theatre the French police confiscated the reels, and there was talk of the Noailles' being threatened with excommunication from the Catholic Church. (That disaster was averted, but the Vicomte was expelled from his club, the aristocratic Jockey—a serious chastisement for a Noailles.) "The Blood of a Poet" also caused them some distress. For one scene, Cocteau had invited the two Noailles and a few of their society friends to put on full evening dress, sit in one of a pair of theatre boxes that had been constructed on the set, chat among themselves as the cameras turned, and, at a signal, break into applause. They all enjoyed the lark until they saw the finished work and discovered that what they were applauding was a card game that ended in suicide, which had been filmed separately. The Noailles and their friends absolutely refused to allow this to be released, and the scene in the boxes was done over, with professional extras and Barbette, he and the lady extras wearing Chanel evening gowns. (For Barbette, this was no new experience, since he always made his first entrance for his trapeze act dressed in a ball gown and wearing an ostrich-feather hat.)

The night of my arrival in Texas, in the hotel coffee shop, Barbette reminisced a little about the scene in the box. "Cocteau told me that I was substituting for the Vicomtesse de Noailles, whom I knew," he said, "but neither he nor she nor anybody else told me why. Sitting in the box, I tried to imagine myself a descendant of the Marquis de Sade, of the Comtesse de Chevigné, who was one of Proust's models for his Duchesse de Guermantes, and of a long line of rich bankers—all of which the Vicomtesse was. For a boy from Round Rock, Texas, that demanded a lot of concentration—at least as much as working on the wire." Famous though Barbette was as an acrobat at that time, he was as naïve about moviemaking as the others had been, and he shared some of their scruples. "I didn't see the film until a couple of years later, and when I did I was absolutely dismayed," he

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said. "Chanel told me afterward that before recruiting the extras and me Cocteau had suggested that the ladies in the box be a few of her mannequins, but, knowing the story, she had refused to lend girls—only dresses."

At the time "The Blood of a Poet" was made, Barbette—who was born Vander Clyde, at Round Rock, a few miles from Austin, on December 19, 1904—had known Cocteau and much of Paris café society for several years. He had done his earliest practicing on a permanently stretched galvanized-iron clothesline in his mother's back yard in Round Rock. "My mother was a milliner by trade and famous in the neighborhood for the drawnwork and embroidery she'd learned from Mexicans," he said. "She was very artistic, and admired culture. The first time she took me to the circus in Austin, I knew I'd be a performer, and from then on I'd work in the fields during the cotton-picking season to earn money in order to go to the circus as often as possible. My mother told me I couldn't leave home until I finished high school, and that encouraged me to 'double up'—I was quick in class, and I graduated at fourteen. The chief thing I regretted not going on with was Latin—I'd had only two years of it. I read *Billboard*, and I went to San Antonio in answer to an ad I'd seen in it, inserted by one of the Alfaretta Sisters, World-Famous Aerial Queens. The other sister had died, and this one—in private life she was the wife of a blackface comedian billed as 'Happy Doc Holland, the Destroyer of Gloom'—needed a new partner for a trapeze and swinging-ring act. She told me that women's clothes always make a wire act more impressive—the plunging and gyrating are more dramatic in a *woman*—and she asked me if I'd mind dressing as a girl. I didn't, and that's how it began. From Alfaretta I went into Erford's Whirling Sensation, a revolving apparatus with three people; we hung by our teeth and did our opening number wearing big butterfly wings."

After that, Barbette said, he began to develop his own single act, which he designed not as just an imitation of a woman's trapeze act but, rather, as an exercise in mystification and a play on masculine-feminine contrast, using trapeze and wire as, quite literally, his "vehicles." Cocteau was to see this as a parallel to the poet's use of words, and, in fact, poetry had played a role in Barbette's concept of his act. "I'd always read a lot of Shakespeare," he told me, "and thinking that those mar-

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vellous heroines of his were played by men and boys made me feel that I could turn my specialty into something unique. I wanted an act that would be a thing of beauty—of course, it would have to be a strange beauty." As part of the strangeness, he sought a name with a feminine sound that could also be a family name—hence Barbette. His act caught on quickly all over the United States, chiefly, he thinks, because of its surprise element—his revelation, at the end, of his masculinity—which to him was always only one part of the whole, and the William Morris Agency sent him to England, and then to Paris, in the fall of 1923.

"Paris was *the* experience," he told me. "As soon as I got to my little Hôtel Moderne, near the Place de la République, even before opening at the Alhambra Music Hall, I felt that I'd found my city. And at the theatre I could tell that the audiences appreciated all the little refinements I'd worked on so hard. As soon as I finished at the Alhambra, the producer Léon Volterra put me into his revue at the Casino de Paris, and there the most wonderful people began to come around to my dressing room. It was an American society woman, Helen Gwynne, who first took me up. She introduced me to her friends, most of them wealthy expatriates—the Harry Lehrs, the Berry Walls, the Elisha Dyers—and to Princess Violette Murat. Soon I was being invited out by Violette's French friends: Cocteau, Radiguet, the Noailles, Georges Geffroy (you don't know Georges Geffroy, the great decorator? He invented the modern Empire style), writers and painters and composers—people who sensed from seeing my act that we were artists together. The name of Volterra's revue was 'Il N'y A Que Paris'—'There's Only Paris'—and that's how I felt. The magazine *La Nouvelle Revue Française* printed a fine review of my act by a French intellectual named Drieu la Rochelle. He said that the interest lay not in the acrobatics but in the beauty of the performer. He loved the difference between the way I looked and the 'fat, muscular, graceless females,' as he called them, whom one usually sees. But, of course, the most perceptive was Cocteau. He saw even more in the act than I had realized was there myself."

I was able to show Barbette a few passages about him that I had found in Cocteau's letters, and these pleased him by their enthusiasm. On November 14, 1923, Cocteau alerted his friend the Belgian music critic Paul

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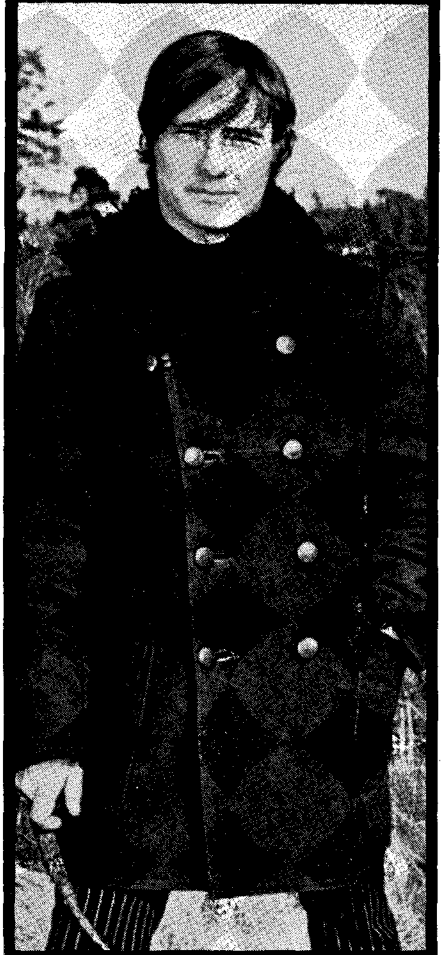

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Collaer to Barbette's Belgian début: “Next week in Brussels, you'll see a music-hall act called ‘Barbette’ that has been keeping me enthralled for a fortnight. The young American who does this wire and trapeze act is a great actor, an angel, and he has become the friend of all of us. Go and see him, be nice to him, as he deserves, and tell everybody that he is no mere acrobat in women's clothes, nor just a graceful daredevil, but one of the most beautiful things in the theatre. Stravinsky, Auric, poets, painters, and I myself have seen no comparable display of artistry on the stage since Nijinsky.” He wrote to another Belgian friend, “Don't miss Barbette. . . . Call on him and tell him I sent you. You won't be wasting your time. He's both a great acrobat and a discriminating reader, in close touch with contemporary writing.” And on November 23rd he wrote to two artist friends, Jean and Valentine Hugo, in the South of France, “The god of friendship has punished you for never being in Paris when we are. Your great loss for 1923 was Barbette—a terrific act at the Casino de Paris. . . . Ten unforgettable minutes. A *theatrical* masterpiece. An angel, a flower, a bird.”

“The French paid me the supreme compliment of thinking I was somehow too good to be true,” Barbette said. “One journalist walked unannounced into my hotel room one day, obviously hoping to find something unimaginable. I was lying naked on my bed at the time, my face smeared with a blackish skin-bleaching cream. ‘Two-sexed on the stage and two-colored at home,’ he wrote in his account of the visit, and he expressed amazement at seeing on my bedside table Joyce's ‘Ulysses,’ Cocteau's ‘Le Grand Écart,’ and a book by Havelock Ellis. In another way, my lucky choice of name made French people think of me as one of themselves from the beginning.” Thereafter, Barbette returned to Paris almost every year, playing at the Alhambra, at the Empire, at the Moulin Rouge, at the Médrano Circus. “Of course, Paris was the best place, but there were other amusing cities, like Berlin, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Warsaw, Madrid, Barcelona, and when I appeared in them, friends I'd made in Paris would often come, and we'd do the sights together.” As he prospered, he travelled with “twenty-eight trunks, a maid, and a maid to help the maid.” Except at the Médrano, where it was impossible to keep other performers from watching, he allowed only two people to look on from backstage during his act—his maid, in one wing, and the stage manager, in the other. “I would tolerate nobody else,” he said. “I was well known to be a martinet.”

I could believe that, especially since I'd noticed several little severities to which Barbette had subjected our waitress in the coffee shop—the harsh rejection of a smudgy plate, a biting sarcasm when the coffee arrived too soon. Luckily, she was a good-natured girl, who seemed to find such fastidiousness comical: she tipped me a wink when Barbette gave an exaggerated start and said “*Please!*” as she put down some spoons rather noisily. “Since those years in Paris, I've never been able to readjust to crudity,” Barbette said. “I'm living temporarily with my sister here in Austin before joining a big show a few months from now. I'll not be a performer, of course, but a trainer, trying to give young present-day acrobats some faint idea of what a refined act can be. I have to say that, apart from my family, everything about Austin offends me. And I know I'll be lucky if in return for my very handsome salary I succeed in persuading a few young trapezists just not to chew gum during their act. Imagine!”

It sounded prissy, and I noticed a quizzical look on the face of Vivante, by whose Tuscan parents, I well knew, all the refinements—including the moral and intellectual refinement that led them into exile under Mussolini, and the refinement of non-snobbery—were so taken for granted as never to be mentioned. But I knew what Barbette was thinking of, and I recalled some of the tributes that Cocteau paid him in the famous essay on his act: tributes to the flair and the supreme professionalism that had enabled him to make what might have been a mere stunt—and a distasteful stunt at that—into an “*extraordinaire leçon de métier théâtral,*” a work of art. “He walked tightrope high above the audience without falling, above incongruity, death, bad taste, indecency, indignation,” Cocteau said.

COCTEAU, who loved the circus and vaudeville, had always seen a resemblance between a tightrope dancer's performance before a public that was indifferent to the arduousness of his efforts and the multiplicity of his

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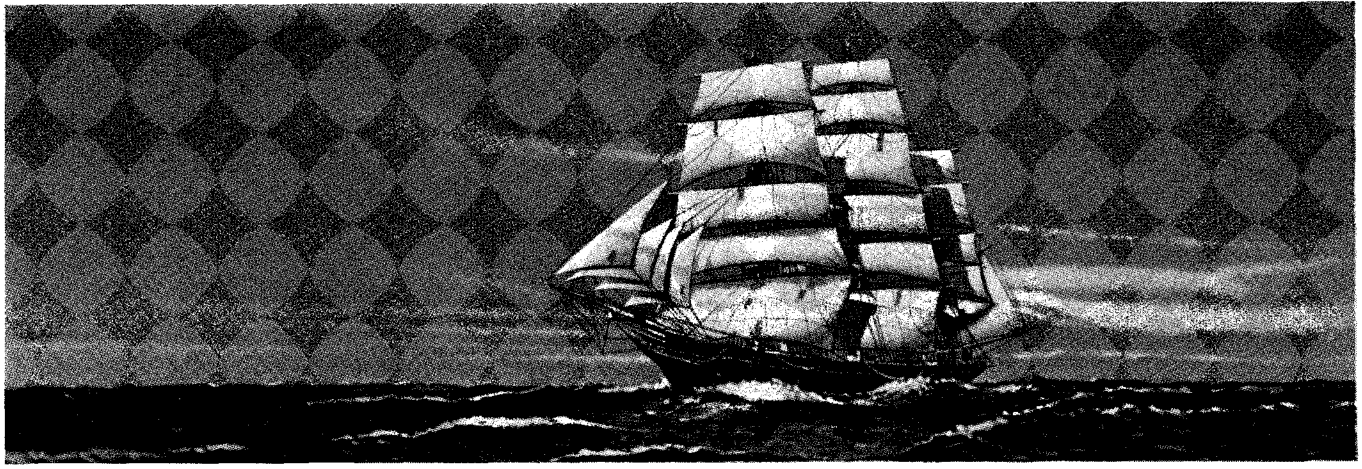

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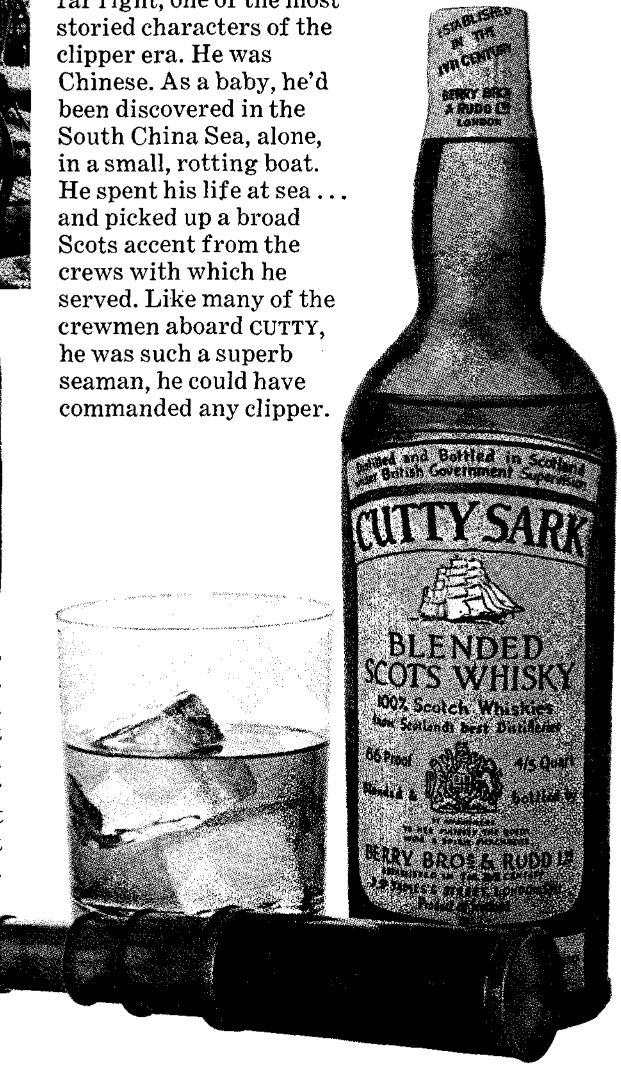
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perils, and the painful creativity of the poet. In Barbette he found his best illustration. In his essay—which, like Drieu la Rochelle's appreciation, first appeared in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*—he tells of having a sandwich and a hard-boiled egg with Barbette one evening and then going with him to his dressing room at eight o'clock (although his act would not begin until eleven) and watching the conscientiousness of his preparations—"a conscientiousness unknown to French actors, and characteristic of clowns, Annamite mimes, and the Cambodian dancing girls who are sewn each night into their golden costumes." As Barbette stripped and began to strap on a leather girdle, some chorus girls pushed open the door and gave little screams at the sight. All the conventional decencies were observed—they withdrew, and Barbette threw on a bathrobe before going to the door to talk to them. Then came the making-up, and Barbette remained a young man, a "*drôle de jeune diable*," even in his completed makeup, which was "as precious as a brand-new box of pastels, his chin enamelled with something shiny, his body unreal, as though coated with plaster." It was only when he held some hairpins between his teeth and started to adjust his blond wig that he began to "imitate every last gesture of a woman arranging her hair." Then, as he stood up and began to walk in a certain way and put on his rings, there was transformation: "Jekyll is Hyde," says Cocteau. "Yes, Hyde! Because now I find myself frightened. I look away, put out my cigarette, remove my hat. . . . The door opens again. It is the girls, now not at all embarrassed; they come and go quite at home, sit down, powder themselves, talk about clothes."

Barbette could slip in and out of his woman's role at will, and even before the curtain went up he revealed his genius for quick back-and-forth transformations—one of the elements that made his act seem to take place "in the streets of dream," as Cocteau put it. His maid came in, helped him on with his dress, and curled the feathers in his hat. Then they all left the dressing room, and on the stairs leading down to stage level "Barbette is once again a boy, dressed up for a joke, tripping on his skirt and longing to slide down the bannister. He is still a man as he walks about the stage inspecting his equipment, does leg exercises, grimaces at the spotlights, hoists himself onto wires, clambers up ladders. The moment the question of danger is disposed of, he is a woman again—a society woman, giv-

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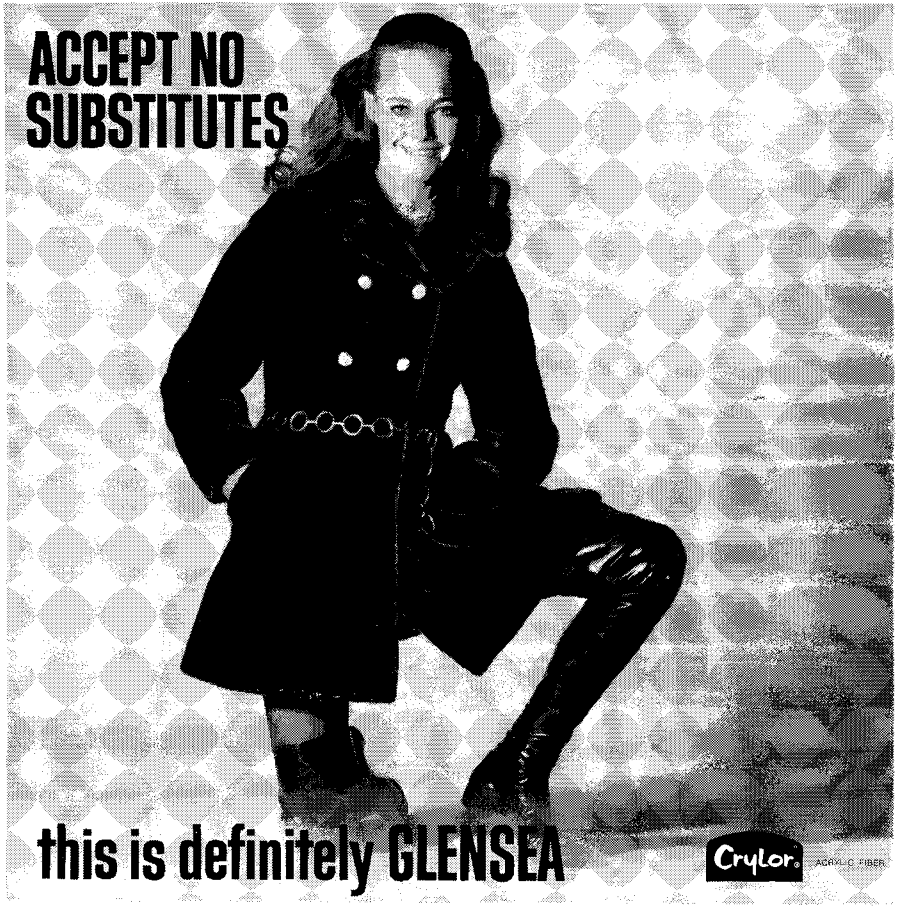

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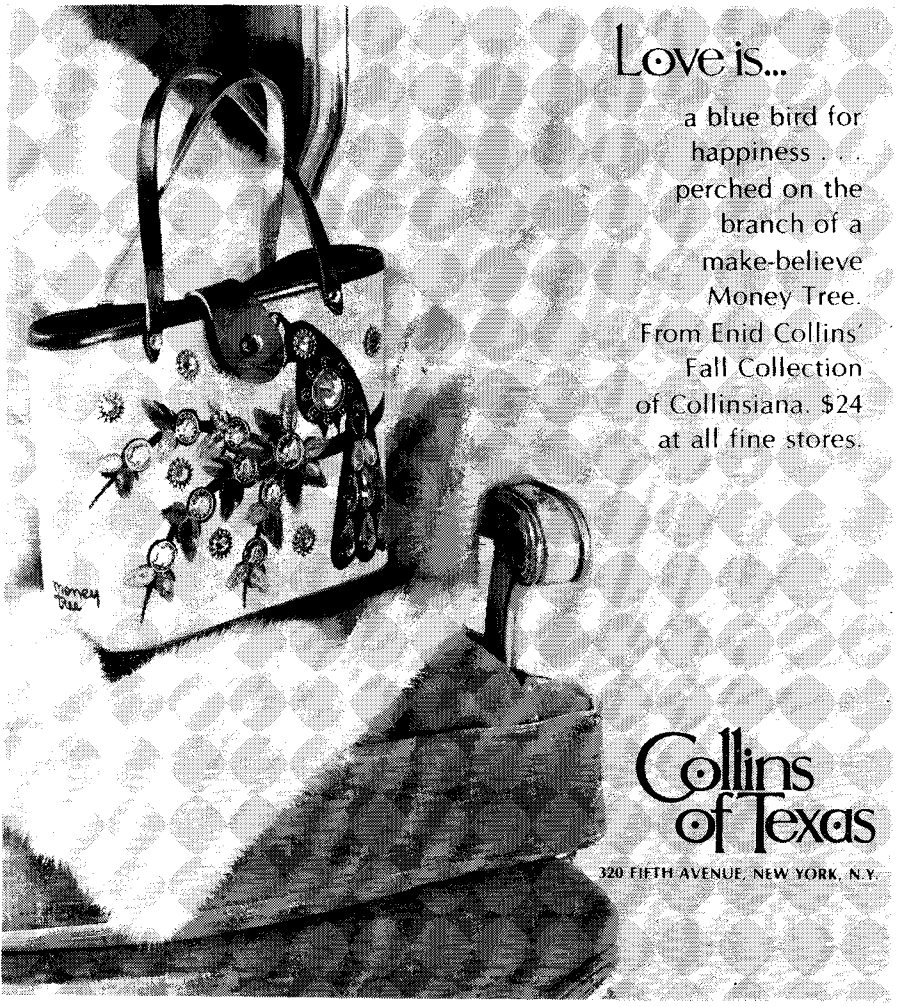

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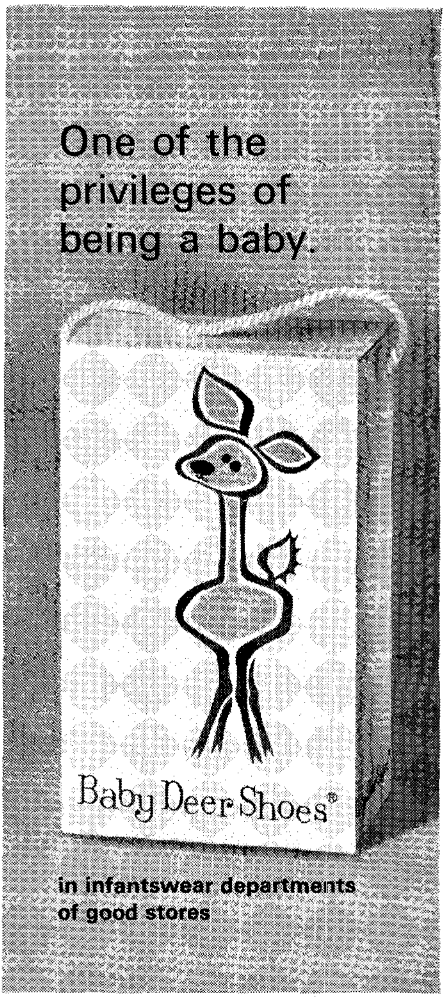
ing her salon a last-minute inspection before the ball, patting cushions, moving vases and lamps."

Then, watching from out front, Cocteau describes what the spectators saw: "The curtain goes up on a functional décor—a wire stretched between two supports, a trapeze, and hanging rings. In the back, a sofa covered with a white bearskin." On the sofa, between the wire and the trapeze parts of the act, Barbette was to do a little striptease as he removed his long evening gown. "A scabrous little scene," Cocteau calls it, "a real masterpiece of pantomime, summing up in parody all the women he has ever studied, becoming himself *the* woman—so much so as to eclipse the prettiest girls who precede and follow him on the program." And here Cocteau begins to talk of Barbette's act, and of other theatrical examples, as parables of the artifice, the "lie," that all art is. "Don't forget," he says, "we are in the magic light of the theatre, in this trick-factory where truth has no currency, where anything natural has no value, where the short are made tall and the tall short, where the only things that convince us are card tricks and sleights of hand of a difficulty unsuspected by the audience. . . . Thanks to Barbette, I understand that it was not merely for reasons of 'decency' that great nations and great civilizations gave women's roles to men. He brings to mind François Fratellini explaining to me, when I was exhausting myself trying in vain to get something out of an English clown engaged for the role of the bookmaker in 'Le Bœuf sur le Toit,' that an Englishman would never make a convincing Englishman; and Réjane's remark 'When I play a mother, for example, I have to forget that I myself have a son. At other times, in order to put myself across the footlights I have to imagine that I am a man.' Such detachment, such labor!" Cocteau exclaims. "Such a lesson from a professional!"

It was some of that labor, I knew—some of the perfectionism that had made Cocteau see in his act a lesson to all artists—that Barbette was thinking of, and evoking, in his dainty references to "refinement" as we sat in the coffee shop, the refinement whose absence he deplored in the waitress, in Austin in general, and, in advance, in the young trapezists he was soon to train.

In the essay, Cocteau compares the cumulative effect of Barbette's perfect disguise and elegant stage entrance to a cloud of dust thrown in the eyes of



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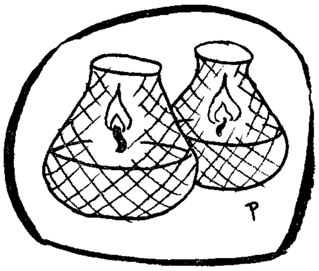
the public. Bursting on the audience as a “ravishing creature,” he “throws his dust with such force that from then on he is free to concentrate on his wire work, in which his masculine movements will help him instead of giving him away.” Thanks to the “dust,” the audience will see him not as a man, which in his acrobatics he obviously is, but as “one of those amazons who look so dazzling in the advertising pages of American magazines.” Then comes the striptease and the “scabrous little scene” on the sofa—another bit of dust, for once again he is going to need complete freedom of movement as he swings out from the stage over the audience on his trapeze, hangs by one foot, pretends to fall, half the time staring upside down at the spectators, “with the face of a crazy angel.” In none of those gyrations does he *really* look very feminine, but the greater part of the audience continues to think of him as such. The reason for Barbette’s popularity, Cocteau thought, was that “he appeals to the instinct of many audiences in one, and people vote for him for opposite reasons. He is liked by those who see him as a woman and by those who sense the man in him—not to mention those stirred by the supernatural sex of beauty.”

But perhaps Barbette displayed the subtlest artistry of all, Cocteau thought, in the masterly close of his act—once again a model, in its meticulous attention to detail, for practitioners of any art form, who well know the difficulty of strengthening their effects through to the very end, of remaining constantly at high tension while unwinding. “Imagine what a letdown it would be for some of us if at the end of that unforgettable lie Barbette were simply to remove his wig,” Cocteau writes. “You will tell me that after the fifth curtain call he does just that, and that the letdown does take place. There is even a murmur from the audience, and some people are embarrassed and some blush. True. For, after having succeeded as an acrobat in causing some people almost to faint, he now has to have his success as an actor. But watch his last tour de force. Simply to re-become a man, to run the reel backward, is not enough. The truth itself must be translated, if it is to convince us as forcibly as did the lie. That is why Barbette, the moment he has snatched off his wig, *plays the part of a man.* He rolls his shoulders, stretches his hands, swells his muscles, parodies a golfer’s sporty walk. . . . And after the fifteenth or so curtain call, he gives a mischievous wink, shifts from foot to foot, mimes a bit of apology, and does a shuffling little street-urchin dance—all of it to erase the fabulous, dying-swan impression left by the act.” And Cocteau, addressing himself to his fellow-poets, sums it all up in two remarks: “Barbette’s effect is instinctively calculated; we must transpose it into our own domain and use it deliberately.” And, “The poet ‘de-classes’ everything and thus becomes a classic. Barbette mimics poetry itself, and this is his fascination. For his acrobatics are not really perilous. His affectations ought to be unbearable to us. The principle of his act embarrasses us. What is left then? That thing he has created, going through its contortions under the spotlight.”



THE day after our talk in the coffee shop, I saw Barbette again, and this time his conversation consisted chiefly of anecdotes. Two of them turned on his favorite subject—refinement. His friend Princess Violette Murat, although ugly and obese, retained her “natural elegance,” he said, even when being absurd—sniffing cocaine in her New York hotel room as she reproached her American sister-in-law, Princess Helena Murat, who had just returned from a Harlem night club, for leading an “unhealthy life.” Whereas Mme. Aline, the severely black-clad manageress of a Marseille brothel that Barbette, Cocteau, and Cocteau’s friend Maurice Rostand (son of the dramatist, brother of the biologist) once visited in order to see its blue films, displayed her brand of refinement when replying to Cocteau’s request for a homosexual film: “Ah, Monsieur, we do have a film of that kind, and everybody asks for it, but unfortunately it is being repaired. *Je suis désolée.*” Barbette’s imitation of Mme. Aline’s intonation, especially of the word “*dé-solée,*” and of her accompanying gesture of regret and apology—fingers of both hands joined under her chin—was a marvellous bit of mimicry; I could see what his “scabrous little scene” on the sofa might have been like. (During the showing of the only blue films available at Chez Aline, Barbette said, Maurice Rostand fell asleep and snored, and

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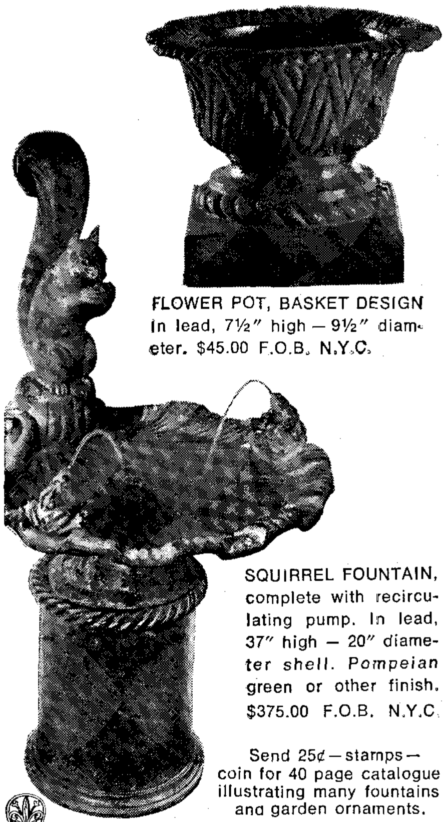

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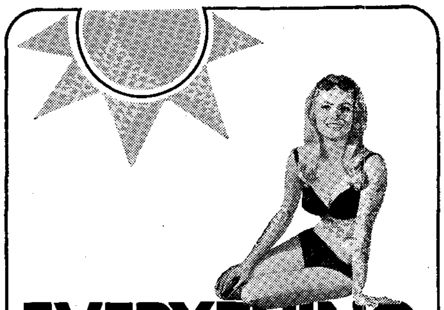

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Cocteau kept up a commentary on the defects of the acting.)

It was with "The Blood of a Poet," first publicly shown in 1932, that Cocteau, in many people's opinion, reached the highest point of his career—not that he declined steadily thereafter (he died in 1963), but even the most delightful of the later films, like "Orphée" and "La Belle et la Bête," are not thought to rise, at least in poetic quality and imaginativeness, above the one in which Barbette substituted for the Vicomtesse de Noailles. Besides, in the thirties, between the Wall Street crash and the outbreak of war, great changes came over the artistic climate in which Cocteau—and Barbette, too—had been living. It was in the twenties and earliest thirties that both of them shone most brightly.

During the last hour I spent with Barbette, he spoke about the end of his performing career. The scar on his face, he told me, came from early falls and from an accident in Paris that was "not serious": one night at the Moulin Rouge, the backdrop curtain billowed out just as Barbette was about to plunge; the billow distracted him and he fell, and had to cancel the rest of the engagement. But later, in 1938, at Loew's State in New York, when he was sweating heavily after his act, he caught a chill in a backstage draft. When he awoke the next morning, he could hardly move; it was as though he had been "turned to stone" overnight in the position in which he had slept, and at Post-Graduate Hospital he was found to have pneumonia, along with a sudden crippling affliction of the bones and joints. The latter required surgery for rehabilitation; he spent eighteen months in the hospital and had to learn to walk again. Property he had bought in Texas had to be sold. Since then, he has been a trainer of performers—including performers in two acts of his own devising, which travel across the country—and he is serving as "aerial consultant" to a Disney spectacular called "Disney on Parade," which will open in Chicago this Christmas.

Before we parted, Barbette gave me a list of people—most of them titled or otherwise elegant—whom I should see in Paris. I did see some of them later, and found that he was very well remembered indeed, in quite a variety of circles. In a Paris library, I found a collection of reviews of his act by French magazine and newspaper critics; they all praised it for its beauty and delicacy, and their articles, marked by much dis-

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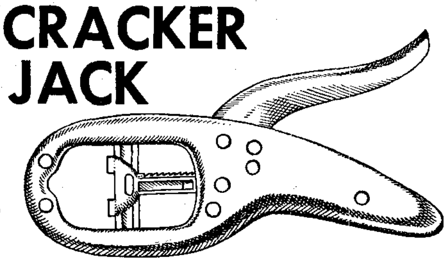

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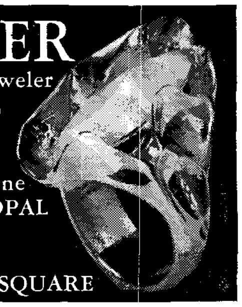

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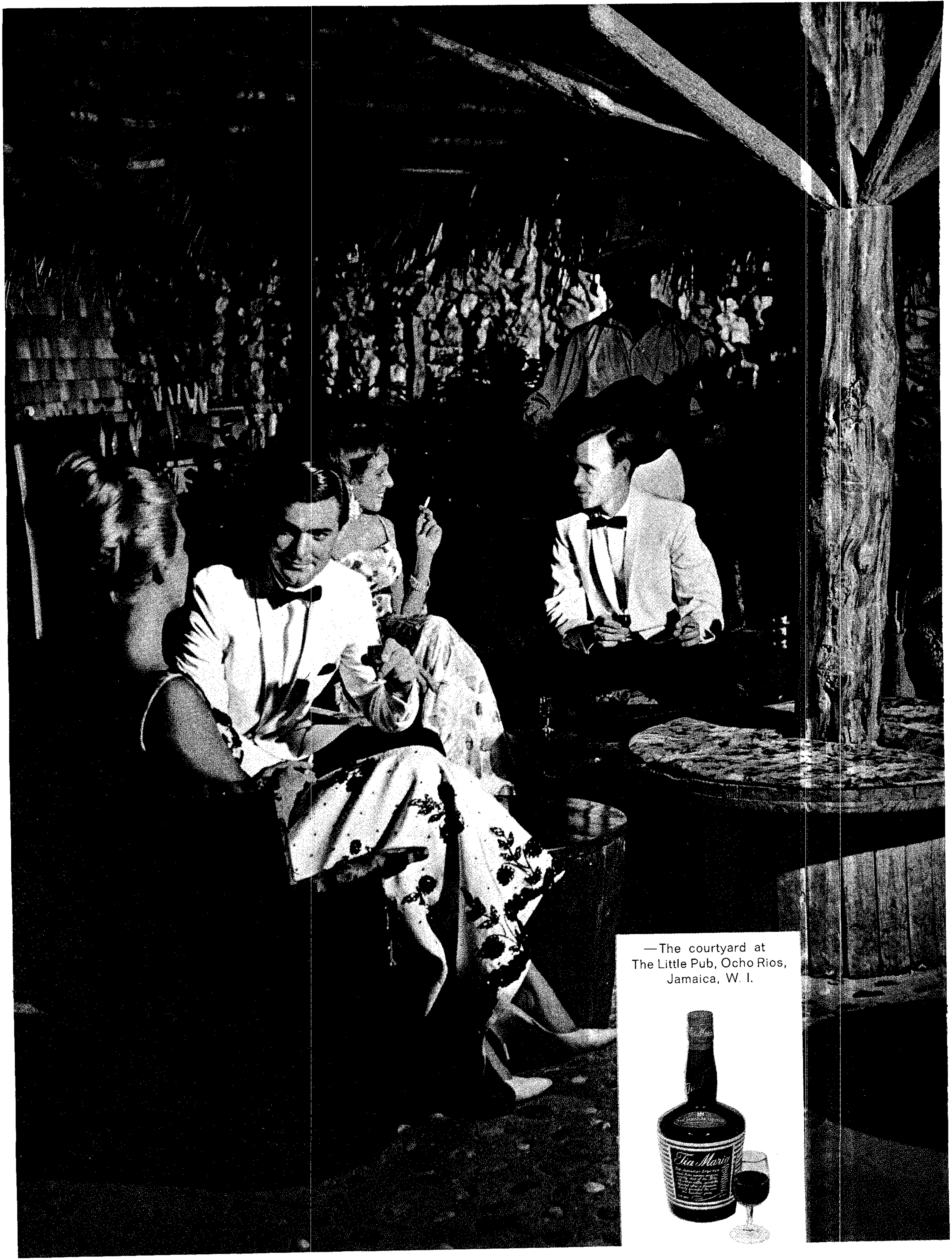

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crimination, were of a higher level than one usually finds in reviews of popular entertainment. After seeing Barbette's act, the poet Paul Valéry, I discovered, wondered whether there wasn't a Greek myth called "Hercules Transformed Into a Swallow." And the afternoon of December 19, 1930, at a "*Vendredi littéraire*" at the Lido on the Champs-Élysées—a party organized to promote a book by one of Barbette's admirers, the critic Gustave Fréjaville, about those Shakespearean boy actors of women's roles whose example had influenced Barbette in his original conception of his act—Barbette appeared "with the authorization of M. and Mme. Médrano" and recited, in English, the epilogue to "As You Like It." Shakespeare wrote it to be spoken by the boy actor who played Rosalind, and it ends, "If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell." Dressed demurely in white, Barbette "comported himself," one of the reviews said, "with an air of chaste simplicity that freed his performance of the slightest hint of bad taste. He was most enthusiastically applauded."

Barbette and I said goodbye on the sidewalk outside the Stephen F. Austin Hotel, and as Barbette moved away with his curious, careful, stiff walk, I felt that it was as though a part of the best years of Cocteau himself were vanishing. It is seldom, I suspect, that one can watch a poet's inspiration (for Cocteau, Barbette was a strange inspiration, perhaps, but an indubitable one) walking away in flesh and blood, bearing the wounds of his devotion to his art, along a Texas sidewalk.

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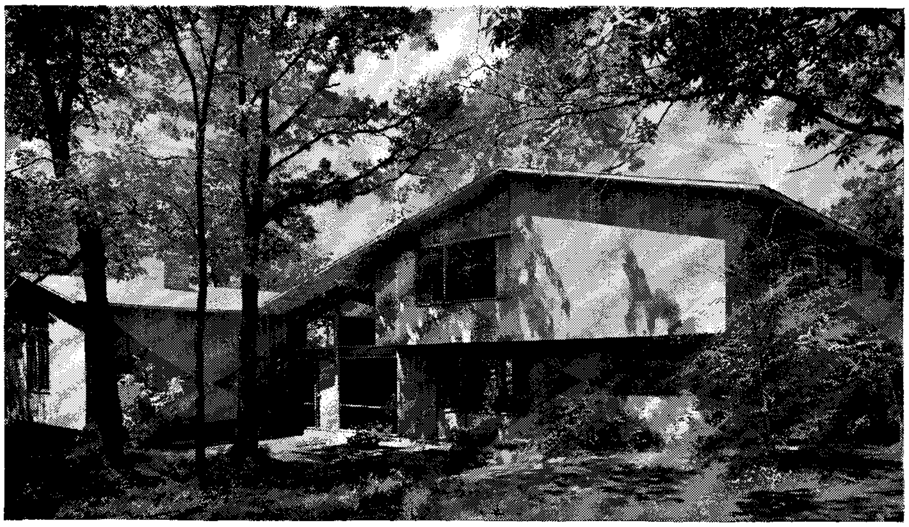

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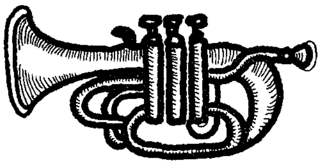
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Marking Time*



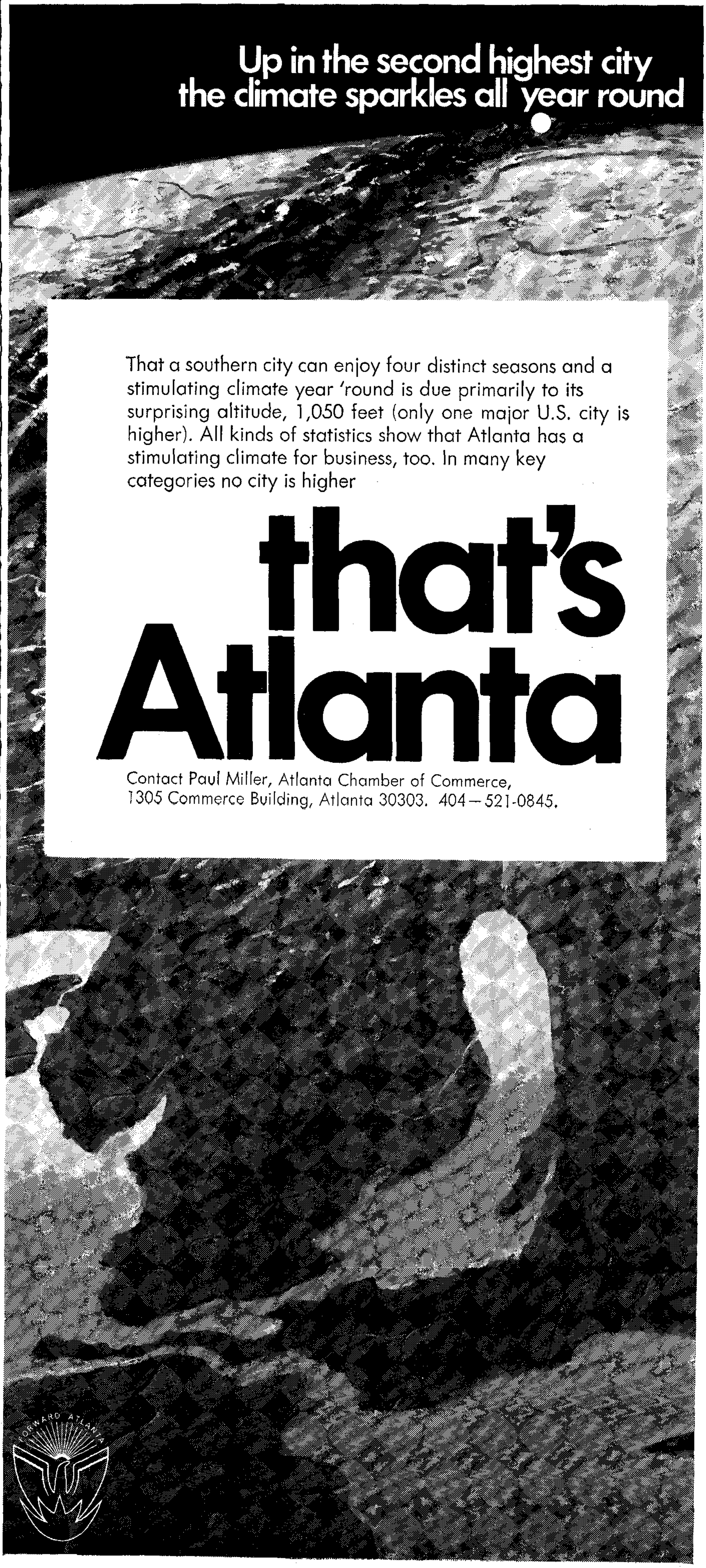
WITH the Metropolitan Opera tied up in labor negotiations, the season has been starting slowly, and last week was not exactly rich in wonders, as the Bhagavad Gita would say. Anyway, I went to Town Hall on Wednesday night to hear a piano recital by a twenty-six-year-old pianist named Thomas Manuel Simons. Mr. Simons was particularly impressive in Scriabin's Sonata No. 9, a passionate work of impressionist texture, which he did with quite a show of bravura. His way with Chopin's Twenty-four Preludes was eloquent, too. In Mozart's Fantasia in D Minor, K. 397, and Sonata in D Major, K. 576, he did not seem to have complete control of dynamic shadings, but his phrasing was always good. Mr. Simons does not possess the most ingratiating piano tone in the world, and in the Mozart pieces there were some pretty harsh attacks. (This may have been the fault of his piano or of *him;* it is difficult to tell.) In any case, here is a very promising young artist, with a tremendously fluent and accurate technique. With a little more polishing of his classical style, he will probably someday become a virtuoso in the grand manner.

ON Friday night, I made what I thought was going to be a dogged attempt to like Alexander Borodin's opera "Prince Igor," which was being done again at the State Theatre by the New York City Opera. Last spring, when the production was first trotted out here, I found it a bore. To my surprise, this time I rather liked it. The performance was much better the other night, and I was hearing it early in the season, with ears that were still fresh. At any rate, despite its almost total lack of dramatic continuity, it does contain a great deal of beautiful and rather innocent music, which Julius Rudel, who loves "Prince Igor," conducted with special care and affection. The singers were all at least adequate; William Chapman, who sang Prince Galitzky and also Khan Kontchak, made an outstanding impression, both as singer and actor, while David Clatworthy as Igor, Maralin Niska as his wife, Jaroslavna, and Joy Davidson as the Khan's daughter were all pleasant to listen to. I still have some objections to Frank Corsaro's rather high-handed direction of both the opera and Russian history. This is a case in which the spirit of the thing is violated. Khan Kontchak is a Kipchak Turk, a member of an ethnic group that became very friendly with the Russians, intermarried with them, and later helped them fight the Mongols. Mr. Corsaro has converted him from a good guy into a bad guy, whose minions murder Igor's son in a foul manner. True, the murder adds a note of melodrama to an opera that is shy of drama of any sort, but that is not the way Borodin wanted it to be, nor is it historically correct. Edward Villella, leaping into a dancing role that had been totally created by Mr. Corsaro—that of an evil Polovtsian chief who is a rival in love of Igor's son and who has had him shot full of arrows backstage during the famous Polovtsian dances—was a superb addition to the proceedings because of his brilliant gifts as a dancer.

WHEN I started writing music criticism, the late Paul Rosenfeld was at the height of his reputation as a music critic, for the *Dial,* the *Nation,* and the *New Republic.* I had just emerged from a career as a practical musician and I had retained some of the practical musician's disdain for critics, even though I was one of them. From what I had read of Rosenfeld's criticism, which was not much, I considered him to be a bit on the flowery and unprofessional side—the sort of critic who is admired by literary people but not by members of the musical community. (I was aiming at a much more spare and technically accurate approach.) But after reading a recently published book called "Musical Impressions, Selections from Paul Rosenfeld's Criticism," edited by Herbert A. Leibowitz (Hill & Wang), I must revise my opinion.

Rosenfeld devoted himself almost exclusively to the creative aspect of music, and the days in which he wrote were days of optimism in this branch of the art. He was, like most critics, a crusader for something or other, and his crusade was for the young American composer of the nineteen-twenties. Some of the young composers he fought for have now been forgotten; others, like Aaron Copland, have not. His opinions, on the whole, were eminently sound. He was one of the first to recognize the genius of Charles Ives—and this on the strength of the very few Ives compositions that were then known. He saw the weaknesses and the danger to the art of music inherent in the theories and music of Arnold Schoenberg. He liked Bruckner, which was a remarkable liking at that period. He was impressed by Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," and subsequent generations have agreed with him. Of the Parisian "Six," who were then at the peak of their fame as the naughty boys of the avant-garde, he picked Honegger as the most serious and likely to succeed. Today, one would unquestionably pick Poulenc, but then the totality of Poulenc's music had not yet been written in Rosenfeld's time. Every critic has one big blind spot, and Rosenfeld's was the music of Gustav Mahler, which he disliked with what, for a very courteous man, was considerable intensity. Rosenfeld was a superb stylist who never used technical terms and whose store of descriptive adjectives was large and fresh. Though I am not that kind of critic, I can appreciate that kind of criticism. As Rosenfeld wrote it, it is one of the most difficult and demanding of literary genres.

AMONG the other books that have piled up on my desk during the summer, and are well worthy of attention, is Spike Hughes' "Famous Verdi Operas" (Chilton), which, like his "Famous Mozart Operas" and his "Famous Puccini Operas," is one of those invaluable books for opera buffs, offering in great detail not only the plots and principal musical themes involved in its subject but also many interesting facts about traditions and departures from them. Books about opera are apparently in flood at the moment—a situation that I hope indicates a burgeoning interest in the subject, which is a consolation while the delay in the opening of the Metropolitan's season becomes more and more discouraging. There is also "The Essence of Opera," edited by Ulrich Weisstein (W. W. Norton), which consists of excerpts from the work of past and present composers and writers. This is a fascinating book, if only for the huge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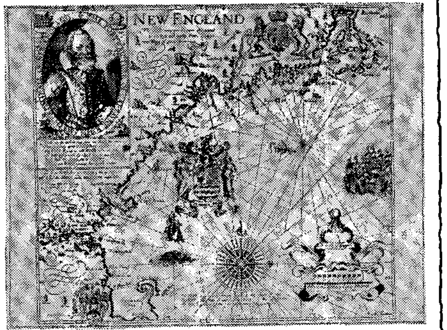

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amounts of odd information it contains. Did you know, for example, that John Dryden wrote an opera libretto; that Voltaire wrote a number of librettos for Jean-Philippe Rameau; that both Joseph Addison and Denis Diderot, the Encyclopedist, ventured into music criticism; that Goethe wrote several librettos for comic operas; that the German Romantic storyteller E.T.A. Hoffmann (subject of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" and creator of stories that have been used for numerous ballets—"The Nutcracker," "Coppélia," and so on) not only wrote music criticism but no less than five operas and also served as an operatic conductor in Bamberg, Dresden, and Leipzig; that both Schopenhauer and Kierkegaard considered music to be the highest of the arts? Well, it's all here, including generous quotations from composers all the way from Handel to Stravinsky, and including such important twentieth-century writers as W. H. Auden and Bertolt Brecht.

THEN there is a book that has been irritating me ever since the current season began. It is beautifully printed and bound and it is in two volumes—a Da Capo reprint of the 1905 Larousse "Dictionnaire des Opéras," edited by Félix Clément and Pierre Larousse. In its pages there lies concealed a tremendous lode of information. Practically every opera ever written—and there have been tens of thousands—is listed alphabetically. But, following a maddening French custom, the book contains no index. If you know the name of an opera and want to read about it, fine. But if you want to know how many, and what kind of, operas Rossini wrote, for instance, you are lost. Composers are not listed, and for that sort of information you would have to read the whole dictionary—an impossible task—and you probably would have to employ a computer besides.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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*Publisher, "Practical Handyman's Encyclopedia"*

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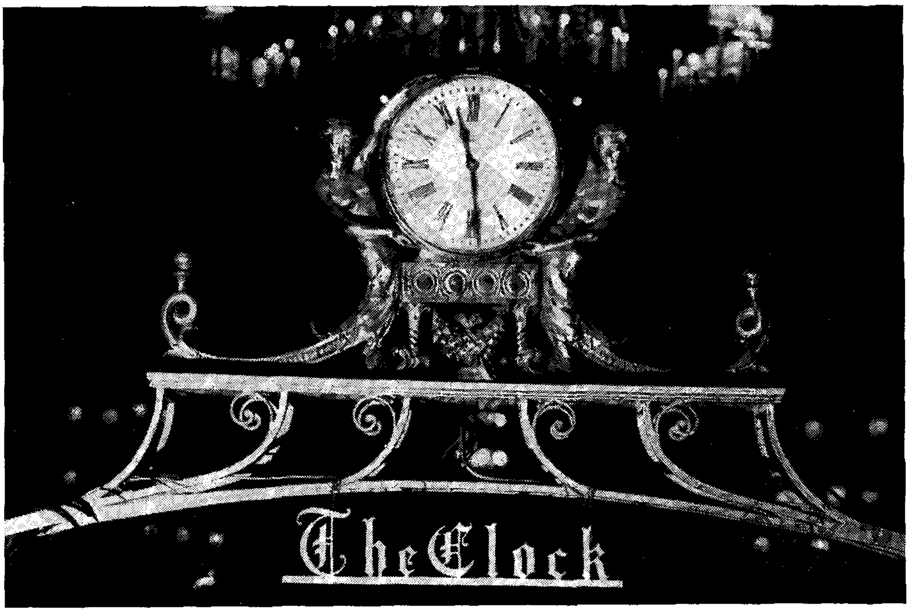
Cordially,

ROBERT EVANS
*For the publishers of* THE HARVARD CLASSICS



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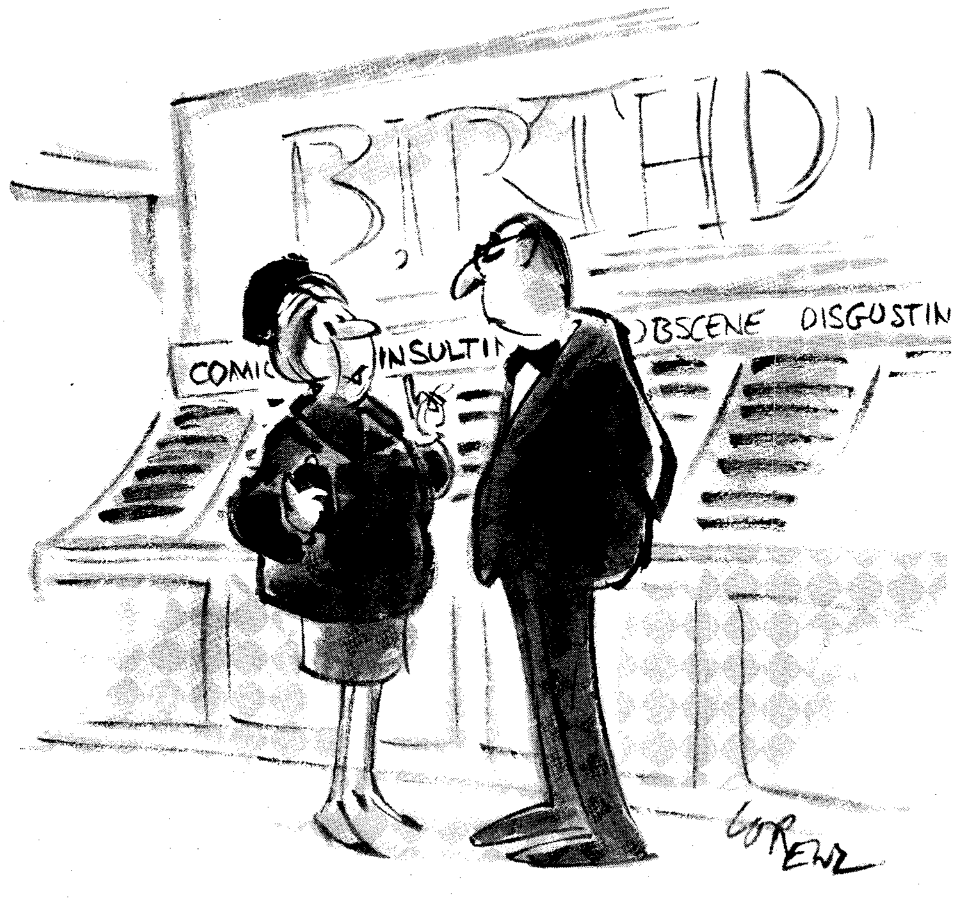
# BOOKS

## *Svetlana's Whole Story, and Some Others*

THE Russian purges, as news, are now an old story, and an Englishman, Robert Conquest, has compiled a comprehensive account of them: "The Great Terror" (Macmillan). Mr. Conquest has examined all the material available and has produced the only scrupulous, nonpartisan, and adequate book on the subject. He deals coolly with the character and methods of Stalin and the career and murder of Trotsky, the latter of whom he does not idealize but shows to have learned ruthlessness in the same revolutionary school as Stalin. He points out, in the earlier trials, the preparation for the holocaust of the thirties. I have heard a distinguished Italian writer who was a delegate to one of the Party congresses tell of how he tried to protest, on the ground that the accusations would not be true, a proposed discrediting by trumped-up charges of someone in the opposition, and of how Stalin laughed coarsely at such an objection and his henchmen heartily echoed him. The later trials are described in detail, with quotations from the court proceedings—a record of ridiculous falsehoods extorted by systematic torture that embarrasses one for Russia and the human race. A well-researched and well-assembled book—very interesting if you can stand to read recent history.

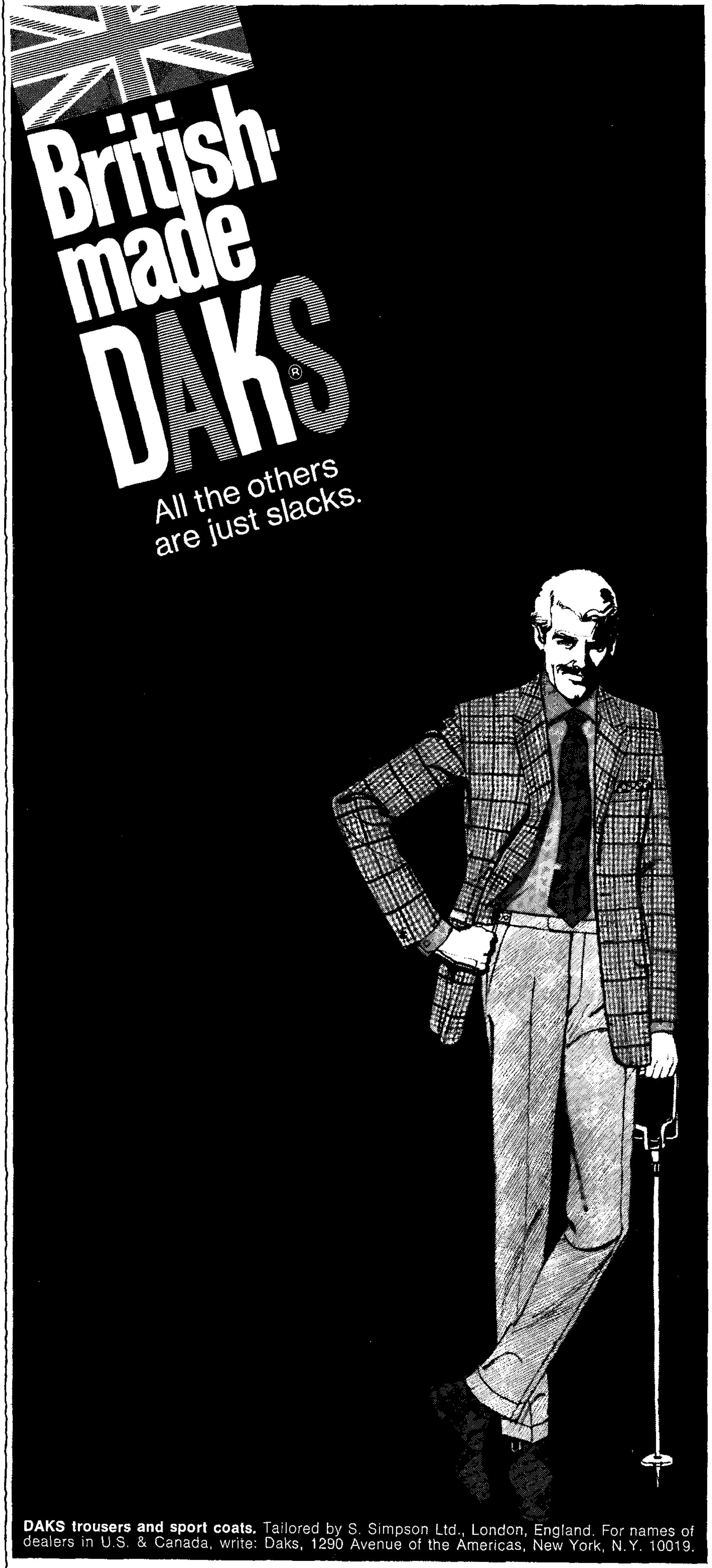
The last may also be said of two autobiographical narratives: "Marie Avinov: Pilgrimage Through Hell" (Prentice-Hall), very effectively put together by Paul Chavchavadze from Mrs. Avinov's notes and papers and from conversations with her; and "Journey Into the Whirlwind," by Eugenia Semyonovna Ginzburg (Harcourt, Brace & World), translated by Paul Stevenson and Max Hayward. (The Russian original of the latter, under the title "Krutoy Marshrut," has been published, with innumerable misprints, by Arnoldo Mondadori, in Milan.) These two women began their lives in circumstances completely different; they had in common the misfortune of both having been confined in the Butyrka prison in Moscow, and in the Pugachev Tower for those condemned to death, in which Catherine the Great had imprisoned Pugachev and his rebel Cossacks; and they had both been separated from their husbands—in Mrs. Avinov's case forever—who had been functioning as able and loyal officials. Mrs. Avinov was the great-granddaughter of a Prince Scherbatov, who had been Governor-General of Moscow, and the granddaughter of the first elected mayor. She describes herself as having been in youth "a rebel, or at least a young woman of advanced liberal ideas," and she married an idealistic young economist. When the Revolution occurred, Avinov was thought sufficiently useful to be kept on to serve the Soviets, and he was eventually put at the head of an economic-planning department in the Far Eastern Altai Mountains. But he was suspect as a former noble and was arrested again and again. He was arrested and sent to jail for having accepted two pairs of felt boots from a friend, a former cotton-mill owner who had learned to make shoes as a hobby before the Revolution, and who now earned a living by doing so. He was accused "of having taken part in a plot to sabotage and wreck the textile industry of the U.S.S.R." After nine months in the Butyrka prison, under peculiarly humiliating circumstances, among a hundred in a cell designed for thirty, his wife was sent out for over two years to a small town beyond Turkestan in Central Asia, where, as a "political deportee," she was not allowed to find employment. When what was called her "free deportation" came to an end, she was allowed to return but obliged to live at least three hundred miles from Moscow, and chose a small provincial town close to the western border. This was very soon invaded by the Germans, and at first, since she spoke German and greatly admired German literature, she got on with them very well. Like many other Russians, she hoped that the Germans would rescue them from the hardships of the Soviet regime. She made special friends with a chaplain of the occupying regiment, for she had never submitted to the government in abandoning her religion. But the Nazis proved as bad as the Russians: "It was painful to see how mistaken had been my image of a noble German 'Crusade of Liberation.' " One day, an officer arrived from Germany and announced that Hitler had ordered the abolition of Christianity and a return to the pagan



*"What I had in mind was perhaps a bird or flower, and on the inside a simple 'Happy Birthday' sentiment."*

northern gods. All the churches were now to be closed, as most of them had been in Russia, and swastikas instead of crosses were to be stuck on the soldiers' graves. In the mess, the officers were drunkenly shouting, "*Wotan über alles!*" Discussion of religion was forbidden. The Germans were as brutal as the Russians, and freely shot inhabitants who offended them. After the unsuccessful siege of Stalingrad, when it was evident that the Russians were about to counterattack, an aristocratic German general, who recognized a class equal in Mrs. Avinov, had her sent away to Berlin, from which she made her way to France and thence to the United States. She arrived here in 1947 and is at present living on Long Island. She succeeded in finding out that her husband was still alive, but a brother-in-law persuaded her not to make any effort to get him out, because if she did so they would certainly conclude that he had actually been a traitor and shoot him. Later, she was visited by a man with "thin white hair, bags under tired watery eyes . . . and cheeks grown puffy from many years of semi-starvation," whom she had known years ago as a "round-cheeked and rather naïve" young student of economics, a protégé of her husband's. He told her that Nika had been shot but had enjoined him to try to find his wife and to tell her that he still loved her, that his thoughts were still with her, and that death would come "as a release and a blessing."

MRS. GINZBURG's experience was a good deal worse. You wonder she survived at all. She spent eighteen years in jail and exile. She had been suddenly separated from her children, and one of her sons she never saw again. The only positive idea that occurs to one as one reads these harrowing books is that Russians are indomitably tough and can endure almost anything—that is, until one remembers that millions did not survive. Eugenia Ginzburg and her husband had been active Party members; he had been "a leading member of the Tatar Province Committee." She was accused, on no evidence at all, of having criminally failed to denounce a professor of her acquaintance for his imputed Trotskyism. This kind of thing very much puzzled her, as it did so many of the other accused—though some of them believed that there had really been treachery and "wrecking," or that the persecutions were really due to the wickedness of Yagoda or Yezhov, the successive heads of the secret police;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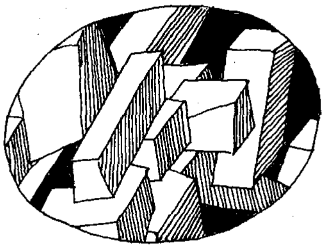
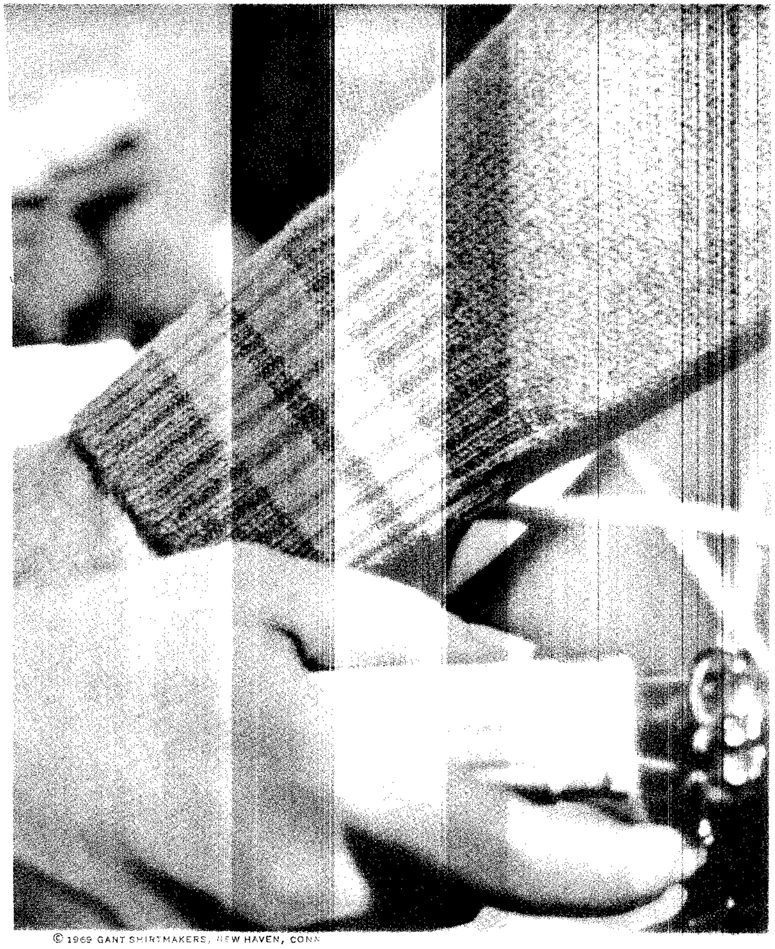
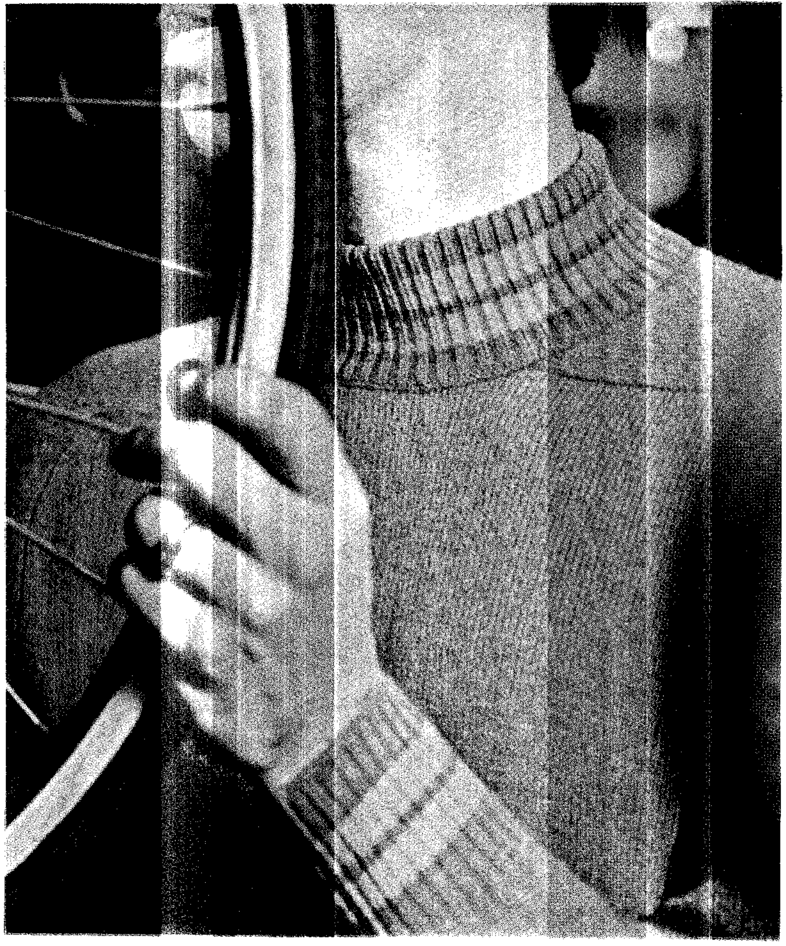
that Stalin did not know about them; and that everybody would be released when the "Leader" found out what was going on. In prison, some refused to fraternize with the traditional political opponents of the Party, the Social Revolutionaries and the Mensheviks: "One mustn't let one's mind be swayed by pity . . . above all, we mustn't play into the hands of enemy propagandists." Mrs. Ginzburg gives instances of meeting women with whom she had formerly been on friendly terms but who had been turned into virulent repudiators of everyone accused of heresy. One who had been persuaded to spy on and denounce other prisoners by the promise that she would afterward be liberated was told, when she had done her work, "And now, my dear, you are going to be shot." Nobody could at first imagine that punishment for imaginary offenses had been adopted as a deliberate government policy. "Every region and every national republic was obliged by some lunatic logic to have its own crop of enemies so as not to lag behind the others, for all the world as though it were a campaign for deliveries of grain or milk." One is appalled by the hatefulness and unnecessary sadism that were brought into play by this campaign, to realize that it is possible for a large number of human beings to devote all their time and energy to making life miserable for their fellows. What satisfaction, one asks, could have been derived by the wardens and interrogators—once the victims had been locked away—from continuing month after month to torment them on petty false charges, sometimes gratuitously invented, such as writing on the walls of the washrooms, leaving nail marks on the books they had borrowed from the library, and talking or singing in their cells? Even fear of being charged themselves with showing too little zeal can hardly account for this. The interrogators, we are told, were trained to practice in their mirrors the looks of contempt and loathing with which they tried to paralyze their victims. No brief summary can give any idea of the suffering and degradation to which these women were subjected: constant abuse, plank beds, scant and silent exercise, food so revolting that they starved themselves rather than try to eat it; nights made horrid by the shrieks and groans of prisoners who had not yet been sentenced because they had not yet been made to confess. Eugenia spent two years in what was meant to be solitary confinement, though the press of the condemned became so great that another woman was put into the cell with her. Special national holidays, such as May Day and the Anniversary of the Revolution, were celebrated by transferring the prisoners to even worse underground cells, where they lay or stood upright in darkness. As one of these special punishments, at the time of the first big series of bogus trials (how could added torments in the prisons act as warnings to the people outside?), the window of Eugenia's cell was kept shut in the stifling summer weather except for ten minutes a day. When Eugenia became unconscious, a relatively humane doctor, who had said he had no authority to interfere with prison regulations, did succeed in getting the window opened for twenty minutes instead of ten.



When at last these women were dismissed from the prison, all their photographs of their families were taken from them and flung on the ground and walked on for fear they would write messages on them and slip them outside on their way. They were now forced to travel on foot and in overcrowded boats and trains which remind one of the days of the slave trade. Though there was plenty of water available, they were nearly forced to die of thirst, and there was a special car reserved for the punishment of such offenses as aggressively demanding water. It is evidence of the life-giving power of literature that Eugenia was able to lighten the ordeal of this hardly bearable journey by reciting pages of Pushkin and other poets, as Marie Avinov had distracted her companions by repeating to them the stories of "Ivanhoe," "The Three Musketeers," and "Around the World in Eighty Days." This journey ended near the Pacific in Elgen, not far from the Arctic Ocean, where the cold was, of course, extreme. Eugenia was to spend, in all, eighteen years of her life in jail and in arctic exile. The latter years were, however, made more tolerable when she came into contact with a doctor who knew a relative of hers, a surgeon in Leningrad, and who had her made a medical attendant in a children's home. (The translation by Max Hayward and Paul Stevenson reads well in idiomatic English. The character called Brotteaux in Anatole





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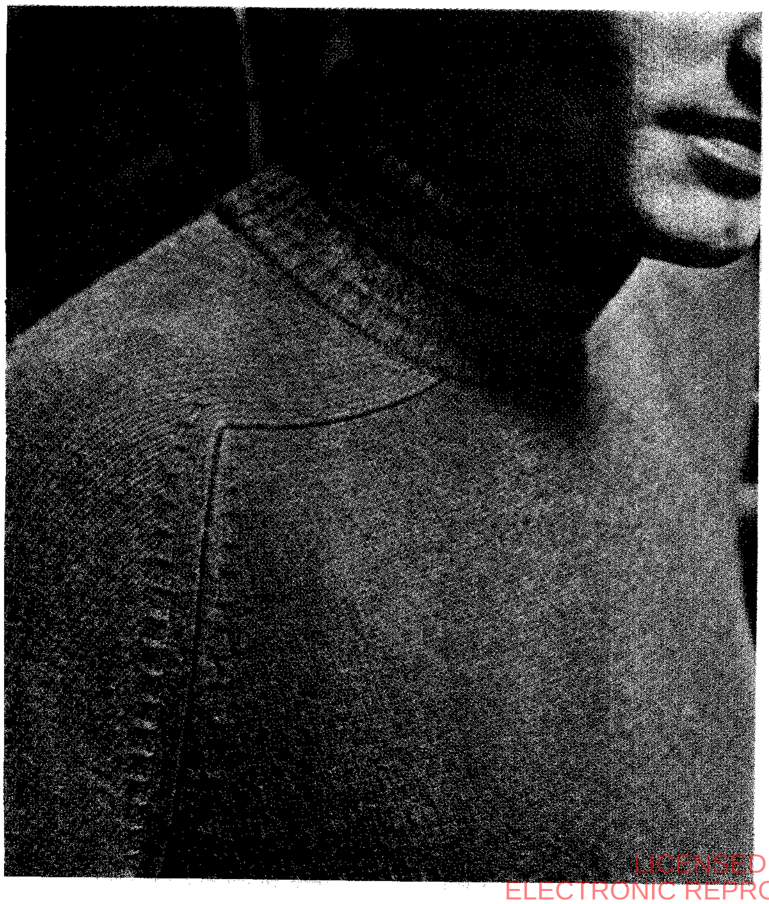

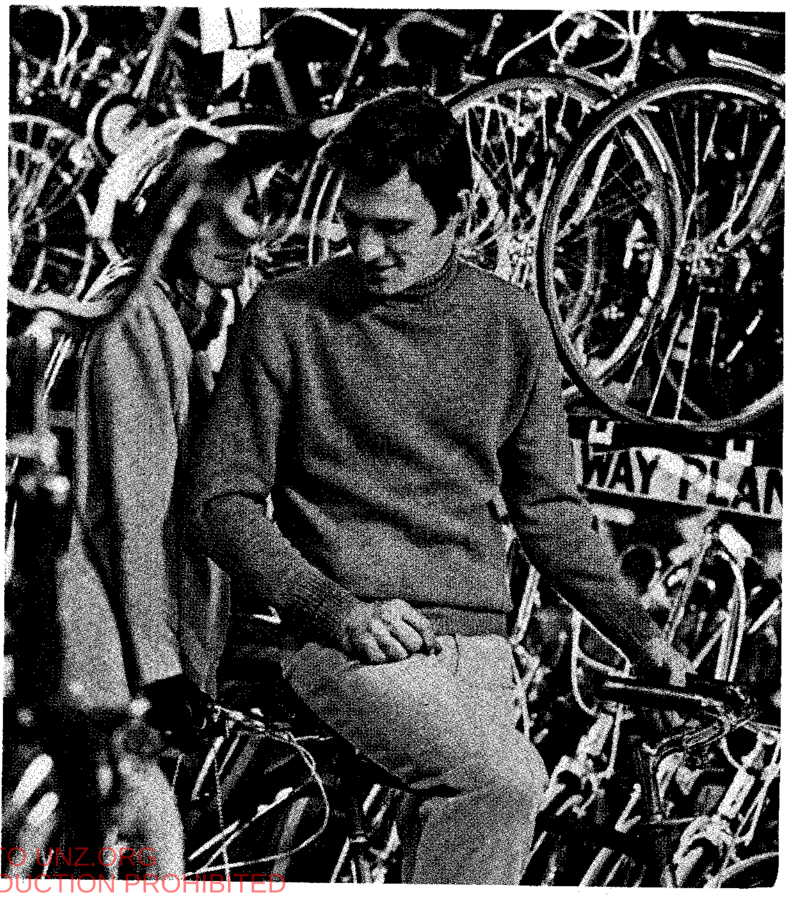

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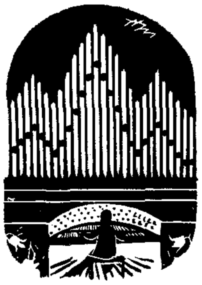
MARTELL...THE LARGEST SELLING COGNACS OF THE WORLD

France's "Les Dieux Ont Soif" is confused, as he is not in the original, with Balzac's César Birotteau.)

IT is nagging and annoying, it goes against the grain, to be obliged to confront these books, so unrelievedly negative. The only fascination such memoirs can have for the Western reader derives from the accumulation of horrors, from the suspense of watching how far systematic malignancy can be made to go and how much, in the rare cases of survival, a strong and proud spirit can bear.

There has, however, emerged another Soviet story, which startlingly and dynamically offsets these depressing records. Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva, has now produced a second book, of a quite different order of importance from the first. Her "Twenty Letters to a Friend" was written six years ago in Russia and had to be smuggled out of Russia for fear of having it confiscated. It was mild enough, consisting chiefly of early memoirs of her life in the country with her mother's family, with an account of her late discovery of her mother's suicide and of the scene of her father's death. This was given such exaggerated publicity and first published in such an unsatisfactory way—simultaneously in two sets of fragments in *Life* and the New York *Times*—that unless one later read the whole book it made hardly any impression, and some readers found the book itself puzzling. Svetlana's new book, however—"Only One Year" (Harper & Row, in an excellent translation by Paul Chavchavadze; Harper has also published a Russian edition)—is, on the contrary, a story of her life which is outspoken to an astonishing degree, and a unique historical document, which will take its place, I believe, among the great Russian autobiographical works: Herzen, Kropotkin, Tolstoy's "Confession." The "year" which gives its title to the book is 1967, when Svetlana was allowed to go to India for the purpose of scattering in the Ganges, according to the Hindu rite, the ashes of her late Indian husband and when, suddenly making the decision not to return to the Soviet Union, she took refuge in the American Embassy and was flown out that night to Switzerland, where she stayed in a convent under an assumed name, and, on the intervention of Mr. George Kennan, was thence admitted to the United States. This narrative is, however, interrupted by frequent flashbacks which cover her whole previous life, with the exception of those phases and incidents which have already been dealt with in the "Twenty Letters." The book is close-packed with incident, with ideas, and with information. I do not know how far consciously its scheme was planned, but the result is immensely effective: the Russian instinct for storytelling and dramatic presentation makes it a narrative so moving, even harrowing, that at one point it sent me to bed with a headache. It was at the point where Svetlana seems to say to you, after telling of her life in India and creating a tense expectation as to whether or not she will succeed in escaping, "Very well, if you were not satisfied with my other book and believe, as some said, that I was whitewashing my father, I am going to tell you now exactly what it was like to be Stalin's daughter growing up in the Soviet Union, living through the period of the purges and attempting to arrange for myself a tolerable life under the conditions of the postwar period." This comes with a kind of explosive force. Svetlana, as had already been plain, is a strongly religious woman; she was saved from a neurotic girlhood, when she was strictly confined in the Kremlin and lost half the school year through illness, by something in the nature of a religious revelation, and she had herself baptized in the Orthodox Church, an action still rather dangerous, after her father's death. She has something like a sense of divine mission in connection with both her decision to break with the Soviet Union and her writing of this second book. Of the first of these actions she says, "I myself took the decisive step, in Delhi. No one helped me or advised me or knew what I was doing. But I believe that all our thoughts and acts are in the hands of God, and I knew that, lacking this support, for which I had previously been prepared and which came to me as an inspiration and a decision impossible to set aside, I should otherwise never have had the strength to take such a step by myself." And the book is a moral declaration that has the boldness and the passion of "Doctor Zhivago"—which was discovered by Svetlana in Switzerland and made by her the subject of an eloquent article. One feels that, whatever the consequences may be, she has resolved to leave it as a testament with which the spiritual me-



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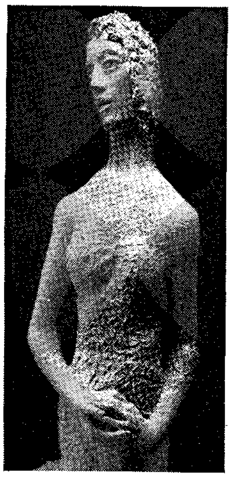

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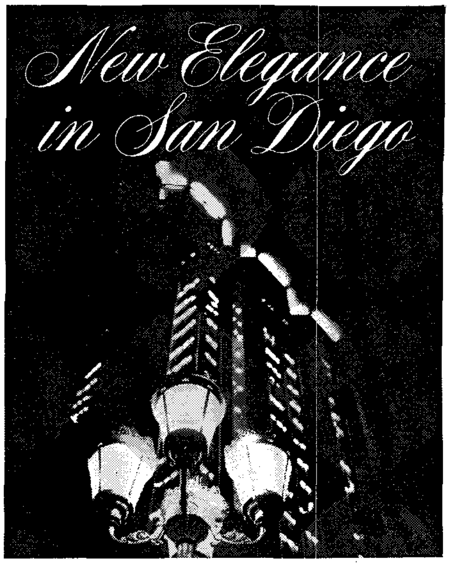
diocrities of the Soviet Union will eventually have to come to terms.

During her years of living in the Kremlin, almost her only opportunity of escaping from it was provided by the public school which, like all Soviet children, she had to attend, and, later, by the university; but she was ashamed to ask her school friends to the Kremlin because she had to get passes for this. It was only through these school friends that she learned what was happening at the time of the purges. First, the relatives of her mother with whom she had grown up were executed or sent into prison or exile. They had been zealous workers for the Soviets, and she found it quite impossible to imagine them as "wreckers." She knew that it could only have been by the order of her father that his in-laws had been "liquidated," but she did not understand at that time that it was because they knew too much about her mother's death—her suicide, caused by the brutality both public and private of her father. Then a man with whom she thought herself in love was suddenly accused of spying and sent for five years to the Arctic, followed by another five years in a concentration camp. (It seems evident to the reader, though I do not believe Svetlana is conscious of this, that since her early affectionate relations with her father had been broken and obliterated, she has been searching for a father substitute. This first love, banished by her father, was twenty years older than she, and her third husband seventeen years older. The priest who baptized her and on whom she much depended was an old man who died not long after, and there appear older men in her memoirs with whom her relations also seem filial. She explains at one point, in fact, that she has always liked older people.) The culminating occurrence in her relations with her father seems to have come when, on one occasion, while she was visiting him at his *dacha*, she overheard a telephone conversation which had ended by Stalin's saying, "A car accident," in a positive tone which indicated that he was not asking a question but giving some kind of order. She could tell that the man "had been murdered—there had been no accident." She knew now that her father was a merciless despot, and her alienation from him became complete. This is the terrible story she has to tell, at once one of the most astonishing and most distressing of history. She went to her father and said to him that she no longer wanted to be called Stalina (since Stalin was, after all, only a *nom de guerre*, and she found it too



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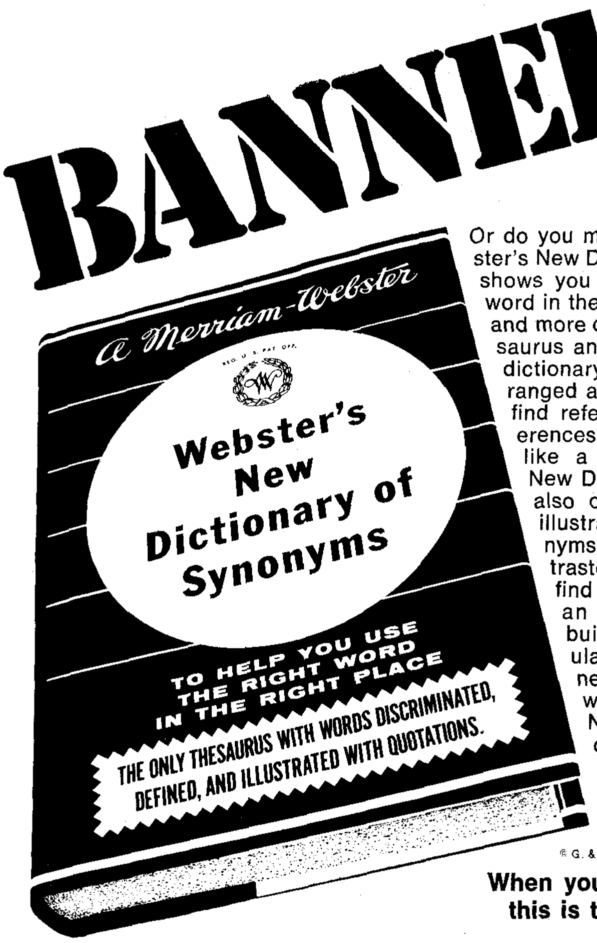
forbidding and metallic); that she wanted to take her mother's name instead, which is legal in the Soviet Union. He said nothing, but she felt this had stung him.

Svetlana has described in her previous book his unresponsiveness and moroseness in these years. He had repudiated the unfortunate son, Jacob, who had been taken prisoner by the Germans, declaring, when asked about him by a foreign correspondent, that there were no Russian prisoners in Hitler's camps—"only Russian traitors"—and that he had no son called Jacob. Svetlana became convinced that the methods by which he annihilated millions of Soviet citizens were kept as indirect as possible, and denies a story once circulated that, on seeing at his country place some unexplained footprints in the snow, he had himself shot a guard who had failed to report them. She says that it was quite unlike him to shoot any offender himself, and that the moment he had been informed that his opponents had been disposed of, he dismissed them completely from his mind and was untroubled by pangs of conscience. She makes an attempt to explain her father which, since she knew his Georgian mother and had family information about his early life, makes some genuine contribution to the subject. Josef Dzhugashvili was the only child of a shoemaker, for whom, after his father's death, his mother made every sacrifice to enable him to study for the priesthood. This mother was the only human being for whom he seemed ever to have shown any affection. But he had been a rather bad and destructive boy, and at the seminary—although, apparently, he acquired there a little more education than his detractors have liked to assume—he learned to despise the priesthood, which undoubtedly in Georgia, Svetlana says, was extremely corrupt and crude. Having never been exposed in youth to any teacher who had any real sense of religion, it was possible for him to develop, she says, into "a moral and spiritual monster." He was not, she insists, a typical Georgian. The Georgians are gay and gregarious: they love feasts, at which they sing and have formalized discussions that recall the ancient Greek symposia. But Stalin had no hesitation in destroying his old Georgian friends and never showed any regional benevolence toward Georgia. When he revisited his native place and was met on the road by enthusiastic ovations, he said only "Fools! The Georgians are fools!," and had the car turned off along another road. Svetlana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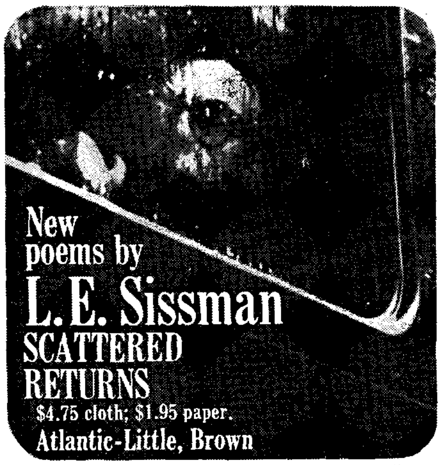

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makes no attempt to explain in any psychiatric way her father's mental condition. She says that she is no Dostoevski. She admits that he occasionally lost his temper, as when once, trying to telephone and finding the line always busy, he flung the apparatus against the wall; but she believes that he was much "too cold a man" for such "fits of passion as Othello's." He always, Svetlana says, knew exactly what he was doing, and she does not consider him to have been insane. The word "paranoia" is never mentioned, and I get the impression that her ideas on insanity may perhaps be rather antiquated.

Svetlana had, of course, been brought up on Communism almost, as she says, "from diapers." "At the university, I went through a course in the historical and social sciences. We seriously studied Marxism, we analyzed Marx, Engels, Lenin, and of course Stalin. From these studies I only came to the conclusion that all this theoretical Marxism and Communism had nothing whatever to do with the actual life of the Soviet Union. In the economic sense, our socialism was more like state capitalism. Its social aspect was a kind of strange hybrid: a bureaucratic barrackslike system, in which the secret police resembled the German Gestapo, and the backward rural economy the villages of the nineteenth century. Marx had never dreamed of anything of the sort. Progress was forgotten. Soviet Russia had broken with everything in her history that was revolutionary, and had got onto the usual rails of great-power imperialism, having replaced the liberal freedoms of the beginning of the twentieth century with the horrors of Ivan the Terrible." The October Revolution she regards as "a fatal mistake—it is impossible after fifty years not to recognize this"—for she believes that "the proletarian revolution of Lenin" was made to take place prematurely in Russia. "The Social Revolutionaries understood better than the Bolsheviks the historical problems and the destiny of the huge disorganized peasant country." It was only in the fifties and sixties that she began to learn about pre-Revolutionary Russian history, the history of the Revolution itself, and the political role played by her father, from such works as Isaac Deutscher's "Political Biography" of Stalin, Djilas's "Conversations with Stalin," and John Reed's "Ten Days That Shook the World." It is remarkable that her natural intelligence, overcoming such oppressive limitations, should have enabled her to learn from these books when she was supposed to shut her mind against them. For her, what she calls the romanticism of the early days of the Revolution is now something completely old-fashioned, which really died out after the Spanish Civil War and of which one now hears only "echoes." She has an amusing account of a dinner at the Molotovs' at which Mrs. Molotov is telling Svetlana what a great man her father was and throwing around the cant clichés of the early years, while the young Molotovs are silent and drop their eyes and do not know where to look. Svetlana is amusing in a grim way in describing the annual celebrations of the anniversary of October which she had to attend from childhood. She always knew what the speeches were going to be before they began, and she says that the loudspeakers have been becoming louder and louder, and suggests that the reason for this may be a fear on the part of the authorities that the officially rallied crowd, instead of responding with the usual cheers, might break out with "*Doloy!*" ("Down with it!")

But she declares she has not much interest in politics. From the moment when you experience the power of religion, she says, you can no longer take Communism seriously. What difference, from the point of view of moral character, does it make whether an individual is a capitalist or a Communist, a peasant or a Western bourgeois? It is worthwhile to quote her declaration of faith made in connection with her baptism into the Orthodox Church. (It should be noted here that she tells us she does not have any preference for any of the religions above the others. Judaism, Roman or Greek Catholicism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and the Protestant churches all aim at the same ideals.) "Baptism," she explains, "was for me a great symbolic event. Neither the dogmas of Christianity nor its rituals were important for me, but eternal Life, eternal Good. The rite of baptism consists in rejecting evil, in freeing oneself from evil, from the lie. I believed in 'Thou shalt not kill,' I believed in truth without violence and bloodshed. I believed that the spirit of truth is stronger than material values. And when all this entered into my heart, the remnants of the Marxism-Leninism that had been taught me from childhood vanished like smoke. I knew now that no matter how much sinful and cruel man might declare his power on earth, truth would triumph sooner or later, and former glory would turn to dust." She does, nevertheless, touch on politics to the extent of insisting that the seeds of the system which her father carried to such exterminatory lengths had already been planted by Lenin and inherited from old Russia. She scoffs at the idea that in her father's case it was a "cult of personality" that perverted the progress of the Soviet Union. Yet her horror at her father's role is something from which it is difficult for her entirely to free herself. She had thought that by writing her previous book she had more or less dismissed the past, but she realized after it was published that she had not fully portrayed Stalin or explained her own situation. "When I was writing 'Twenty Letters,'" she says, "there were ringing always in my ears the words of the priest who baptized me: 'Do not judge your father. The Highest Court has now dealt with him: in his life he raised himself too high, but now there is nothing left of his glory. God straightens out and rectifies what is wrong. But you cannot—you are his daughter.'"

Her account of her sojourn in India is interesting in a special way. She had never lived before in a foreign country, and she observed people, customs, and landscapes with her usual close attention. Her husband's family belonged to a very high caste, and—in spite of the existence in Russia of what were called the "ten first families"—she had had no experience of a caste-bound society. She thought nothing of mixing with the "untouchables" and engaging, if convenient, in their menial work. She could not understand at first that every servant had a special duty which he was limited to performing. When the daughter of a rajah, her relative by marriage, married a man of lower caste for love, she could not be given the family jewels which would otherwise have come to her, and when she visited her parents with her husband, a new atmosphere of formality prevailed. In India, although Svetlana was living in the country there, she was constantly pursued by her Embassy, and it was attempted to abbreviate her permit of absence and get her back to the Soviet Union. A woman companion was posted to watch her, whom with difficulty she at last shook off. She has a disdainful account of a lunch at the Ambassador's house just before she was supposed to leave, when she was told that in the country she had been starved

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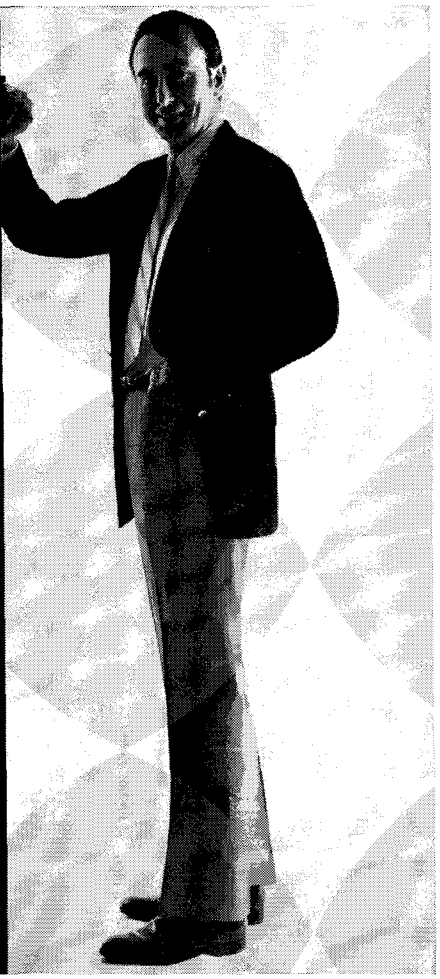

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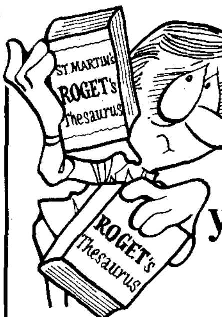
to death, and that she must now drink up and eat plenty in the good old Russian fashion. They were extremely nervous about her. Her attitude toward the Soviet "élite" is one of cool and slightly contemptuous superiority. After a chapter describing a number of her friends, scientists and cultural specialists who, by disassociating themselves from politics, found means to pursue their interests and to survive both the purges and the war, she takes up, one by one, in a later chapter, a number of the Soviet leaders—their personalities, their households, their habits. Svetlana, in the post-revolutionary society, occupied a unique position. She grew up as a sort of princess, enjoying more comforts than most girls yet closely guarded and not being allowed much freedom; till she acquired a little apartment, where she lived with her two children, a boy who is now a physician and a girl who is studying geophysics, she had never had a home of her own. The results of this are paradoxical. One feels at first some astonishment that, schooled under Soviet pressures and subjected to the Soviet restrictions—though there are still in her education inevitable historical gaps—she should have been able to learn so much, that her innate good sense and good taste, brought to bear on the extensions of an acquired perspective, should have guided her to arrive at what seem to us in the West more or less normal views. It is strange for anyone who has been in Russia to find her reacting as a foreigner does to its ineptitude, sloppiness, and dirt. The daughter of the leader of the Soviet Union, coarse though he himself may have been—his carouses with his colleagues, at which she was forced to be present, disgusted her and made her sometimes withdraw—she cannot accept his vulgar successors. There is a curious and interesting scene in which she goes to apply to Kosygin for permission to regularize legally her union with her Hindu mate. It is years since she has been in the Kremlin, and she recognizes with distaste the stale old official carpets and green cloth covers on the empty tables among which, in her girlhood, she had languished so long. One feels that she is made uncomfortable by being forced to appeal to Kosygin in the office which her father had occupied. He asks her whether there aren't plenty of nice Russian boys with whom she would be better off than with her elderly asthmatic Hindu, and he tells her to go back to the collective, where it will be seen to that they will not discriminate against



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her on account of the downgrading of her father. She has difficulty controlling her temper. Her petition is never granted.

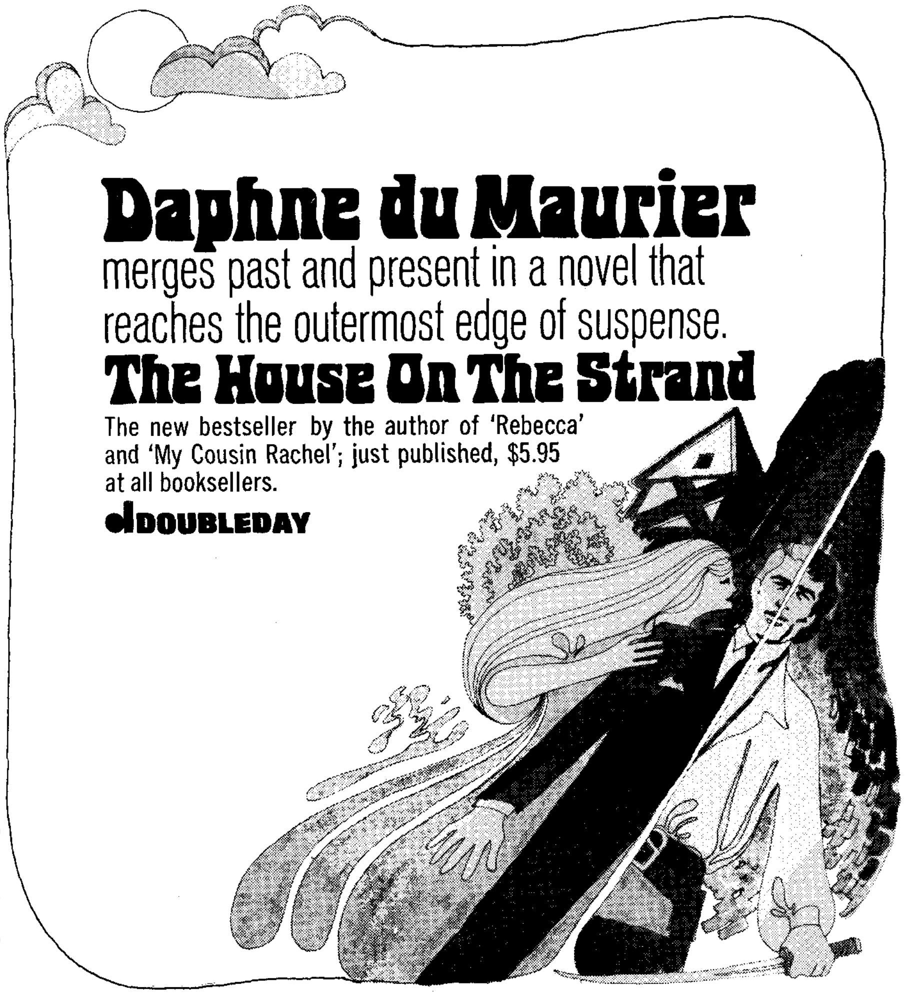
Svetlana says she is happy in the United States. She has bought a house in Princeton and a Dodge car, in connection with the latter of which she has defiantly said, in a letter that has been published in the *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, that she does not feel the slightest compunction for having yielded to a "bourgeois" ambition. She has discovered, as many have done before, that Americans are in some ways very much like Russians—that is, they are informal and friendly. A difference, however, which she noted between the Soviet officials and ours, when she took refuge in our Embassy at Delhi, was that the young Americans there always smiled at her, whereas the officials of the Soviets were usually tense and morose. Her accounts of the American households she visited when she first arrived make rather amusing reading: from what she tells us about them one can fill in a more complete picture. Her relative freedom here has given her a new self-confidence, which enables her to express opinions that, as in the case of her frank doubts about the wisdom of the October Revolution, may seem to us rather startling. Our complaints of our own country, at the present time, seem to her like those of spoiled children—spoiled, that is, by our freedom and affluence—who are scolding their provident parents. This seems strange to depressed Americans, who may feel that she is overrating us. It is rather odd to find her concluding her so often fantastic story at a table in the Princeton Inn, not long before celebrating Christmas, with Louis Fischer and Mrs. George Kennan, where they drink to the "only one year" that has included her visit to India, her narrow escape to Switzerland, and her overdone advent to the United States. A tame enough conclusion, this seems, to a book which I believe will reverberate through the whole contemporary world.

—EDMUND WILSON

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A FAMILY ROMANCE, by Richard Wollheim (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). An excitable Jewish economist records in his diary complicated thoughts about his childless marriage and his unsuccessful affair. He is obsessed by demolition in his native London, prostitutes, and his mis-



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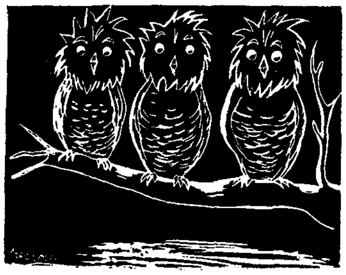

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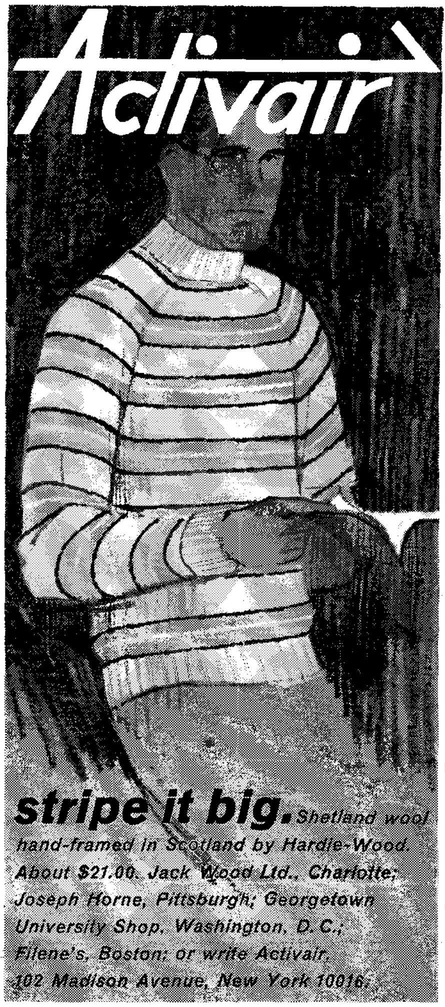

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tress's father, a Dublin autodidact. He enjoys abstraction, and refers to his wife and his mistress as "X" and "Y." The compilation of fantasies, ideas, and systems may reflect the inner life of a brilliant madman, but nobody in the novel seems real.

## GENERAL

Once in Golconda, by John Brooks (Harper & Row). A fast-moving, sophisticated account of happenings in Wall Street in the years 1920-38, embracing the stock-market boom of the twenties, the crash of 1929, the Depression, and the coming of the New Deal. Its leitmotiv is the truly tragic personal history of Richard Whitney, the aristocratic Morgan broker and head of the Stock Exchange, who ended up in Sing Sing. Mr. Brooks can make abstruse matters like stock manipulation clearly understandable without oversimplification, he is good at characterizing people, and he writes with an awareness (not shared by some historians of only yesterday) that the Americans of the twenties and thirties, in and out of Wall Street, were not creatures in some absurd zoo. Two of the chapters appeared in this magazine.

Modesty in Dress: An Inquiry into the Fundamentals of Fashion, by James Laver (Houghton Mifflin). "Fashion . . . has a curious coherence," says Mr. Laver. "Even when it seems most arbitrary . . . it has a very close relationship to the interior decoration, and even to the architecture, of its period. More than that, it has a symbolic value. . . . Fashion is a very much bigger thing than individual taste or personal convenience. . . . There is something in the story of the clothes we wear which is beyond our comprehension and certainly beyond the control of our conscious minds." Nonetheless, in this wholly enchanting and—no other word will do—important study, Mr. Laver does make dress as comprehensible as anyone can. The author, who is the curator of prints and drawings at the Victoria and Albert Museum, an authority on costume, and a wonderfully witty writer on a number of subjects, draws on psychoanalytic theory, anthropological research, history, sociology, and his own keen aesthetic sense to describe and explain the changes in past styles and to suggest the meaning of the radically changing styles of today. A very few readers may find Mr. Laver's cool, expert frankness shocking, but most will find it illuminating, for he effectively tells us some home truths about human beings as well as about their garments. Ten dollars.

International Conflict for Beginners, by Roger Fisher, with illustrations by Robert C. Osborn (Harper & Row). The author applies techniques of persuasion that have been used in settling—or, anyhow, abating—a variety of conflicts (including marital) to the conduct of American foreign policy. His general procedural scheme sounds simple: figure out, first, exactly what you want somebody else (a foreign government) to do and, next, how best to get him (or them) to do it. However, as the author admits, this is a very complex kind of simplicity, and difficult to apply. At least one of Mr. Fisher's recommended techniques—"salami tactics" (take what you can get, then ask for more, slice by slice)—has been practiced by Soviet negotiators, when most Westerners thought it was wicked, and by Anthony Eden, when the same audience thought it brilliant. Mr. Fisher, who teaches at Harvard Law School, is impressive when he talks of the usefulness of international law. His style is genial, though not as jokey as the title suggests.

Note: "Scattered Returns," a collection of poems by L. E. Sissman, has been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown. Many of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published John McPhee's "Levels of the Game," a joint Profile of Arthur Ashe and Clark Graebner, which originally appeared here.

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The surprise of Kitty Hawks is summed up in her felicitous name: It signals and heralds her correctly. The daughter of Howard Hawks, the film director, and Mrs. Kenneth Keith of London, she spent her childhood in California, Long Island, and New York; went to boarding school in Connecticut; and now, at the age of twenty-one, has settled, independent, happy, and blossoming with excitement, into her own first New York apartment. She has a capricious mixture of prettiness and passion, softness and swoop, indifference and a kind of whimsical sensuality, and conveys with every springing movement the message that life, to her, is an enormous exploration, that the world is at her feet, and that she may or may not tread gently.—*Vogue.*

Well, there are those people downstairs, Kitty.

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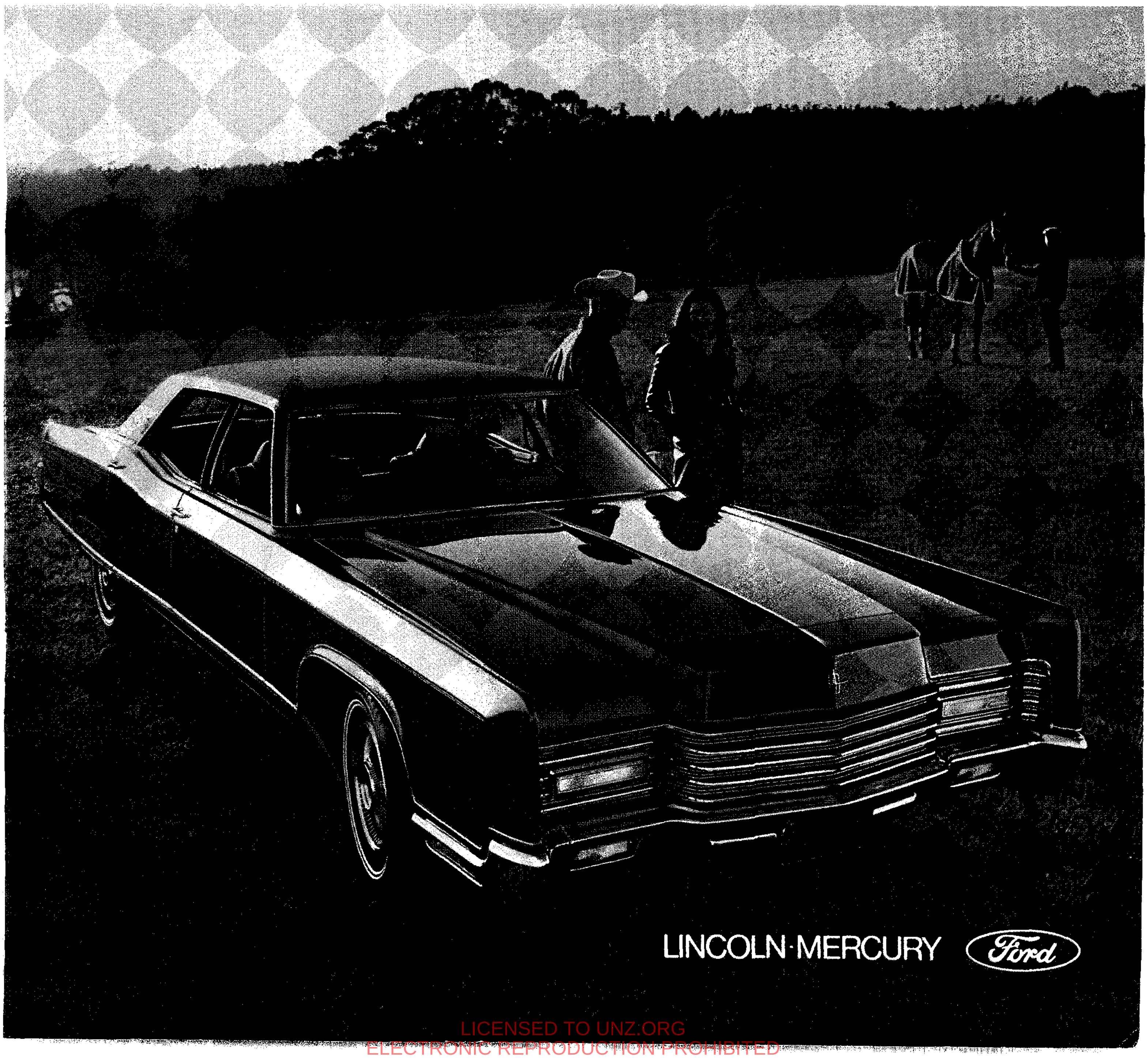

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